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JANUARY 8, 1954 • FIFTEEN CENTS

The SOLUTION to the

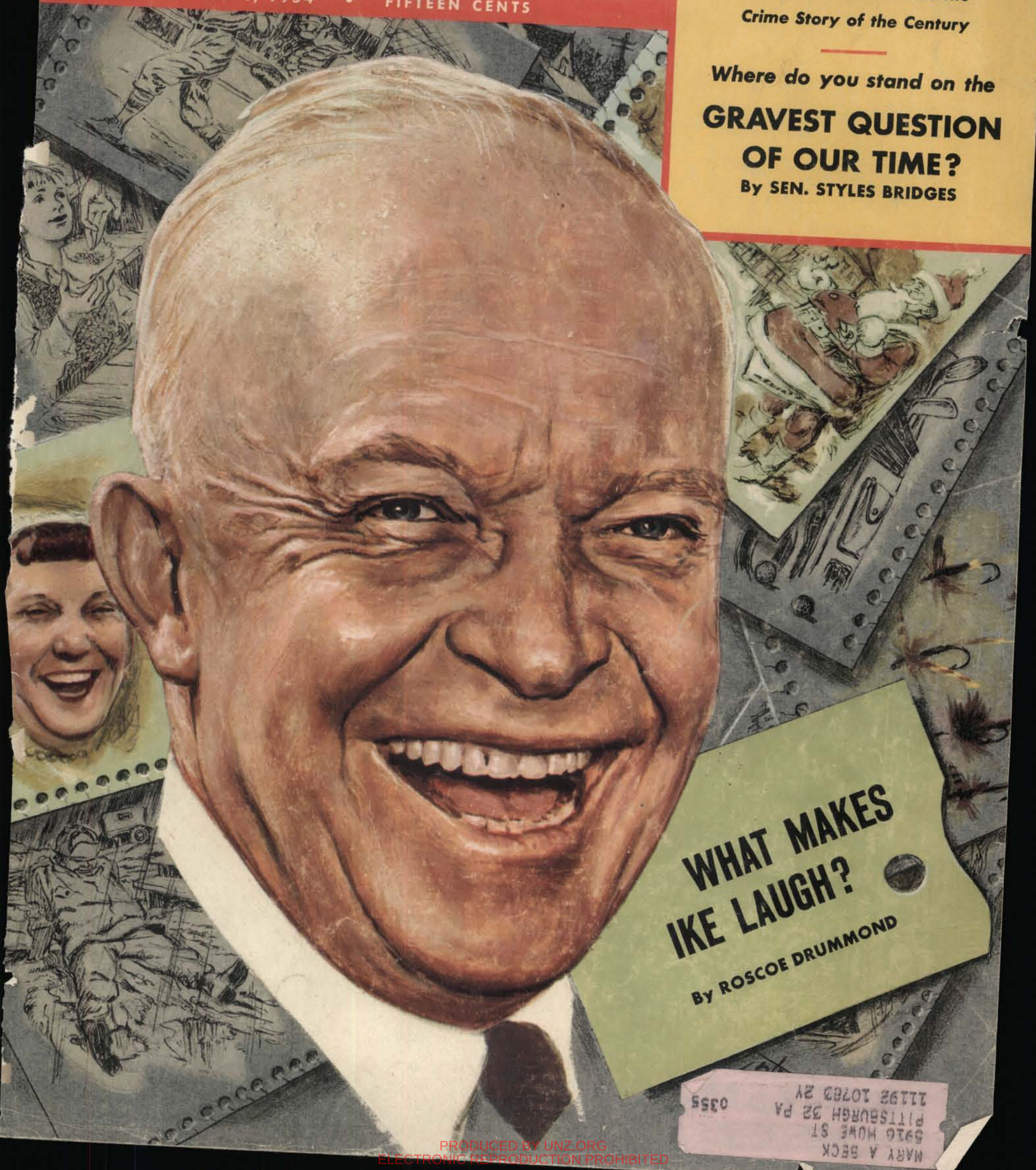
GREAT BRINK'S ROBBERY?

Joseph F. Dinneen tells the Crime Story of the Century

Where do you stand on the

GRAVEST QUESTION OF OUR TIME?

By SEN. STYLES BRIDGES



WHAT MAKES IKE LAUGH?

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

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They have fought ably for peace, with courage "above and beyond the call of duty." Can we, at home, do something for it, too?

Yes. Beginning now, each of us who earns can put some part of his earnings into United States Defense Bonds. For by these Bonds we make our own families secure, first of all. Then, out of the security of our families, we build the strength of America—to *stay* at peace in a world where peace still is only for the strong.

★ ★ ★

You can invest in United States Defense Bonds *best* through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. Won't you begin—today?

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You seem to coast *up* hills!

The fact that your car can climb a hill isn't much to brag about these days. The question is, "*How* does it climb a hill?"

Does it grind and clank and wheeze? Or do you float up the hill practically as quietly and easily as you would coast down?

A lot of the answer depends on the gasoline you use. Gasoline that "knocks" loses power, often makes it necessary to use a lower gear. High antiknock "Ethyl" gasoline gives you smooth, even power—carries you upgrade without fuss or bother. Try "Ethyl" gasoline today on your favorite hill and you'll see why millions of motorists always stop at an "Ethyl" pump.

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Protect your engine—get more power with* "ETHYL" *gasoline
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Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

The most important news of the month—M-G-M's first production in CinemaScope! Even *without* CinemaScope, M-G-M's "Knights of the Round Table", filmed in glorious color, would be a romance without any rival. *With* CinemaScope, there is a splendid bigness about it that overwhelms. Now it may be said truly that the new era of entertainment has begun!

M-G-M's "Knights of the Round Table" was made by the producer and director of "Ivanhoe", with their noted flair for huge, on-the-scene filmings. And this special experience in recreating the Age of Chivalry and Splendor surely served them well in painting and peopling the much vaster, more vibrant canvas of this story.

For the result is the ultimate in pageantry and adventure...actually and spectacularly filmed on the storied site in England where "every overlord held rule in his own tower, and fought with fire and sword against his fellows." Here are those two noble warrior friends, King Arthur and Sir Lancelot, come with Might and Right in their mailed fists—and the fabled face of the same lovely princess, Guinevere, in their hearts.

Truthfully, Robert Taylor's feats and fights and all-round performance as Lancelot excited us even more than his fabulous exploits as Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe. Ava Gardner is infinitely bewitching and sensitive, Guinevere to the life. And "perfect" is the perfect word for Mel Ferrer's superb portrayal of King Arthur.

Exactly as set down for the ages in the pages of Sir Thomas Malory's immortal *Le Morte d'Arthur*, we meet again all those legendary personages: Merlin the Wizard, the sensual temptress Morgan Le Fay, the evil Sir Modred, the brigand Agravaine! All are here—and thousands more!

Imagine, in vivid color, rose-strewn, blood-stained Camelot Castle and its coronation splendors...the King's dragoons storming moat, crag and moor...fierce tourneys with clashing lances and the dreaded mace...the black clouds of arrows loosed in thousands...the massing of armies at the Ring of Stones...the mighty battle of the Knights!

Imagine all this—and *you* moving amid it through the magic of CinemaScope—and you'll know why we welcome not only the New Year – but the New Era in motion picture magnificence!

* * *

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE", In Color, starring ROBERT TAYLOR, AVA GARDNER and MEL FERRER with Anne Crawford and Stanley Baker. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Jan Lustig and Noel Langley. Based on Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur". Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

Collier's

JANUARY 8, 1954

ARTICLES

WHAT MAKES IKE LAUGH? . . . . Roscoe Drummond 15
THE TEMPTATIONS OF CHRIST . . . . Bishop Fulton J. Sheen 20
WHO, GABLE? 26
THE TOWN THAT WANTS ONLY OLD FOLKS. . . . . . William L. Worden 30
WHERE DO YOU STAND ON THE GRAVEST QUESTION OF OUR TIME? Senator Styles Bridges 36
HERE'S YOUR SHARE . . . . Collier's Color Camera 48
THE LATEST ON FLU—AND IT'S GOOD NEWS . . Ruth and Edward Brecher 68
HOW TO CATCH A CALIPH 78
DATE WITH A DAME—AGE 5,000 . . . . Robert C. Ruark 80
HE GETS 'EM ON THE HOOK . . . . .Bill Fay 84

SPECIAL

THEY STOLE $2,500,000—AND GOT AWAY WITH IT . . Joseph F. Dinneen 88
(A True-to-Life Parallel to the Great Brink's Robbery)

SHORT STORIES

AN ACT OF HUMAN KINDNESS (The Short Short Story) . . . . Sue Kaufman 8
ONE MAN MISSING . . . . Mildred Masterson McNeilly 28
THE KENYA CURSE . . . . .Richard Llewellyn 40
YOURS IN SONG . . . . Hannibal Coons 60
THE DEAD RUN . . . . .W. J. Wallace 72

SERIAL

SMOKY VALLEY (Part Three of Four Parts) . . . . Donald Hamilton 54

FEATURES

COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Gurney Williams 6
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 11
LETTERS 12
CHOW . . . . Jack O'Brien 53
EDITORIALS 110

THE COVER . . Louis Glanzman

A dozen times each day, his intimates report, the expressive face of Dwight D. Eisenhower lights up with what has become the country's best-known grin. All sorts of humorous incidents, recollections and anecdotes make the President laugh. Some of them are symbolized on the cover; the details are to be found on page 15 in an article by Roscoe Drummond, Washington bureau chief of the N.Y. Herald Tribune

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Lift out a dime and lift up a Mars bar . . .
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Like a chocolate nut sundae!
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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Sharland, camera and mirror

BECAUSE he became proficient enough at shorthand to enter national speed-writing contests back in his postgraduate high-school days, Joseph F. Dinneen's 32-year career of newspaper reporting has included being on hand whenever or wherever verbatim texts of extemporaneous speeches or courtroom questions-and-answers have been needed by his paper. "That way, I don't misquote people," says Dinneen. In the last two decades he has covered almost every crime of importance in New England, and The Boston Globe advertises him as their crime reporter—a designation that solidly qualified him to write the astounding Brink's robbery parallel beginning on page 88.

No newcomer to Collier's, the author's first of many articles appeared in these pages 16 years ago. One of the pieces, an interview with Mayor James Michael Curley of Boston (Boston's Incredible Curley, Collier's, Aug. 10, 1946), led to 26 subsequent interviews that became a book, The Purple Shamrock. "Although the original version was an honest appraisal of Curley," Dinneen says, "the prepublication libel experts made so many deletions that the report became practically a campaign document. However, I've learned to accept the elisions of lawyers; and I long since have stopped trying to recognize any of my stories after the movie and television boys have adapted them."

* * *

PERMIT us to present the following information from post-mortem notes made by Color Camera editor Sey Chassler after he had staged the spread for pages 48 and 49:

"Miss Sunbeam and the bakers of Sunbeam Bread delivered 760 fresh, white, unsliced loaves to photographer Sharland's Manhattan studio. Decided bread would look more natural with one end of each loaf cut off. Found professional slicer who presently staggered off with 760 outer crusts, not explaining what he intended to do with them . . . Five of us, including Chuck Ashley (Sharland's assistant) and artist Otto Fried, spent three hours Wednesday afternoon stacking bread. Mr. Fried designed abstract background (could you call it the floorground?) . . . Mr. Frank Green, representing the Dewey and Almy Chemical Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts, stuffed *loose commodities* into special food-preserving plastic bags . . . Unable to find 300 pounds feed (not seed) corn until contributing editor Bill Davidson contacted Mr. Maron, his father-in-law, boss of Westwood (New Jersey) Feed Company. Feed corn arrived pronto . . . Following picture taking, Salvation Army trucked bread away for needy. Young boy in picture ate majority of peanuts. Other items distributed among Collier's staffers. Very little wasted. Still dusting seeds out of Sharland's cameras."

From an audience of 15,000 in St. Louis came seven-year-old René Lee to ask a question. This snapshot is in Bishop Sheen's study

* * *

WHEN you ask a humorist suddenly to be funny, his smile fades and he's sorry but he has a headache. The New York Herald Tribune's Washington correspondent, Roscoe Drummond, ran up against this universally human reaction when he was tracking down anecdotes for What Makes Ike Laugh? (page 15). Presidential aides, Cabinet members, Ike's golf and bridge partners, family friends—all wanted to be helpful but suggested Drummond ask somebody else. Eventually, though, with the co-operation of Eisenhower's more voluble intimates here and abroad, Drummond finally faced the pleasant task of selecting, rather than finding, incidents.

"My own conclusion as to why Ike laughs," Drummond writes us, "is that he likes almost the whole world. Incidentally, if you have a spare Credit to accord, airmail it to Thor Severson, of The Denver Post, who supplied much of the material."

Credit accorded.

* * *

READERS of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's religious writings (Part II of a study of the life of Christ begins on page 20) are undoubtedly aware of his weekly TV program, Life Is Worth Living, but they may not know that it has Dumont Network outlets in no less than 164 cities. Bishop Sheen's TViewers thus comprise an enormous number of people, and a respectful Credit is offered to the man who holds a huge audience in the face of highly competitive bids for attention.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

A Light Forever Burning

A Voice That Is Never Stilled

Night comes on and spreads a blanket of darkness upon sleeping cities and towns. Here and there a lone policeman. In the distance a clock tolling the hour.

In the dark silence of the night there is one light forever burning . . . a voice that is never stilled. That light is the light in the telephone exchange. That voice is the voice of your telephone. Its very presence gives a feeling of security and of nearness to everyone.

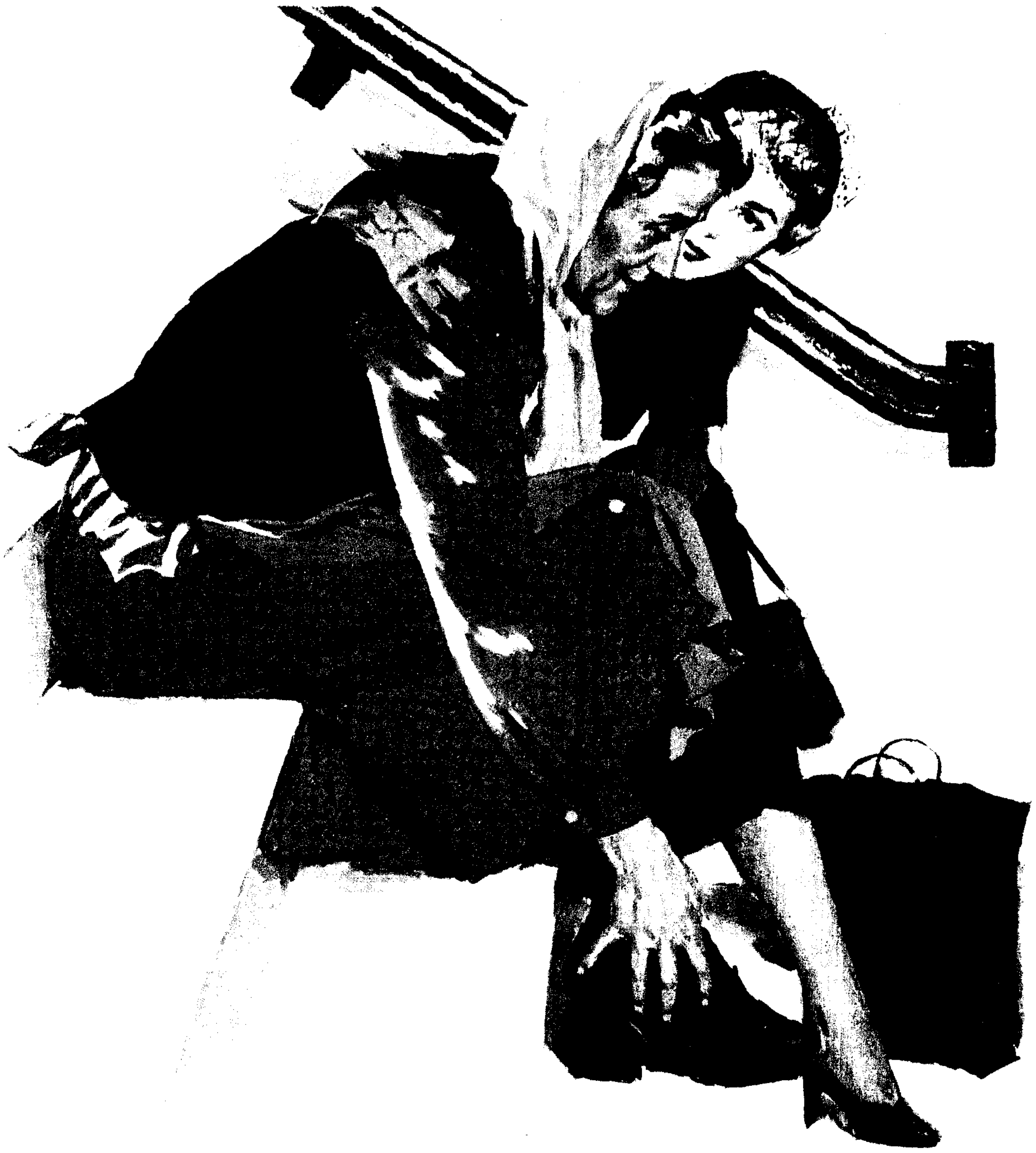
Whatever the need or the hour, the telephone is always ready to serve you—quickly, dependably, and at small cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LOCAL *to serve the community.* NATIONWIDE *to serve the nation.*

An Act of Human Kindness

By SUE KAUFMAN



Why should *she* be the one to take care of this stranger, Jean thought desperately. She was already late. He would be more than impatient now, and perhaps he wouldn't wait

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

WHEN she got on the subway at 4th Street, the cars were practically empty, so she got a seat facing forward, the way she liked. As the train started, she turned and looked at her reflection in the dingy window.

Her light hair curled back softly—she had washed and set it carefully the night before—and her face glowed under the small veiled hat she had bought expressly for this afternoon. She looked down with satisfaction at the smart new handbag in her lap and the soft new gloves she wore. These purchases had taken a good bite out of her savings for a phonograph, but they were worth it.

When the subway stopped at 14th Street she glanced at her watch. It was ten minutes to five. By the time she got out at 53d Street and walked the two blocks to the St. Regis, it would be a little after five—and in those few extra minutes he would get impatient, frown a little, and wonder unhappily if perhaps she were going to stand him up. Then he would see her as she came in the revolving door, and he would come eagerly across the lobby.

She clasped and unclasped her hands, noting with distaste that they were faintly perspiring inside the new gloves. It was natural that she should be a little nervous about seeing him again after all these months, but why was she afraid? The telephone conversation with him had been all she could have wanted in the way of reassurance, and everything was happening the way she'd hoped and planned.

"How did you find my number?" she'd asked after the first surprise of hearing his voice.

"Simple as pie—I looked it up in the new directory that just came out. When the last one came out I looked, but you still hadn't gotten a phone. This time there you were: *Carstairs, Jean, 12 Perry Street.*" He had paused and then said, "How is your mother, Jean?"

She told him about her mother's death. It had actually been a blessing, she'd said; her mother had suffered a great deal those last few months.

"I'm sorry," he'd said. "It must have been terrible for you."

She'd said that after the first bad time she had been all right. Then, taking a deep breath, she'd told him about her new job and her new apartment. They had both asked and answered questions eagerly, avoiding the biggest question of all: Why had she written that letter saying they must not see each other again? He had wanted to see her so much, he said. He had called the store and found out she'd left; and because of their crazy arrangement—she'd never given him her home address—he'd been out of luck. Well, now he'd finally tracked her down, and here he was. It had been too long, he said, much too long. Could they meet at the old place? His voice was deep with suppressed excitement.

The old place was the lobby of the St. Regis Hotel, their favorite meeting place during the two wonderful months they had had before she'd written him that letter. From the St. Regis they had always gone to some small, expensive restaurant where the headwaiters knew and admired him, where they were surrounded by smart, attractive people who loved his sort of life—people with smooth, finished voices like his, people who'd had the best of everything.

The subway stopped at Fifth Avenue. She rode up the long escalator, trying to calm her feeling of strange uneasiness. She wouldn't think beyond this evening. She would just be with him and enjoy the excitement of being back again in his world.

Instead of going straight up to the street, she took the underpass that led to the east side of 53d Street. She wanted to avoid the damp wind outside as long as possible. She wanted to look as impeccable as if she'd arrived in a taxi—a fit companion for him, with every hair in place, smooth and shining.

She saw the old woman's feet before she saw the rest of her—taking uncertain steps, climbing slowly up the stairs that led to the street. She saw one foot falter, then saw the old body bend and fall. A paper-wrapped bundle, an old shopping bag, a letter, some coins and a pair of spectacles were scattered at Jean's feet. The woman lay at the

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE

"I DON'T HAVE TO SMOKE LUCKIES,"

says

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

You may know—at least I hope you do—that I am producer of a television program called "Robert Montgomery Presents . . . Your Lucky Strike Theatre," which is sponsored by The American Tobacco Company.

That means I work for Lucky Strike. No question about that. But let me assure you that there is nothing in my contract, not even in the small print, that says I have to smoke Luckies or sell Luckies. However, I do smoke them—have for years—and for a good reason. At least it seems good to me. I like the way they taste.

Quite frankly, I think this business of smoking cigarettes is all a matter of taste. You either enjoy a cigarette or you don't—because of its taste.

Lately I've heard a lot about why people smoke this or that brand of cigarette. Most of the reasons given sound a little silly to me. I smoke Luckies because they taste better.

That's my story. Not a very exciting one—but to me, and I hope to you, it makes a lot of sense.

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There are just two reasons why Luckies taste better to Robert Montgomery and several million other people.

First, Luckies are made of fine tobacco. That's where better taste must start—with fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Everybody knows L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

Next, Luckies are made better. Always firm and perfectly packed to draw freely and smoke evenly.

So, Be Happy—Go Lucky. Remember, Luckies are made by The American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
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L.S./M.F.T.

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FOR
YOU
and your
HUSBAND

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From Dr. Herbert Pollack, writing in the January Companion, learn how proper diet can improve your health and personality to an amazing degree, even if you begin in middle age or in the sixties.

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ALSO: Picture Book of Beauty—Make Yourself More Exciting. I Gave Away 10,000 Babies. Where to Get the Best Cancer Tests and Care. I Thought I Married a Man. I Walk With Faith. 38 exciting features in the big...

January Issue On Sale December 18th

Woman's Home COMPANION

bottom of the steps, one shoe off, her body twisted.

Instantly, Jean was at her side, bending over to touch the quivering shoulder. "Are you all right?" she asked.

The woman gave a muffled groan. A man coming down the steps stopped and asked if he could help. The woman moaned again. She was deathly pale and her gray eyes gazed blankly as Jean and the man tried to lift her into a sitting position on the steps.

"She may have broken something," said the man, frowning. Several other people stopped and someone gathered up the woman's scattered belongings and put them into the shopping bag.

"My shoe—" the woman said faintly.

Jean knelt and picked up the worn old shoe. "Here it is," she said reassuringly. The woman seemed unaware of her. She was crying softly.

"Ask her if she thinks she's broken anything," the man said to Jean.

ONE by one the people who had stopped out of curiosity turned away, going on about their business.

Jean sat down on the step beside the woman. "Do you think you need a doctor?" she said.

The woman closed her eyes. "It's my back," she murmured.

"I think we should call a doctor," Jean said, looking up at the man. But she saw that the man's expression had changed. He looked at his watch. "I really would like to help," he said uneasily, "but I've got an appointment at five fifteen." He readjusted his hat and looked quickly at Jean. "I don't think it's serious as all that," he said. "She's just shaken up from the fall. Maybe you can call one of her relatives, someone who can come and call for her in a cab . . ." His voice trailed off. He shifted his brief case under his arm and then walked hurriedly up the steps. But I have an appointment too, Jean thought desperately.

She looked at the lined face of the woman next to her. "Do you think you can walk?" she asked.

"I don't know—"

Jean put her hand comfortingly on the woman's shoulder. People came up from the subway escalator and passed by them. Jean felt a sudden, harsh anger at their callous selfishness.

"Where do you live?" she asked. "If you tell me your phone number, I'll call and someone in your family can come get you and take you to a doctor."

The woman sighed heavily, and then she said: "My family, no. Isn't anybody. But Dr. Elleman—"

"Dr. Elleman? Where's he?" Jean said quickly, looking with despair at the pale face. Why hadn't she gone on like the others, why should *she* be the one taking care of this stranger?

It was ten past five; he would be more than impatient now. Perhaps he would not wait.

"Dr. Elleman, West Seventy Street," the woman said.

Jean fought the impulse to flee. "If I took you there in a cab, do you think you would be all right?" she said.

The woman blinked and said, "I think I can walk." She made a gesture indicating that Jean should help her try to stand. Slowly and clumsily, with Jean's hands firm on her elbows, the old woman got up.

"There!" Jean said cheerily. "See, you're not as bad as you think."

But the woman's face was blanched and she was obviously weak. Jean told her to hold onto the railing, and then she picked up the woman's shopping bag. Slowly they made their way up the stairs. Luckily, a cab was waiting by the subway exit. Jean helped the woman in, and then got in beside her.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

Jean thought quickly. There was still time to get to the St. Regis. She could tell the driver to wait, dash in and get him, and they would take the woman to the doctor together. It was only twenty past five; he would still be there. But the same inner compulsion that had made her stay with the woman until now made her turn and ask, "Can you tell me Dr. Elleman's address?"

"One hundred twenty-two West Seventy," said the woman, staring at Jean.

Jean repeated the address to the driver and then turned quickly to look out the window. Why had she stopped, why was *she* the one who had stayed behind to help this woman? For the answer, she had only to look at the woman's face. It was fuller perhaps, and the eyes were lighter and the hair not as white—but it was still very like another face Jean had known and loved. Even the voice was somehow reminiscent, the speech faintly accented. Jean's mother, Maria Caruscheck, had spoken with an accent too.

Jean Carstairs—*that was a lie that* had finally, legally, become the truth a month after her mother died.

He had never known about the lie. He'd believed everything she told him, beginning that night at the store's promotion party. Her mother, she'd said, was terribly sick, could see no one because of her nerves. That had made Maria Caruscheck sound like an ailing gentlewoman. That had kept him from insisting on calling at the tiny uptown apartment where her mother lay dying. The telephone was listed under Caruscheck; Jean had told him she was not in the directory at all, because her mother had a private listing.

She'd always been amazed that the lies went over as smoothly as they did. Neither he nor his parents in their big house on Gracie Square had ever guessed at the true story behind the polished façade of Jean Carstairs.

But her mother, lying ill in the small, cramped bedroom, had guessed at all the lies. That, in the end, had shamed Jean into writing him the letter. She couldn't see him, she'd said, at least not for a while. Even then she'd been planning, planning on her mother's death, knowing that until that happened she could not completely live the lie.

NOW she was free to live it completely. And he was waiting, waiting for Jean Carstairs, that charming, gracious girl whom he had told he loved. Perhaps he could love Jean Caruscheck; perhaps he could accept the truth. But she knew that the reasoning behind her lies, once she told him, would kill his love. And she could not be Jean Carstairs for him any longer.

"Why are you doing this?" the woman asked. She was staring at Jean's clothes, her carefully groomed hair.

"Because," Jean said, smiling, "you needed help."

The woman blinked and smiled back faintly. "But—there's nowhere else you ought to be?" she asked.

"There's nowhere else I ought to be," Jean said and put her hand lightly on the woman's arm. —SUE KAUFMAN

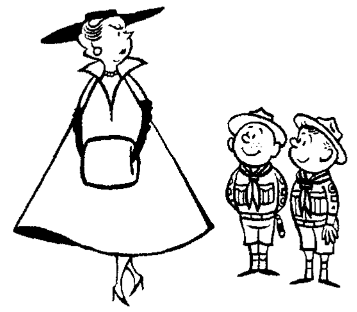
48 STATES OF MIND

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

One of the helpful hints received by old 48 concerns how to drive a nail without smashing your thumb. Mrs. T. Lipplack, of Chicago, advises us to hold the hammer with both hands.

* * *

Mr. George Garlick's copy of an Albuquerque, New Mexico, newspaper informs him that a New York stylist has designed a dress warranted to make hips vanish. Mr. Garlick says he believes in calling a tent a tent.



* * *

A North Carolina editor addressed the Associated Master Barbers convention in support of his stop-tipping-the-barber crusade. The delegates were unanimous in saying afterward that they'd tip him generously for the privilege of giving him a shave and haircut.

* * *

Couple of ladies living in a remote sector of northern Vermont said they were pretty contented in their isolation but sort of wished some third woman could move in. "Sarah and I have each other to talk to," explained one. "But 't would be nice to have another voman around to talk about."

* * *

Not only are foxes invading Corsi- ana, Texas, but they are attacking the own's dogs with great success. There's carcely a fox in Navarro County that asn't a couple of hound-dogs to its redit. They couldn't be Texas dogs, nd Corsicana is anxious to find out vho is responsible for the presence of ll those damyankee pooches.

* * *

Mr. Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury uarter, Connecticut, dropped in as sual. He said his married daughter vas worrying about how to preserve er wedding ring. Mr. Greenlegg told er to heat it thoroughly three times day over a hot stove.

* * *

There are conventional people in ennessee with the silly idea that e United States Air Force assigned lanes to the state's Air National uard for military training purposes. bsurd, of course. If the guardsmen sed their C-47 transport for defense drill, how would that important politician, his wife and her friends travel across country to a garden club meeting? Moreover, if the Guard's RB-26s were used for technical training, one top politico and his cronies would have to travel around the country by car or train, just like common taxpayers. It may be hard to believe, but some of the Air Guardsmen complain they have to work as crew members on such political air junkets while they should be studying their military lessons. So let us stand as we sing They VIP through the Air with the Greatest of Ease.

* * *

Sign on a large truck bowling through Trenton, New Jersey: *Don't Hit Me. 100,000 Families Waiting For These Potato Chips.*

* * *

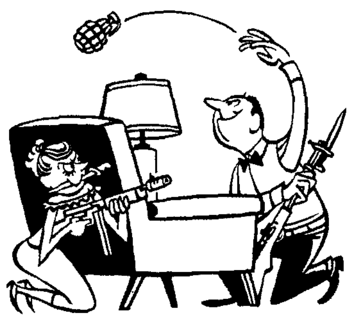
We've been worried for quite some time by the fact that we haven't had a headache within memory. But the International College of Surgeons has come out with a satisfactory explanation. The doctors have announced that people who do a lot of thinking get more headaches than those who don't.

* * *

This party in Keokuk, Iowa, wasn't catching fire and the hostess was understandably worried. The lion of the afternoon, a novelist, tapped her on the shoulder, yawned, said he had seldom been so bored and announced he was leaving. She thanked him and said she felt sure that would help a lot.

* * *

In Indianapolis, Indiana, the Army Recruiting Service has come up with a package-enlistment idea. Young sweethearts with matrimonial notions are urged to join up in pairs—she as a WAC and he in the branch of his choice. They'd be sent to schools warranted to equip them for the hazards of married life and, if they're frugal, they'd emerge from the service with about $5,000 to their joint account. The Army is very enthusiastic about the idea, saying that they both will become familiar with the use of a great variety of weapons. Which, as anyone can see, enhances the likelihood of a successful marriage. ▲ ▲ ▲



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Letters . . .

Home Education

EDITOR: Mrs. William Turner, the woman who is trying to educate her children at home ('I Won't Send My Children to Public School,' Nov. 13th), is, in my opinion, making a grave mistake. First and foremost, it is evident that the main element of success in life is the ability to get along with people. When those children finally do have to rub elbows with strangers, I should think they would find it very difficult. High school is going to be pure torture for some of them and probably a means of escape for others who may go to extremes to prove they are no different.

DOROTHY VOELKER, Fargo, N.D.

The Turner school in session

. . . Your comment on the Turner case says that you "firmly believe in . . . compulsory free education."

Compulsion is not freedom. American schools are compulsory, not free; and they are not free but the most costly on earth. In many places they cost more than all other state and federal costs.

Opposing opinions should be freely expressed, but I trust you agree that facts should be stated accurately. The United States has a system of compulsory state schooling. The word "free" cannot be correctly applied to it, in any sense of that word.

ROSE WILDER LANE, Danbury, Conn.

. . . I pity the Turner children! They may be learning the three R's exceptionally well, but they are missing the most wonderful, the most valuable of childhood experiences—those of participating in group activities with children of the same age level! They can't learn our democratic way of living in an isolated, self-interested family group.

FLORENCE MASON, Manistee, Mich.

. . . I listened to a radio talk by William Earley, president of the American Education Association, in which he stated that there is a need for 60,000 new teachers to be trained each year, whereas only 30,000 are being trained, and many leave the profession each year for various reasons. Then why, in this time of critical shortage, not only of teachers but also of school buildings and other facilities, should local and state governments spend taxpayers' money to prevent a woman from teaching her children at home?

FRANCES L. BRODIE, Aiken, S.C.

Unspoiled Child

EDITOR: My one complaint against your truly great magazine is that some of your pert young heroines are much too flip to stay healthy and unscarred. Apparently modern authors either never have heard of old-fashioned spankings, or lack the courage of their own convictions in treating such heroines to their just deserts. Now, honestly, *do* you think that's fair to us gals of Mantelpiece Anonymous?

Just let Dad catch me coming home at 3:00 A.M. (3 hours late), or making with the flip remarks, and I get flipped—but fast—right across his lap.

If I and others of my own age (nearly sixteen) are made to take it across our dads' knees, why not a pert young miss in fiction, too?

PAT HAGERSTROM, Milwaukee, Wis.

Old Stuff, They Say

EDITOR: In regard to Alfred Toombs's article, 10 Ways to Make Your Wife More Useful (Nov. 27th), the Home Demonstration Club Women have been learning and putting into use Work Simplification (Scientific Management) since 1946.

The Home *Demonstration Club* Women and the Washington management engineers are working toward the same project in making the home a safer and more efficient place to live. We, the H. D. Clubs, just had the jump on the management engineers by five years.

MRS. DALE FALLIS, Freeport, Texas

. . . Just leave it to a man to crow about something a few women let go unheralded years ago. Home economists have taught these things for years.

I showed the article in a college class of home economics methods and it brought forth many laughs to think the Society for the Advancement of Management spent two years working out what they could have found in almost any home ec teacher's files or at the County Bureau of Extension.

RUTH LOFT, Kirksville, Mo.

. . . I am annoyed at these male birdbrains who never give up trying to turn the home into a replica of that male creation, the office. Now, there is nothing wrong with an office so long as it is limited to its proper function. But are all these obtuse efficiency experts blind to the fact that the individual therein serves and is subservient to the needs of the office, the factory or the shop as the case may be, and rightly so, of course; while the reverse should be true in a good home, where the individual and his needs should be served by the home?

A home should be predominantly loving and warm, a place where every member of the family gets a chance to be as relaxed and inefficient as he feels he needs to be in order to gather strength for tomorrow's efficient grind at school or office or factory.

BERYL W. HARRIS, Cassopolis, Mich.

Sir Winston Defended

EDITOR: Although in past years I have *read things in Collier's with which I* did not necessarily agree, this is my first letter to you. Really, your insinuations about Sir Winston Churchill were too much for me! (Editorial, Which Side Are You On, Sir?, Nov. 27th.)

I fail to see that your editorial had any basis in fact. By contending that our country might have prevented either or both world wars, Sir Winston paid us a high compliment. It seems to me he was saying, in effect, that we might have succeeded where Europe failed. Is that a sop to Britishers of anti-American leanings? I think not.

ROBERT C. GRAY, Wilmington, N.C.

G-Gas

EDITOR: I wish to commend Cornelius Ryan for his enlightening article G-Gas —A New Weapon of Chilling Terror (Nov. 27th). It's about time the American people were informed about the G agents. I first learned of them while attending a summer encampment for Chemical R.O.T.C. Cadets at Fort McClellan, Alabama. The facts startled me and I was even more amazed to find that most people had never even heard of the G agents.

Mr. Ryan's article, I was pleased to see, was written on a quasi-scientific level and holds interest for the layman as well as the scientist.

DAVID LIEBESKIND, Paterson, N.J.

. . . Although there is a possibility that World War III might be fought to the bitter end without A-bomb, H-bomb or G-gas being used, the probabilities are that any and all available weapons would be thrown into the struggle by both sides. In any case it should be clear to thinking Americans that there can be no real security for our nation until world peace under enforceable world law has been established.

For this reason it would seem any progress toward the necessary goal of a strengthened United Nations with power to outlaw war should be considered front-page news. Progress *is* being made. Witness the great enthusiasm and optimism attending the recent Conference of World Federalists in Copenhagen, Denmark, out of which came the bold and challenging Copenhagen Declaration.

If the advances which are taking place in the science of destruction are important enough for wide publicity in the American press, why are not the constructive efforts for peace considered at least equally significant?

PALMER VAN GUNDY, La Canada, Cal.

. . . *Since science has thought up this* monster (G-gas), does it not now owe such a simple thing to us as a workable mask and other such aids as are required to sustain life through an attack?

I think the best way to market such an item would be to include everything necessary in a kit such as our present first-aid kit.

You say the government has not provided enough funds. Could not some private manufacturer see the profit to be gained through such an enterprise?

MRS. JESS L. BALLARD,
Battle Creek, Mich.

State Legislatures

EDITOR: Congratulations upon Robert Bendiner's great article How the Farmer Rules *Your* City (Nov. 27th). As one who has been in the state legislative reapportionment movement in

Charles Green: Corrective Statement

In an article appearing in the September 29, 1951, issue of Collier's relating to the Twin City Rapid Transit Company of Minneapolis, reference was made to Charles Green.

Mr. Green, a substantial stockholder of long standing of the Transit Company, commenced a proxy fight in 1949 to install new management in the belief that a change was necessary both in the interests of the company and its stockholders. In this he was successful.

The article, which described Mr. Green's efforts, as president of the company in 1949, to put it on a paying basis, incorrectly charged him with saying, "The public be damned."

There were several references in the article to gangsters and mobsters. There was no intent to imply, either in the article or in the announcement of the article that appeared in a previous issue of *Collier's*, that Green, who has substantial interests in many large corporations, was either a gangster or linked up with gangsters, or that he at any time illegally carried weapons. The facts are to the contrary.

A statement in the article that Green was a promoter "out to make a fast buck" was not warranted by the facts. Mr. Green at the time the article was published enjoyed a good reputation in his business and home communities.

Collier's regrets any embarrassment the article may have caused Mr. Green or his family.

various states for the past two decades. I am elated to see a mass-circulation magazine such as Collier's telling the dynamic truth about this pressing domestic American political problem of proper apportionment of state legislators.

Personally, I think the federal government, under Article IV, Section 4, U.S. Constitution ("The United States shall guarantee to every state in this Union a republican form of government . . ."), already has the power to reapportion the states proportionate to population. Nowhere in the U.S. Constitution is the federal government itself called "republican" in form, due to the structure of the U.S. Senate. Because of the Ordinance of 1787 which guaranteed "a proportionate representation of the people in the legislature," and because this Ordinance was reenacted by the First Congress, August 7, 1789; because this provision of popular proportionateness was made a necessity for Ohio's admission to the Union in 1803, and because of the actual popular proportionateness of the then early existing American state legislatures, I definitely believe "republican" implies state legislative representation in proportion to population.

Henry Stoner, Columbus, Ohio

More About Short Creek

Editor: Please accept an expression of sincere gratitude and commendation for the inspiring portrayal of character in the Collier's cover to accompany our story, Why I Have Five Wives (Nov. 13th)—the clean-cut figures; the integrity portrayed in the faces free from confusion, jealousy and cosmetics; the long hair with its roll, braids and accented flower, and the ladies' modest, high-necked and long-sleeved dresses, the background of blue sky, clean air, vermilion cliffs, windmill and modest homes.

With proper attitude, life's struggle creates character. God knows, even if the misinformed Arizona officialdom and a large portion of the general public don't, that we are teaching our people to be free from hate and to abide by the principles of temporal and spiritual salvation in the face of this annihilating intended blow. God ordained this land of America to be preserved upon the principles of freedom incorporated in the inspired Constitution and Bill of Rights.

Edson P. Jessop, Short Creek, Ariz.

Collier's
'I Won't Send My Children To Public School'
How Long You Live May Depend on Where You Live
WHY I HAVE FIVE WIVES
A Mormon Fundamentalist Tells His Story

. . . I can understand how Edson Jessop could have five wives, but I can't understand how, as shown on the cover of your last issue, he and evidently his favorite (and I don't blame him) wife have five hands.

F. P. Bowman, Goldthwaite, Texas

First of all, the cover is not a portrait of the Jessop family. As for the multiplicity of fingers, it may be that the man on the cover, being a farmer, just hired an extra hand.

. . . It is mighty saddening that my first appearance in your magazine should be as a brother-in-law of Clifford Black of Short Creek. I am not a relative by marriage or any other way of these or any other families in Short Creek, nor do I expect to be.

I should like to have an explanation as to how I came to be called a brother-in-law of Black, and for what reason. I should also like to know how you can rectify this wrong as publicly as it was committed.

Jonreed Lauritzen,
Tumurru Ranch, Ariz.

Either through a misunderstanding by Collier's reporter, or through an error by the Arizona officials with whom the reporter checked facts and names, Mr. Lauritzen was incorrectly identified as Mr. Black's brother-in-law. Collier's regrets the inadvertent slip-up.

. . . Is this $50,000 raid on sleeping citizens an ominous sign of the times? Should the rest of us start dreading the midnight knock? Now that the precedent is set, who can be sure that his property is secure, his home inviolate, his children his own?

G. Louise Johnson, Proctor, Minn.

Action on Fee-Splitting

Editor: I believe you will be interested in receiving the following statement issued by Dr. John H. Garlock, president of the Medical Society of the County of New York, in his inaugural address on October 26, 1953:

"Though this matter was not included in my official text in my address this evening I should like to interpolate and take action which, I hope, may help bring an end to the hints and innuendoes regarding fee-splitting and ghost surgery which are so widely publicized in the press and in major magazines.

"I am sure your patients, as have mine, have asked you about the latest article in Collier's called Why Some Doctors Should Be in Jail (Oct. 30th).

"I want . . . to invite all newspapers, magazines, any individual or the public in general to bring to the attention of our society any complaints or allegations on fee-splitting or ghost surgery. We must know of such suspicions or allegations if we are to act. And act we will if real cause exists.

"I urge, too, that all members of the society report any facts or suspicions they may have also, so that the vast majority of ethical doctors can be protected from the unethical conduct of the few.

"The press and the public can do a real service to the cause of good medicine if they will report all incidents which have unethical possibilities. If the allegations are false we can thus stop false rumors. If the allegations are investigated and found to be true we can censure the offending physicians and, if desirable, use them as public examples."

Robert D. Potter, Executive Secretary, Medical Society of the County of New York, New York, N.Y.

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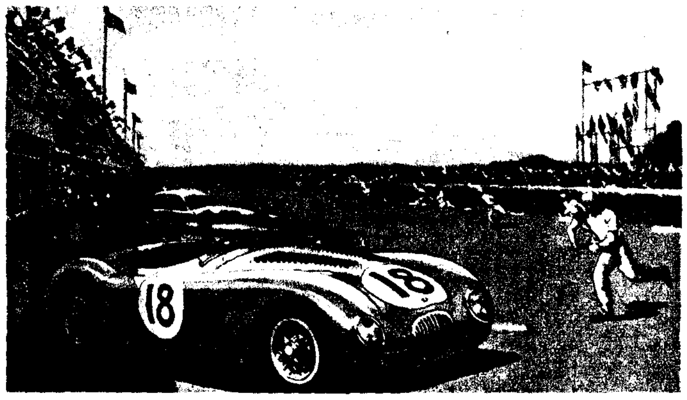
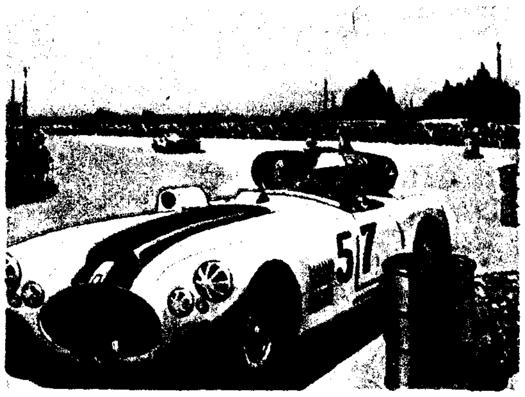

THE LE MANS 24-HOURS (France) saw Champion-equipped cars take the first seven places at record times for this event.

THE GRAND PRIX OF ARGENTINA. Three hundred thousand spectators saw Ascari win with Ferrari.


SEBRING 12-HOUR RACE was won by top U. S. road-racing team of John Fitch-Phil Walters in a Cunningham.

LE MANS
GRAND PRIX GERMANY
SEBRING
GRAND PRIX MONTE CARLO

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GRAND PRIX PORTUGAL
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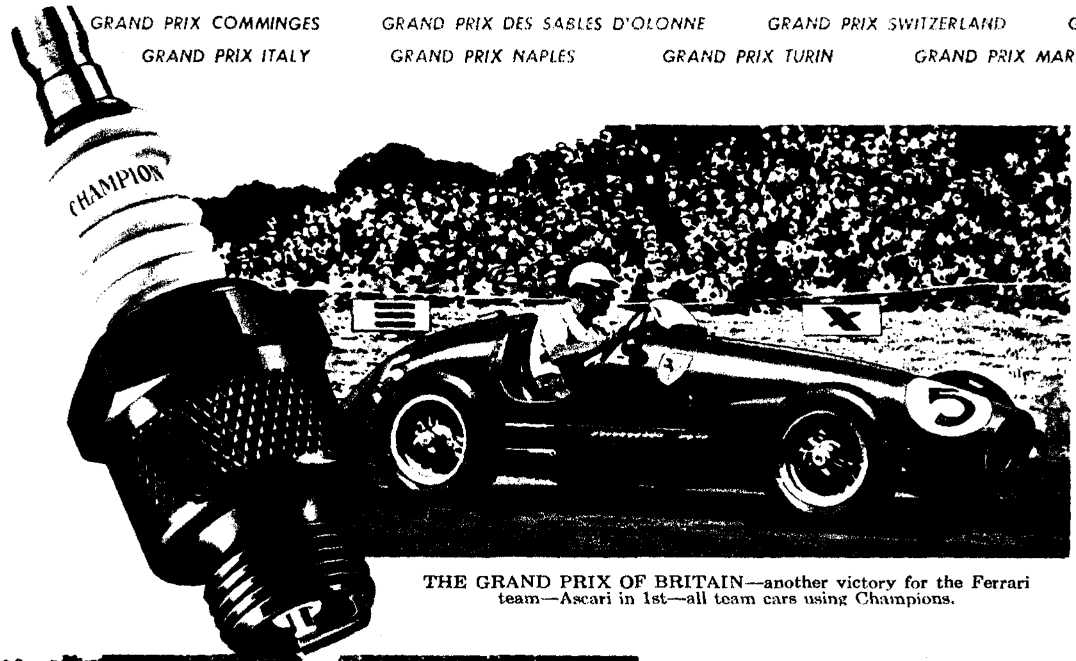
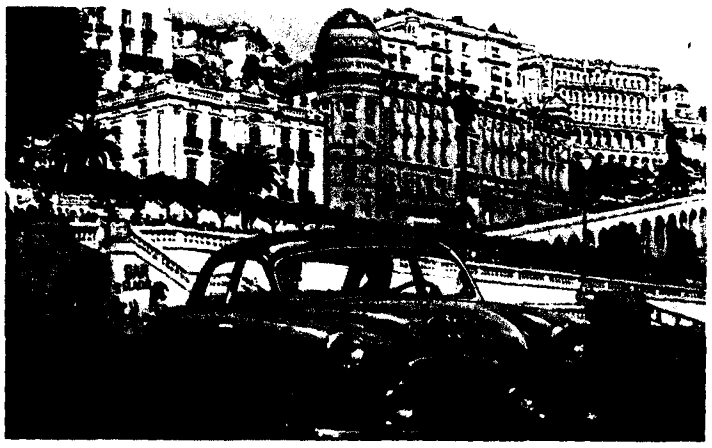
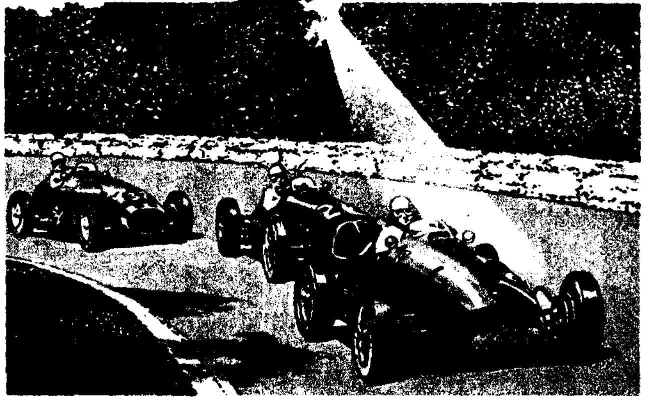
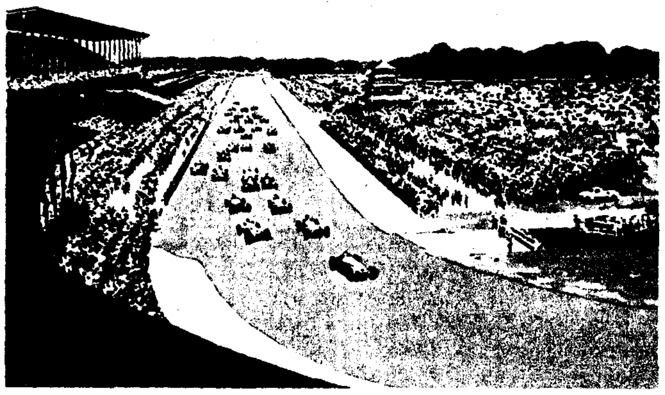
GRAND PRIX ITALY *GRAND PRIX NAPLES* *GRAND PRIX TURIN* *GRAND PRIX MARSEILLES* *GRAND PRIX SICILY* *SAO PAULO GRAND PRIX*

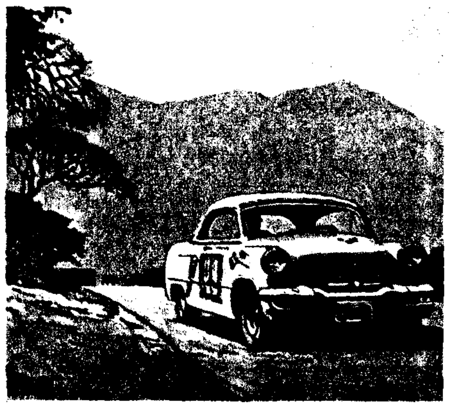


THE GRAND PRIX OF BRITAIN—another victory for the Ferrari team—Ascari in 1st—all team cars using Champions.


MONTE CARLO RALLY—one of Europe's greatest reliability runs, won by Ford's Zephyr-VI, with Champions.


THE GRAND PRIX OF EUROPE (France) in which the Ferrari team again triumphed with Mike Hawthorn the victor.


THE INDIANAPOLIS "500" won by Bill Vukovich using Champions —as were all the cars finishing this race.


MEXICAN '52 ROAD RACE—in the stock car class Champion-equipped Lincolns finished 1, 2, 3, 4

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DENVER POST

Like F.D.R.'s cigarette holder, Eisenhower's grin is now his trade-mark

What Makes IKE LAUGH?

Slapstick comedy? A traveling-salesman story? A practical joke? Never. Here's a close-up of the humor that tickles the Presidential rib

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

NOWHERE in America is there a grin more famous, a smile more glowing, a chuckle more infectious than that of Dwight D. Eisenhower. The big grin has come to stand for Ike in the same way the long cigarette holder once stood for Roosevelt, the thick-lensed eyeglasses for Truman.

Yet although Ike's grin flashes a dozen times a day, he doesn't particularly enjoy hearing "a good one." Jokes don't make Ike laugh.

What does?

Not long ago the President wrote a lengthy, longhand note to his good friend Sir Winston Churchill. Because the letter went beyond amiabilities and dealt with delicate diplomatic issues, the President sent it to the State Department for comment and criticism. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles read it. Undersecretary Walter Bedell Smith read it. So did half a dozen other experts, line by line, syllable by syllable. Then they all gathered in Dulles' office to pool their views. The Secretary reached for the white telephone which every member of the Cabinet has for direct calls to the White House.

"Mr. President," Dulles began when he got the connection, "we have all read your letter to Churchill." He paused. "We can't find anything wrong with it."

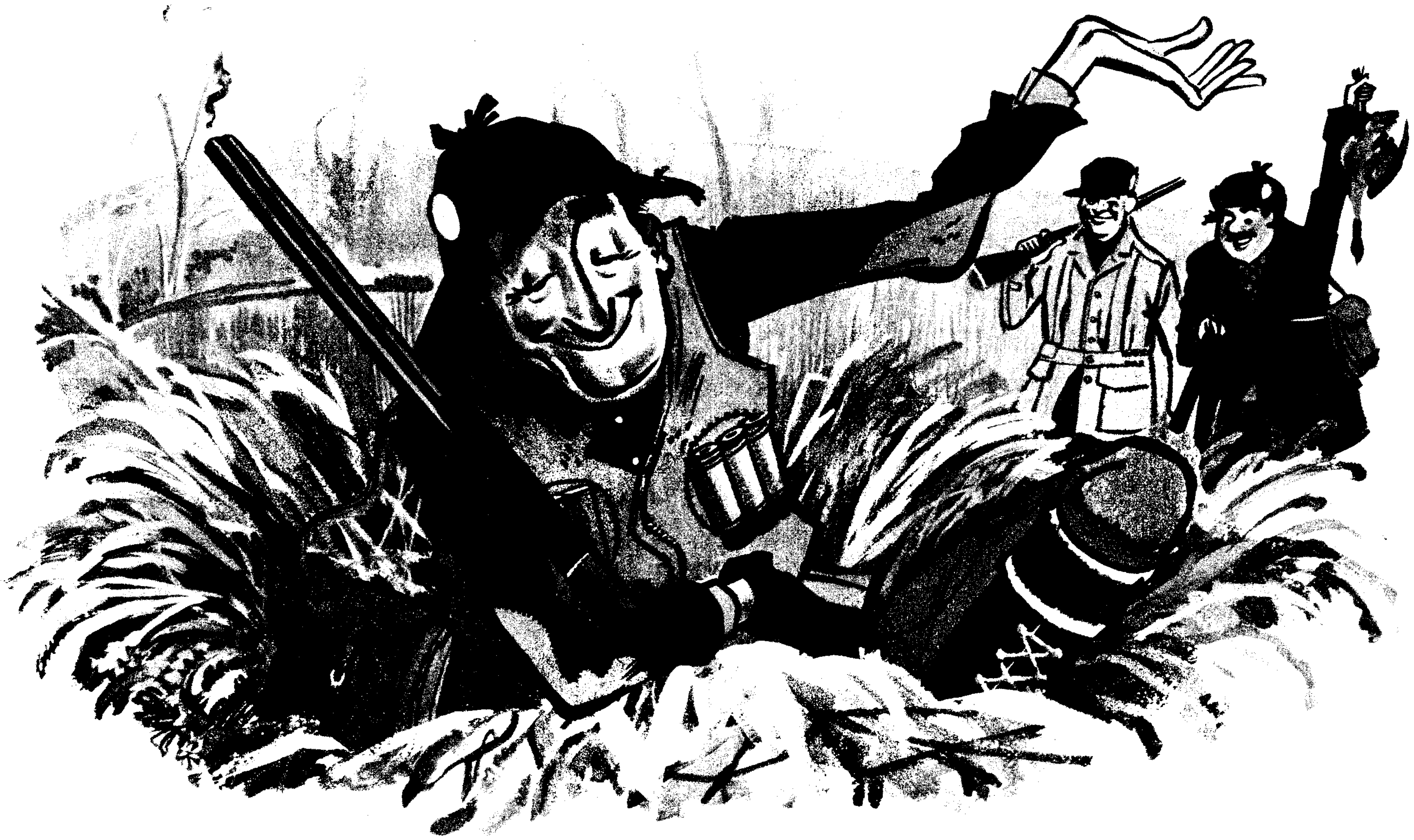
A booming laugh resounded over the phone.

"Can't find anything wrong?" asked the President with mock incredulity. "What's the matter over there? Everything falling apart?"

A funny incident, a pleasant anecdote, the gentle joshing of a friend —they're the wellspring of the Eisenhower humor. Ike laughs *with,* almost never *at,* people. His own jests are reserved almost always for those he esteems—and his kidding is never barbed.

After "Beedle" Smith was selected to be Undersecretary of State, he functioned for a period both in his old job as Director of the Central Intelligence Agency and as Undersecretary. Even on the morning when he finally was sworn in, he first put in an hour or so at his CIA desk—unaware that the President was trying urgently to reach him at State. When Ike finally got his old wartime colleague on the phone he pretended to be reproachful. "Well," the President said, "I see you got to work at last." Then after a moment, "I sometimes forget that you're not as old as I am and can't get up in the morning."

Another example of the way the President's humor comes from the top of his desk is an incident which occurred at the height of the cattle growers' protests over the administration's handling of the beef price-support program. The President was eager to get away from the confining atmosphere of the White House for a few hours of golf with General Omar Bradley. As Ike was walking out the door to his car,



There was the time on Chesapeake Bay when a tipsy duck hunter got mixed in with Eisenhower's party. No one was more surprised than the duck

Bernard Shanley of the executive staff called out: "Hope your game is good today."

"My golf would be a lot better," the President replied with a wry smile, "if the price of beef would go up."

Whether or not Eisenhower enjoys the Presidency—and the evidence is that he esteems its rewards and accepts its pains and pressures philosophically—a political career was far from his thought and dreams as a boy.

He was chatting casually with a few friends during his vacation in Colorado last summer when somebody asked about his early ambitions.

"I remember one time when I was a boy in Kansas," he replied, "while I was in grade school, I think. I had a very good friend, and we got to talking about what we wanted to do when we grew up.

"I told him I had no doubt at all what I wanted. I said I wanted more than anything else in the whole world to be a baseball player, a good baseball player, a real professional—like Hans Wagner.

"Then I asked him: 'What do you want to be?'

"He answered, 'I want to be President of the United States.' "

The President reflected a moment, then added: "Neither of us got our wish."

In the same vein Ike tells of two GIs in Europe who spied the general—then Supreme Allied Commander—walking a little distance from them.

"How would you like his job?" one of them asked.

"Not for me," the other replied disdainfully. "No chance for promotion."

Ike sees the funny side of almost everything, but he is not a wit. He detests an off-color story. He never tells one; he never willingly listens to one. Normally his countenance is vividly expressive; emotions—joyful, amused, painful, wry—race across his face in swift procession. But when he hears an offensive joke, that mobile face suddenly freezes—deliberately and in obvious rebuke. The President also dislikes gossip and abusive wisecracks, whether aimed at political opponents or political friends.

One overenthusiastic, everything-is-black-and-white Republican corralled Eisenhower at the Cherry Hills Club in Denver one day and railed endlessly against former President Truman and everything New Dealish, Fair Dealish and Democratic. He finally worked himself up to calling Truman "the poorest example of manhood ever to wear a suit of clothes."

Ike replied quietly, "He must be a pretty good man. The people voted for him."

His Most Abhorrent Pain in the Neck

Yet there apparently is one exception to Dwight Eisenhower's otherwise ironclad rule against criticizing people he dislikes. I learned while gathering this cross section of incident and anecdote that there is one public figure—who must remain unidentified for reasons of state—whom Ike simply can't abide. The President has described him, bluntly, baldly and passionately, in these words:

"He's not just an ordinary pain in the neck; he is a *spherical* pain in the neck: no matter how you look at him, he's *still* a pain in the neck!"

Ordinarily, the President's instinct is to turn the joke on himself rather than on someone else. An important—and bald—White House caller, apparently ill at ease, prompted this tension-lifting comment from the President: "I see you part your hair the same way I do." Both laughed at the graceful, ice-breaking remark.

The President enjoys retelling stories of which he's the butt. Back when he was Army Chief of Staff, he relates, he was visited at the Pentagon by a delegation of women. When they started to leave, he rose and escorted them through the labyrinth of corridors out to the main entrance and down the steps.

Then he re-entered the building—and within a few minutes found himself hopelessly confused. The corridors seemed endless and empty; the man who had guided millions of soldiers across Europe was wandering aimlessly when a young major walked past. The general stopped him.

"I'm Ike Eisenhower," he said, "and I'm lost."

Ike, greatly relishing this joke on himself, builds up to the climax: "That major looked at me astonished and embarrassed and, pointing to a door not fifteen feet away, said timidly: 'But, General, there's your office right there.' "

At reunions of the five Eisenhower brothers there is always a great deal of good-natured ribbing, which Ike enjoys hugely. When they met in St. Louis not long ago, a reporter asked them the date of their previous reunion. Ike remarked that they had all been together for his inauguration at Columbia University but with little opportunity to visit. "The last real reunion," he said, "was in July, 1946, at my fishing cabin in Wisconsin."

Brother Edgar interrupted in quick contradiction. The month, he said, was June, not July.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

joke's on him. Like the time he addressed his troops, then turned and fell in the mud

Ike retorted that he was prepared to lay $10 on the line to back his contention that it was July.

The reporter said: "General, you are sure you are right, are you?"

"No," Ike replied quickly, "but I'm sure Ed is always wrong."

All five brothers joined in the laughter.

On another occasion, Mamie Eisenhower was the target of a gentle ribbing. The President had finished a few holes of golf at Denver when he was approached in the locker room by two people, a few minutes apart, who wanted him to dedicate one building and lay a cornerstone for another. The President, who gets scores of similar requests, turned down the two new ones gracefully, and then remarked to one of his playing companions: "Golly, if I accept one I would have to accept all, and if I accepted all I wouldn't do anything but dedicate buildings."

His golfing companions—who included Freeman F. Gosden, creator of the "Amos" role in Amos and Andy—were invited to dinner that evening with Ike and Mrs. Eisenhower at Mrs. Eisenhower's mother's home.

Amos Starts His Comedy Routine

As they approached the house they could see the Eisenhowers and Mrs. Doud sitting on the porch, and Gosden nudged a friend and whispered: "Remember Ike's troubles in the locker room? He hasn't heard the worst yet."

Before they had finished shaking hands, Gosden blandly remarked, "I see by the late edition, Mr. President, that you are going to dedicate the local race track!"

"No!" Mrs. Eisenhower exclaimed. "Not that!"

Ike kept a straight face.

"Yes," Gosden went on to the dismayed Mamie, "the President is going to throw out the first dog and do a half lap around the track." Mrs. Eisenhower smiled and relaxed.

"Wouldn't I look nice bringing home a rabbit in my teeth?" the President asked.

"Well, I must say," Mamie retorted, topping the joke, "you've brought home worse than that."

Dwight Eisenhower is both a sincerely religious man and an earnest golfer. Sometimes the two mix. Privately, Ike has a "golf prayer" with a note of humor, reserved for occasions when he addresses a ball toward a particularly inviting fairway. "O Lord," he intones, "give me strength to hit it easy."

Another sport that has given Eisenhower enjoyment is hunting. Here's a story he tells:

He was duck shooting on Chesapeake Bay with a group of companions, not all chosen by himself—and one of whom was obviously the worse for liquor. As time went on, this fellow got still worse instead of better, so the rest of the party put him off in a distant blind by himself: no one wanted to be near him when he started shooting. Soon a lone teal streaked overhead, moving fast. The President and his friends all blazed away at it; all missed. To their astonishment, when the bird passed over the blind where the inebriate had been isolated, a lone shot rang out and the teal toppled into the water, dead. Ike decided that the man must have been in better shape than anyone had realized, and he rowed over to congratulate him on his skillful shot. He found the chap with bottle in hand, more wobbly than ever.

"How did you ever shoot that bird?" Ike asked him in amazement.

"Nothin' difficul' about that," the friend replied with a limp, deprecatory wave. "When you see a big flock like that, oughta be able t'get one of them."

There's another story the President likes which occurred while he was bound for some practice golf shots on the south lawn of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue one afternoon with Thomas E. Stephens, his appointments secretary. Ike and Stephens stepped into the White House gymnasium to put on spiked shoes, and the President sat on the one small bench in the room. Stephens used a stationary exercising bicycle for a seat. As the two men sat talking, Stephens fiddled with a button on the machine.

Suddenly, like a bronco let loose, the bike erupted into a wild bounding motion. Stephens, a frail athlete at best, found himself being pitched into the air and caught again and pedaling as if he were on the homestretch of a six-day bike race. Precariously clasping the handle bars, the appointments secretary shouted frantically, "Get me off this thing! Get me off!"

The President could only roar with helpless laughter. It wasn't until an attendant heard the piercing cries that Stephens' wild ride ended.

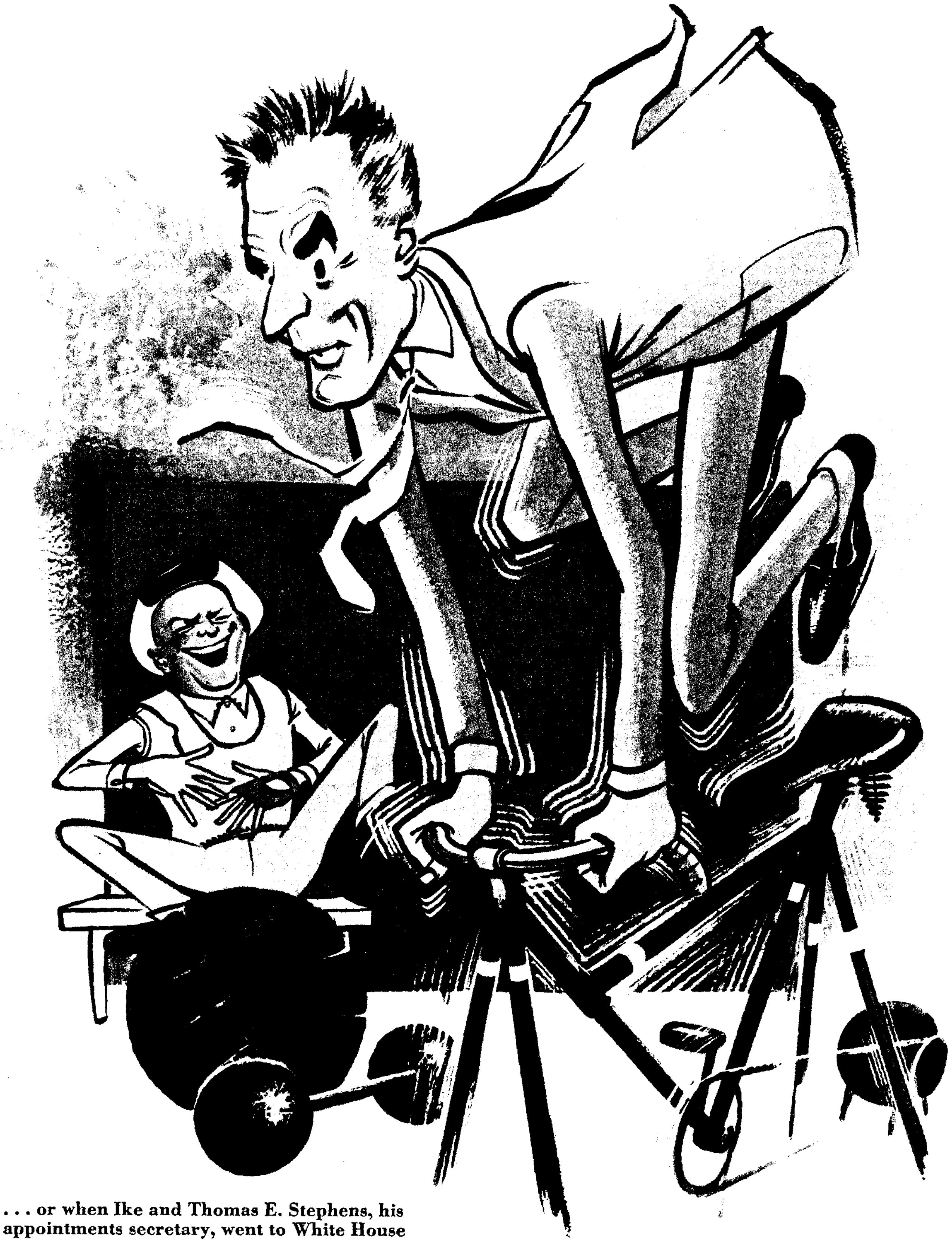
To the President, golf has important character-building qualities. Not long ago he was playing a foursome with his son, Major John Eisenhower, as his partner. John was putting the out hole. He and his father needed that putt to win. The President said:

"Listen, John. You've got to make this putt. Don't miss it. It all depends on you!"

John, still a novice golfer, tightened a little. But he made the putt—an eight-footer.

"That's my boy," the President beamed proudly. "That's my boy."

Later, in a whispered aside to another member of the foursome, the President said that he didn't consider it "really important" whether John made the shot—he just wanted to test his son under pres-



. . . or when Ike and Thomas E. Stephens, his appointments secretary, went to White House gym and Stephens pushed the wrong button

Youngsters invariably turned up the shortest, most sure-fire route to the President'

sure. "That's why I poured it on," he explained. "And, by golly, he made it!"

Ike's pride in his son is matched by an equally deep personal humility. More than once his friends have heard him laughingly tell the incident of the North African inspection trip he took during the war with a British general as his escort. They were riding along in a jeep on a sandy road when they were suddenly strafed by a German Messerschmitt. Both leaped headlong into the nearest ditch. After the danger had passed, the escorting general helped Ike back into the jeep and anxiously asked if he was all right. Ike was and he expressed his appreciation for the Briton's consideration. "Not at all," the general said gravely. "I just didn't want anything to happen to you while you were in my sector."

The President also enjoys telling of the day he visited Major General Raymond S. McLain's XIX Corps, then fighting near Aachen. Ike always liked to get as close as possible to the front lines, and this day he sought out one battalion which had had hard fighting, and was now screened from enemy observation only by a small woods.

It was a rainy, muddy day. Generals Eisenhower and McLain rode out in a jeep to the edge of the woods where the troops were assembled. Ike bounded up on a platform and gave a short, impressive talk, making it clear that he knew the hardships the men were undergoing. The speech appealed to the GIs and they offered the general a rare tribute. They cheered him heartily when he was finished.

Then, as Ike stepped off the platform he slipped in the mud—and fell ignominiously backward, landing on the seat of his pants. It was too much for the troops. They roared with delight.

The Fall As Viewed by Two Generals

Says General McLain now: "If it had happened to any one of a number of other commanders I've known, I'm sure I'd have faced a court-martial for permitting lax discipline—or I would have taken off for the enemy lines in self-defense."

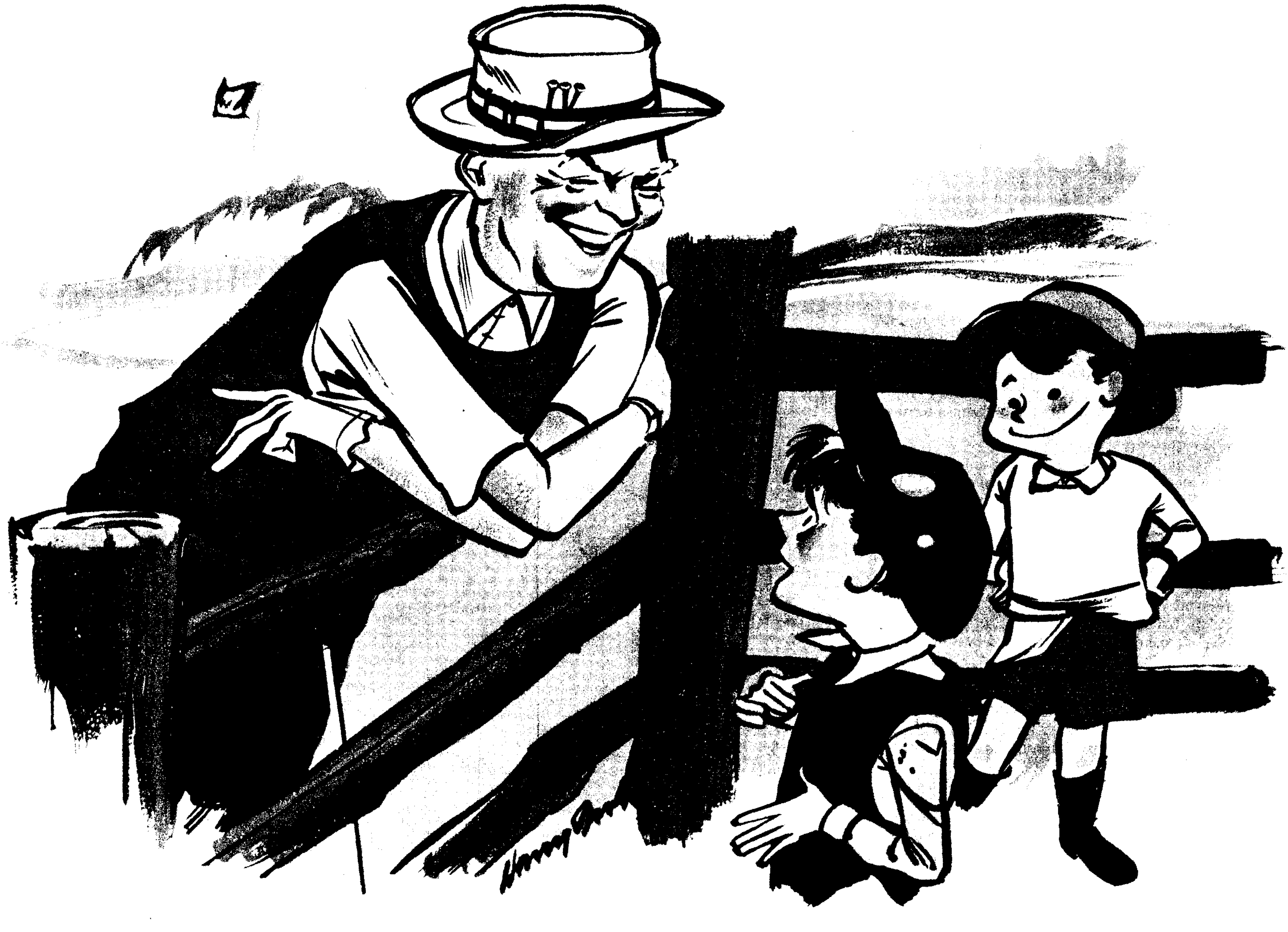
But when Ike tells the story, he adds: "You know, of all the things I said and did to raise the morale of those troops, it was that fall on the seat of my pants which did them the most good."

It is that same quality of humility-plus-humor which caused Ike to reply to the representative of Columbia's trustees, when he was first approached about the presidency of the university: "You've got the wrong Eisenhower. You want my brother, Milton."

At Columbia, the gardener assigned to the presidential residence used to address his boss as "Ike." It was the first time he'd ever called a Columbia president by anything but a last name.

"Once," the gardener recalls, "I was shoveling snow off the steps of the Low Memorial Library when I thought I heard somebody behind me. I turned around—and there stood Ike, one of the busiest men in the world, patiently waiting for me to finish. He smiled and said: 'I have plenty of time.' "

During his first Christmas at Columbia, Eisenhower was serenaded one night by undergraduate carolers and the next night by 60 members of the university faculty. He was surprised and delighted, especially when he heard the singing professors outside his door. He was even more pleased the following year when the dignified dean of Columbia College, Harry J. Carman, appeared in a Santa Claus suit, complete with pillow stomach and beard, and distributed lollipops to the startled but happy Eisenhower grandchildren. Ike's laughter could be heard across the campus. He seemed as-



The President was playing golf. Two small fry spotted him. "That's Ike," one cried. "Naw," said the other. Then the chief executive walked over

unny bone. Ike just can't seem to resist them

tonished by the special attention. He always seems astonished by it.

When Leonard V. Finder, the former New Hampshire newspaper publisher, visited General Eisenhower some time before the 1952 political conventions, he asked whether Ike was aware that some newspaper polls showed him leading the entire field of Presidential possibilities.

Ike asked thoughtfully, "Did the papers really say that?"

"Yes," Finder replied, "—despite your unwillingness to become a candidate."

A sudden boyish grin flashed across Ike's face. "By golly!" he said. "They sure are going to give me the devil for this the next time they catch me in Washington."

Finally Ike decided to return to the United States from Paris, where he headed the military forces of the NATO allies, and campaign actively for the Republican nomination. Before he left, his supporters arranged to have Lawrence H. Merchant, president of a company which makes a cuing device for television performers, go to Europe to help the general prepare for his appearances on TV.

Clearing Up a "Weighty Matter"

Merchant met Eisenhower in an office crowded with military aides and with civilians who were backing Ike's Presidential bid. Before setting up his equipment, he asked the general whether he was nearsighted or farsighted. "Blamed if I know," Ike said. So Merchant tested him, as the others in the room watched curiously. Finally Eisenhower turned to the assemblage. "Gentlemen," he said, "we have just cleared up a weighty matter."

There was an expectant hush.

"I'm farsighted."

One day after his nomination, General Eisenhower was sitting in his car before going into a campaign rally, when his eyes met those of a twelve-year-old boy who was standing nearby eating popcorn. A silent message passed between two kindred spirits. Without a word, the lad held out the bag of popcorn and the general gravely helped himself. As he ascended the speaker's stand, he was still munching. Later, as Eisenhower returned to the car following his speech, he found the same youngster silently standing by. This time the boy thrust all the remaining popcorn into Ike's hand. The general was almost speechless. As his car drove away he turned to a companion and asked: "Did you see that? He gave me his whole bag!"

Dwight Eisenhower seems to feel a special kinship with youngsters. At the Easter egg-rolling on the White House lawn last spring, the President watched the fun from a distance as long as he could restrain himself, then turned to an aide and said: "I'm not going to sit up here, apart from everybody, like some European royalty. Let's go. You bring David." His aide scooped up the President's young grandson and the three plowed into the middle of the crowd of thousands, while Ike's harried Secret Service guards trailed in the rear. David was soon having a fine time, swapping his Easter eggs with other children who wanted them for souvenirs—but the President was easily the happiest person in sight.

Another time, at Denver's Cherry Hills Club, the President was playing the 17th hole, which flanks a road, when a group of small boys walked by. One of them spotted the President and cried out: "That's Ike!"

"Naw," said another boy. "He ain't Ike. I'd know him."

The argument grew louder, and Eisenhower overheard it. "I'd better go over and settle this," he said. He walked to the fence and introduced himself: "I'm Ike." He chatted a while with the boys and then, as he walked back to his game, heard the first youngster say:

"See, I told you that was Ike."

The President grinned and remarked to his partners: "That lad'll get ahead. He sticks to his decisions."

Although Ike still gets in some golf, he has relatively little opportunity these days to play bridge, another of his favorite pastimes. When he does he avoids conversation so he can concentrate on the game, slouching back in his chair except when it's his turn to snap a card onto the table. If a hand is badly bobbled, he never berates a partner—although he sometimes will give himself a stiff talking-to.

But General Alfred M. Gruenther, one of Ike's favorite players, exercises no such restraint. Back in the days when Eisenhower was in France as Supreme Commander of the NATO forces, and the brilliant Gruenther, the present Supreme Commander, was his chief of staff, Ike was on the receiving end of many a Gruenther growl. "No excuses are necessary," Gruenther would snap at his long-time friend after a miscue, "because none will be received." Or he would say with elaborate calm, "Well, my friend, you haven't asked me my opinion. But if you *did* ask my opinion I would have to say, in all friendliness and frankness, that that was the poorest bid I have ever known and the worst-played hand I have ever seen."

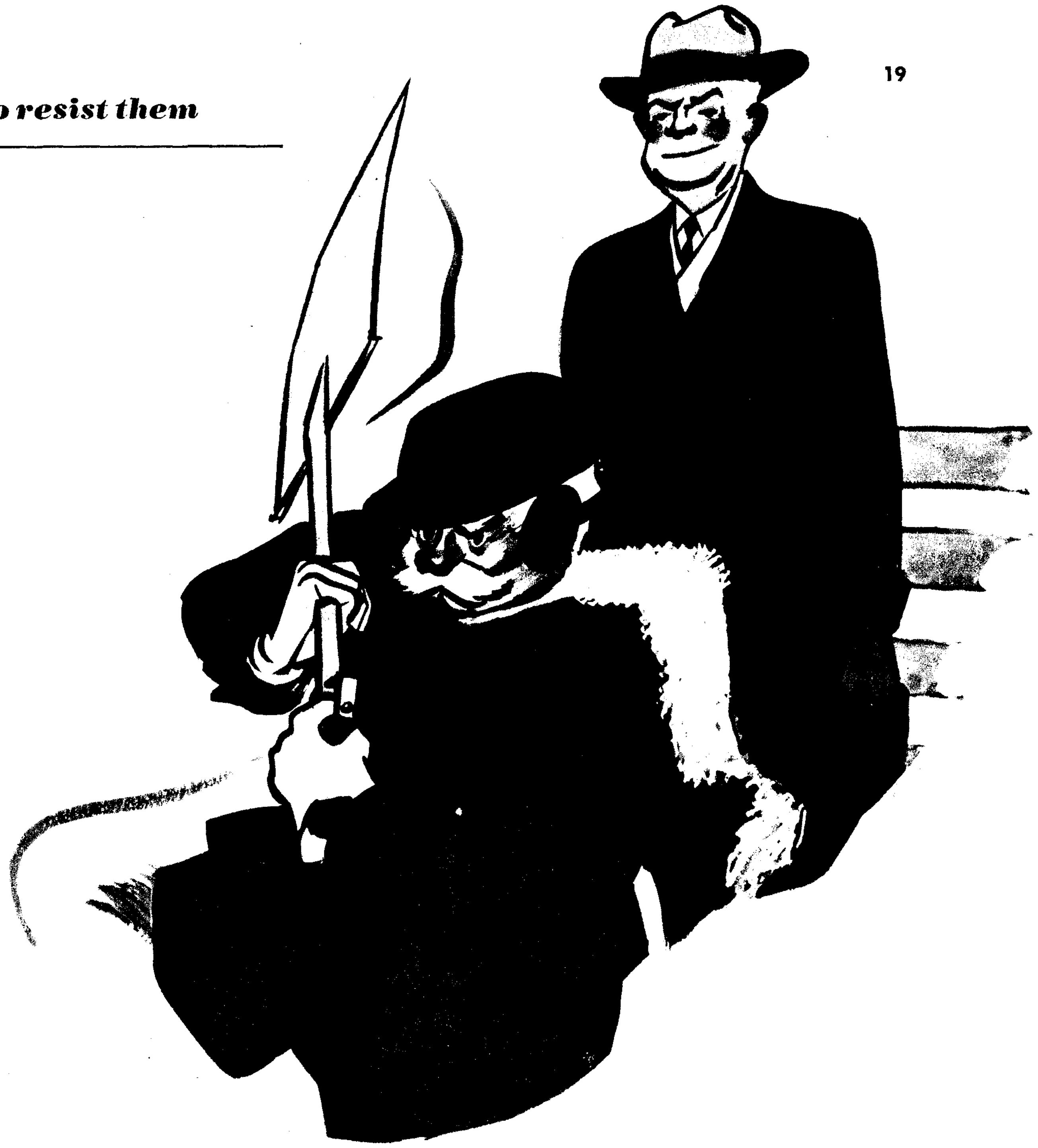
Gruenther's boss would grin at these outbursts, then slouch back in his chair and play quietly on.

One of the funniest incidents involving President Eisenhower occurred at a Cabinet meeting and has never before been made public—although the event leading up to it was fully reported. Newspaper stories told how Vice-President Richard M. Nixon and Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, presented Ike with a fine assortment of gaudy fishing flies on behalf of the entire Cabinet. The news accounts ended there. The fun started a moment later.

The President, although he was in a hurry to get to an important appointment, couldn't resist a gentle practice cast. He made a catch on the first try—a clean strike in the bottom of Press Secretary Jim Hagerty's brand-new pants.

The members of the Cabinet and the chief executive gathered around the unhappy Hagerty. They gently maneuvered the fly. Then they gently maneuvered Hagerty. They tugged and jerked and discussed ways and means. At one point someone suggested that Mrs. Hobby leave the room so the press secretary could doff his trousers—an event which undoubtedly would have been without precedent in Cabinet history—but she stayed, a fascinated spectator.

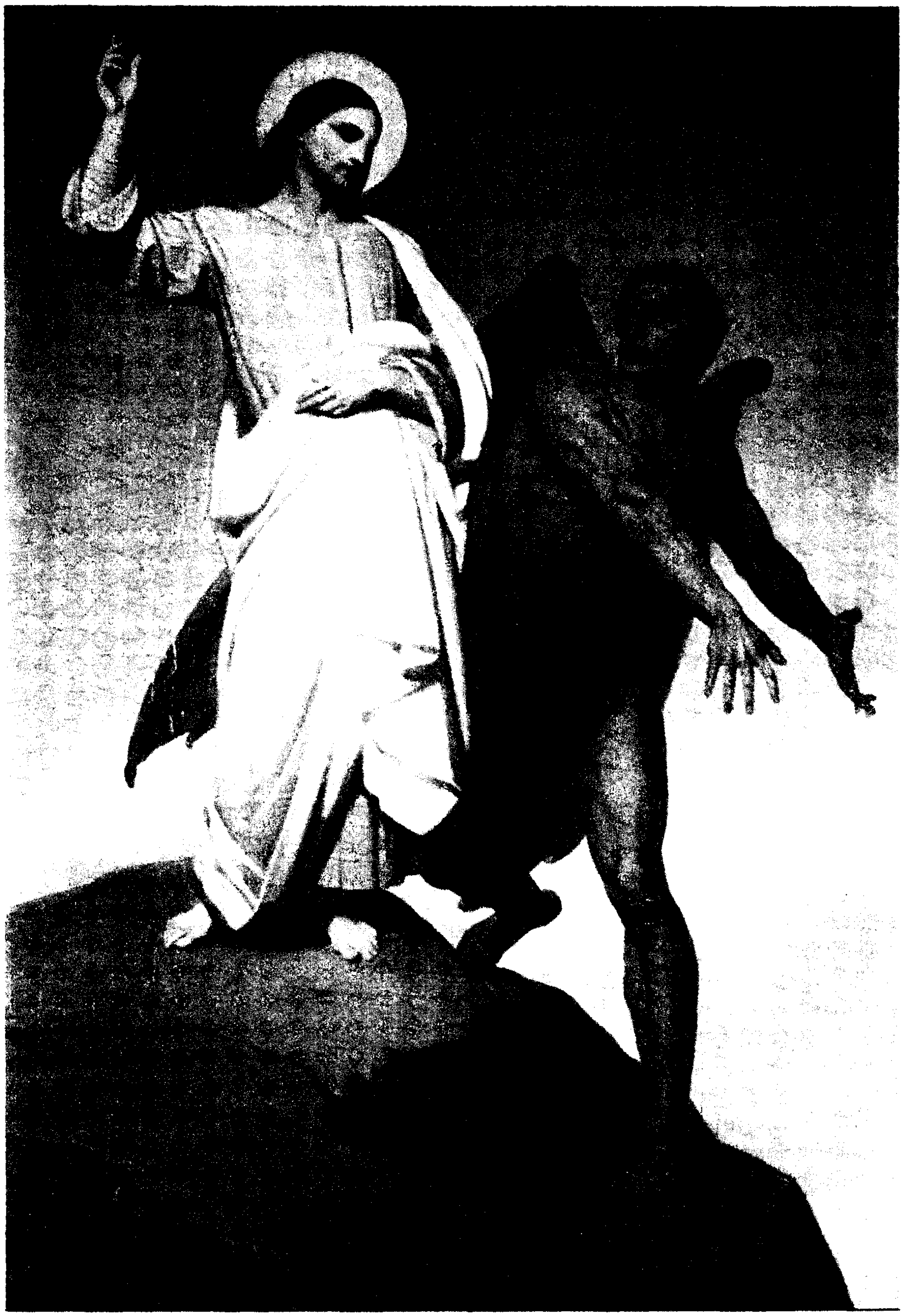
Time was passing and the President was becoming more and more impatient. Finally he fell back on the last resort of every fisherman who has ever hooked something he didn't want. He whipped out a pocketknife; a few deft strokes and Hagerty and the fly gratefully parted company. Meeting adjourned.



Belly laughs? Not always. Once a gardener was shoveling snow, and inadvertently detained Ike

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen on The Life of Christ

THE TEMPTATIONS



DORDRECHT MUSEUM, HOLLAND

Temptation of Christ in the Desert, by Ary Scheffer

VERY few people today believe in the devil—a situation exactly to the devil's liking; he is always circulating the news of his death. The essence of the devil is the lie, and he defines himself as: "I am who am not," On the other hand, the essence of God is existence, and He defines Himself: "I am Who am."

Satan never has to bother with those who do not believe in him; they are already his. But he has a lot of trouble with the saints, who are constantly and literally sending him to hell. Satan keeps thousands of devils stationed on monastery walls, but only one in a large city. There are probably some places where the devil sleeps, because he has no work to do.

The devil has used many in our Western World to convince us that there is no hell—something rather hard to believe when there is so much evidence for hell around us. He has used the Communists to try to convince us that there is no God; they have convinced us only that there is a devil.

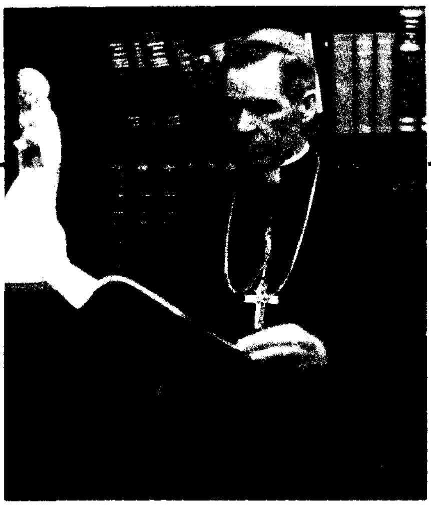
The temptations of man are easy enough to understand; they all fall into one or another of three categories. They are either temptations of the flesh, such as lust; of the mind, such as pride; or of things, such as avarice. Though man is buffeted all his life by these three kinds of temptations, one or another is more frequent during certain periods of life. During youth, he is most often tempted against purity and inclined to sins of the flesh. In middle age, the temptations begin to be those of the mind, such as pride and the lust for power. In the autumn of life temptations very often center about avarice and the possession of material things. When man sees his life nearing an end, he strives to compensate for doubts about eternal security or salvation by piling up the goods of earth as economic security. It is a common psychological experience that those who have given way to lust in youth are often those who sin by avarice in their old age.

Good men are not tempted the same way as evil men, and the Son of God Who became Man was not tempted in the same way as a good man. The temptation of an alcoholic to return to drink is not the same as the temptation of a saint to pride, though one temptation is no less real than the other.

In order to understand the temptations that confronted Christ, it must be recalled that at the Baptism by John, when He Who had no sins identified Himself with sinners, the heavens opened and the Heavenly Father declared Christ to be His Beloved Son. Then Our Lord went to the desert and fasted for forty days, after which, in a typical understatement of the Gospel, "He was hungry."

Satan's temptations of Christ revolved around the question: How was Our Lord to fulfill His high destiny among men? His goal was to win men. But how? Satan had an idea how Christ might accomplish His objective—it required getting Our Lord to forget His name was Jesus or Saviour.

The human flesh, which Christ had taken upon Himself, was not for leisure, but for battle. Satan saw in Jesus an extraordinary Human Being Whom he suspected to be the Messiah and the Son of God. Hence he prefaced each of the temptations



A leading Catholic prelate finds a lesson for today in the way the Christ resisted Satan's temptations. For the devil is still boasting: "Just worship me and the world is yours"

with the conditional "If." If Christ were sure He was God, Satan would not tempt Him. But if He were only One Who claimed to be God, then the devil would lead Him into ways of treating with the sins of mankind other than the way that God would choose.

Knowing Our Lord was hungry, Satan pointed at little black stones that resembled round loaves of bread, and said to Our Lord:

"If Thou art the Son of God, bid these stones turn into loaves of bread."

THUS the first temptation of Our Lord was to become a social reformer and give bread in the wilderness to the multitudes who were finding nothing but stones. The path of social amelioration without spiritual regeneration has been the temptation to which important men of history have most often succumbed. But to Christ, this miracle would not adequately serve the Father; there are deeper needs in man than crushed wheat, and there are greater joys than the full stomach.

The evil spirit suggests: "Start with the primacy of the economic! Turn your churches into social clubs! Forget the supernatural! Does not my commissar go into classrooms today and ask children to pray to God for bread? And when their prayers are not answered does not my commissar feed them? The dictator gives bread; God does not. Because there is no God, there is no soul; there is only the body, pleasure, sex, the animal. And when we die, that is the end."

To the first temptation, Our Lord answered:

"Not by bread alone doth man live,
But by every word that proceedeth
From the mouth of God."

Our Lord did not deny that men must be fed or that social justice must be preached, but He asserted that these things are *not first.* In effect, He was saying to Satan: "You tempt Me to a religion which would relieve want; you want Me to be a baker instead of a Saviour; to be a social reformer instead of a Redeemer. You are tempting Me away from My Cross, suggesting that I be a cheap leader of people, filling their bellies instead of their souls. You would have Me begin with security instead of ending with it. You would have Me bring outer abundance instead of inner holiness.

"You and your materialists say: 'Man lives by bread alone,' but I say to you: '*Not* by bread alone.' Bread there must be, but remember that even bread gets all of its power to feed from Me. Bread without Me can harm man, and I refuse to hold any theory about security, apart from the Word of God, even though I must go hungry.

"If I give bread alone, then even dogs shall come to My Banquet. Those who believe in Me must hold that faith, even when they are hungry, starved, weak, in prison, scourged—even rotting in Soviet prisons.

"I am hungry! I have not eaten for forty days, but I refuse to become a mere ethical reformer by catering to the economic and to pleasure and satiety. Say not that I am disinterested in social justice, for I am feeling now the hunger of the world. My stomach groans with the starving, crawling wrecks of humanity. That is why I fasted, that they can never say God does not know what hunger is. Begone, Satan! I am not like some well-fed reformer who says, 'By bread alone.' I refuse any plan which will make men richer without making them holier. Remember! I, Who say: 'Not by bread alone,' have not tasted bread in forty days!"

Satan, having failed to win Our Lord away from His Cross and Redemption by turning Him into the ancient counterpart of a Communist commissar who promised bread, next attacked His Spirit and His Soul by tempting Him to pride and egotism. As a symbol of that vanity, the devil took Christ to a lofty pinnacle of the temple and said to Him:

"Cast Thyself down from this to the earth." Then, quoting Scripture, he continued:

"For it is written He shall give His angels
Charge concerning Thee, to keep Thee safe,
And they will hold Thee up with their hands,
Lest Thou should chance to trip on a stone."

Satan was saying: "Why take the long and tedious way to win mankind through the shedding of blood, the mounting of a Cross, through being despised and rejected, when You can take a short cut? You have affirmed Your trust in God. Very well! If You really trust, do something heroic! Prove faith, not by going to a Cross in obedience to God's Will, but by flinging Yourself down. You will never win people to Yourself with sublime truths about Your Divinity preached from church steeples and pinnacles. The masses cannot follow You; they are too far below. Clothe Yourself with wonders! Throw Yourself down from the pinnacle and then stop just before you hit bottom! It is the spectacular that people want, not the Divine. People are bored! Relieve the monotony of life and their jaded spirits, but leave their guilty consciences alone!"

THE devil's monologue goes on today: "How many times do You read in the press the words: 'Christ says'? Not often. But when do You *not* read: 'Science says'? It is the portents that people want. Science, machines, atomic fission, propaganda, publicity, anything that shows *outer power*—these our young minds crave, and not Your pinnacle truths of sacrifices, grace, forgiveness and penance!

"If You want to convert minds today, perform a miracle: not one that requires faith, but what we call the new miracle, the miracle of science. Plunge down from Your pinnacle concept of man; go down to the depths—those subrational, cavernous, libidinous, revolutionary depths that Freud studied in the unconscious id, and Marx studied in the proletariat revolution.

"The children of today, in their so-called comics, want not Thy miracles, O Christ, but the extraordinary feats of Superman; not One Who will teach their minds to be subject to God, but One Who will teach them to be subject to power. My beloved Soviet Russia rightly calls religion a 'superstition,' and what do they say has killed it? Materialism! Give up Your sublime truths about the mind needing faith, the will needing grace, the mind needing hope, the whole being needing God. Power is below! Down in the depths! Jump from Your trust in God! Be a magician! Win the masses as my Communists are doing!"

The answer of Our Lord to Satan then and now is: *"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God."*

CHRIST meant: "You tempt Me when you admire the wonders of science and forget I am the Author of the Universe. Your scientists are proofreaders, not the authors of the Book of Nature; they can come only to the edge of the picture, but not to Me, the Artist Who painted it. You would tempt Me to prove Myself Omnipotent to your feeblest test; you would pull watches on Me and say, 'I challenge you to strike me dead within five minutes.' Know you not that I have mercy on fools? You tempt Me by making atomic bombs explode against My Will and the pleas of My Vicar on earth, and when your cities are shambles, you shriek out: 'Why does God not stop this war?' You tempt Me, saying that I have no power, unless I show it at your beck and call.

"I know that I will never have many followers on the lofty heights of Divine Truth. I will never have the intelligentsia, who are educated beyond their intelligence. I refuse to perform a stunt to win them. It is only when I am lifted on the Cross that I will draw men to Myself; it will be by My sacrifice, and not by science, that I will appeal. I will win followers not with test tubes, but with My Blood; not with power, but with Love; not with celestial fireworks, but by the right use of reason and free will. No sign shall be given to this generation but the sign of Jonas—the Divine rising up from below, not the Divine plunging down to hell. It is you, O Satan, who plunges to the depths below.

"I want men who will believe in Me, even when I do not save them. I will not open the prison doors where My brethren are locked; I will not stay the Red sickle that cuts off their heads; I will not halt the Red hammer that batters down My tabernacle doors. I want My missionaries and martyrs to love Me in prison as they go singing to their deaths.

"I never worked a miracle to save Myself! I will work few miracles even for My saints. Begone, Satan! Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God."

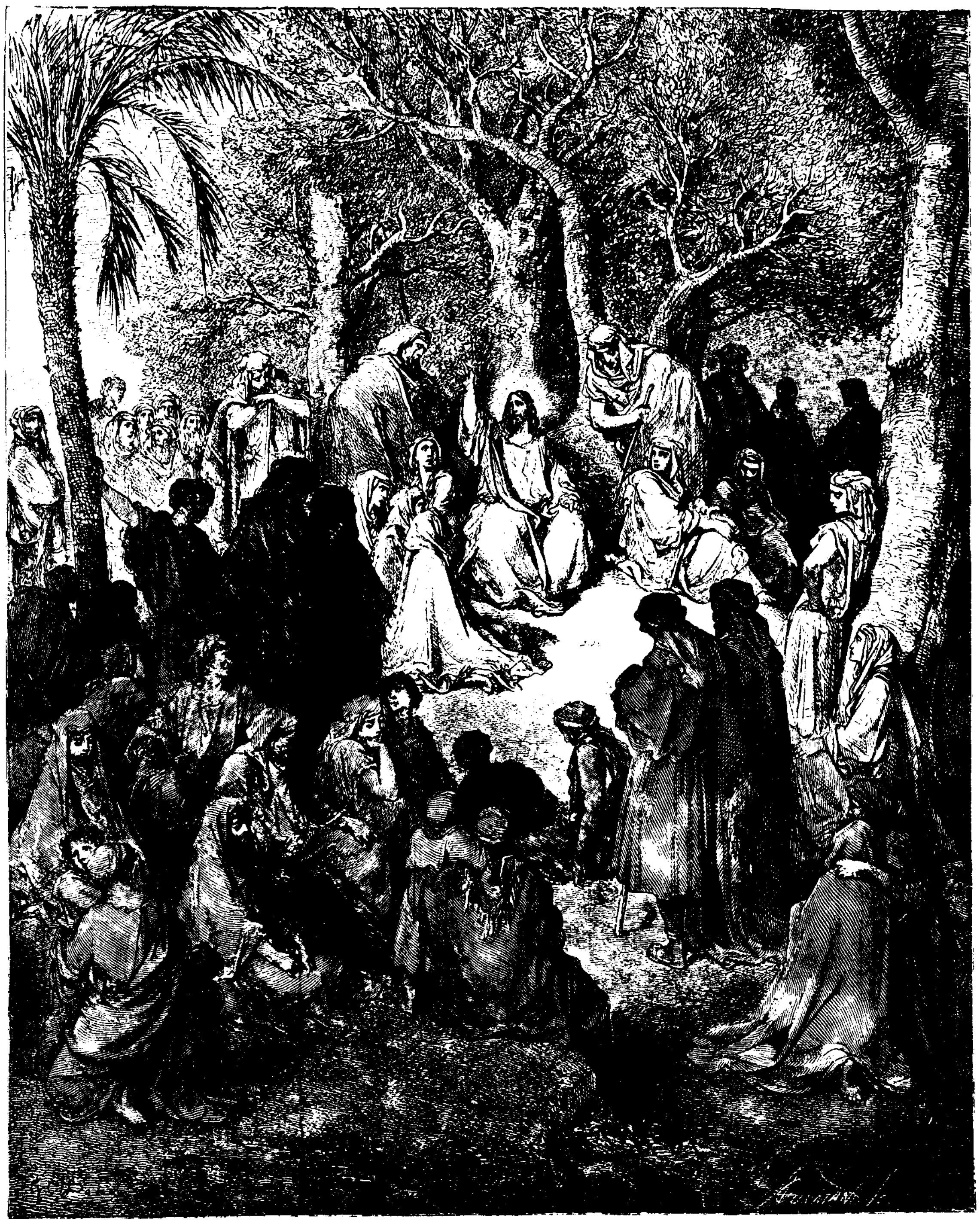
There is one area wherein man can be tempted outside his body and soul—in his relation to the world. That was the area in which Satan chose next to tempt Christ. "And the devil led Him up on a high mountain, and showed Him all the Kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. 'I will give Thee command,' the devil said to Him, 'over all these and the glory that belongs to them' . . ."

Then came the most frightening words of Scripture:

"They have all been made over to me,
And I may give them to whomsoever I please;
Come then, all shall be Thine, if Thou wilt fall down
Before me and worship."

Satan was saying: "You have come, O Christ,

Satan says, "The Soviets know that the world is mine; that is why they get


BETTMAN ARCHIVE

Sermon on the Mount, by Gustave Doré

to win the world, but the world is mine; I will give it to You if You will compromise and worship me. Forget Your Cross, Your Divinity, Your Kingdom of Heaven. If You want the world, it is at Your feet. There will be louder Hosannas than Jerusalem ever sang to its kings; there will be no nails, Golgothas, crowns of thorns and crosses of contradiction. There is no ruler but me. Worship me and the world is Yours."

THE devil's language is more modern now, but the temptation is the same: "You will never get ahead in the world unless You accept me. If You build schools to educate children in the ways of God, I will say that You are the enemy of education. If You oppose divorce, fight against the strangulation of the fruits of love, I will say You are 'reactionary.' Your books will not be reviewed by Communist reviewers. I will flood the nation with lies, saying that You are the enemy of the state, and I will add to that the bigger lie for fools who will believe it—that You want to dominate the state and that You are disloyal.

"See how my Soviet Russia advances: 37 out of every 100 people in the world are subject to it. The Soviets know that the world is mine; that is why they are getting more and more of it! Forget heaven and grace and sacraments and God; no shedding of blood, no martyrdoms, no self-denials are necessary in *my* way. Just worship me *under any name,* I care not what, except do not call me devil. Call me 'power'; call me 'religion,' provided you leave out Your Divinity, O Christ! Call me 'patriotism,' provided You use it to malign those who believe in the spirit. Just worship me and the world is Yours."

Our Lord, knowing that those kingdoms could be won only by His suffering and death, replied in effect: "Away with thee, Satan. It is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord Thy God, and Him Alone shalt thou serve.' Satan, you want worship, but to worship you is to serve you, and to serve you is slavery. I do not want your world so long as it has on it the terrible burden of guilt. If I had all your kingdoms, all the hearts in them would still long for something you could not give—peace of soul.

"Even now, as you boast that Russia is yours, I tell you there are millions behind your Iron Curtain that are awaiting My Redemption. I do not want your world at your cheap price. I am a revolutionist too, as My Mother sang in her *Magnificat.* I am in revolt against you. But my revolution is not by the sword thrust outward in imperialism, but inward against sin and all the things that make war.

"I will first conquer evil in the hearts of men, and then I shall conquer the world. I will conquer your world by going into the hearts of your dishonest tax collectors, your false judges, your commissars. I will redeem them from guilt and sin and send them back clean to their professions. I shall tell them it profits them nothing to win the whole world if they lose their immortal soul.

"You keep your kingdoms for the moment. Better the loss of all your kingdoms—aye, better the loss of the universe by splitting it with your bombs—than the loss of a single soul! It is the kingdoms of the world that are to be elevated to the Kingdom of God, not the Kingdom of God that is to be dragged down to the level of the kingdoms of the world.

"All I want of this earth is a place large enough to erect a Cross; there I will let you unfurl Me before the crossroads of your world. I will let you nail Me in the name of the cities of Jerusalem, Athens and Rome, but I will rise from the dead. You will discover that you, who won the battle, lost the day, as I march with victory on the wings of the morning.

"Satan, you are asking Me to become anti-Christ. My Divine patience now gives way to Divine indignation. 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' "

AND now we come to the Sermon on the Mount, or the Beatitudes.

One way to make enemies and antagonize people is to challenge the spirit of the world. The world has a spirit, and each age has its peculiar outlook and set of values. One age may be described as "revolutionary," another as "capitalistic," and perhaps another as "critical." But underlying all of these are unanalyzed assumptions which govern conduct. Anyone who challenges such worldly maxims as "You live only once," or "Get as much out of life as you can" is bound to make himself unpopular.

Christ challenged the selfish attitude of life in the Sermon on the Mount. From a worldly point of view, it was His first "mistake." So often the unthinking say, "The essence of Christianity is the Sermon on the Mount."

The truth is that the Sermon on the Mount is inseparable from the Mount of Calvary. The day Our Lord preached His Beatitudes, He signed His death warrant.

The Sermon on the Mount cannot be separated from the Crucifixion, as day cannot be separated from night.

If a man arose in Moscow and said he believed in free elections, he would be liquidated. What then happened to the God-Man after He declared Himself the enemy of egotism, avarice and selfishness? He too was liquidated!

Sitting on a mountaintop, Christ preached:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit; the kingdom of heaven is theirs.

Blessed are the patient; they shall inherit the land.

Blessed are those who mourn; they shall be comforted.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for holiness; they shall have their fill.

Blessed are the merciful; they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the clean of heart; they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers; they shall be counted the children of God.

Blessed are those who suffer persecution in the cause of right; the kingdom of heaven is theirs.

Blessed are you, when men revile you, and per-

secute you, and speak all manner of evil against you falsely, because of Me.

Be glad and lighthearted, for a rich reward awaits you in heaven."

To be *blessed* means to be happy.

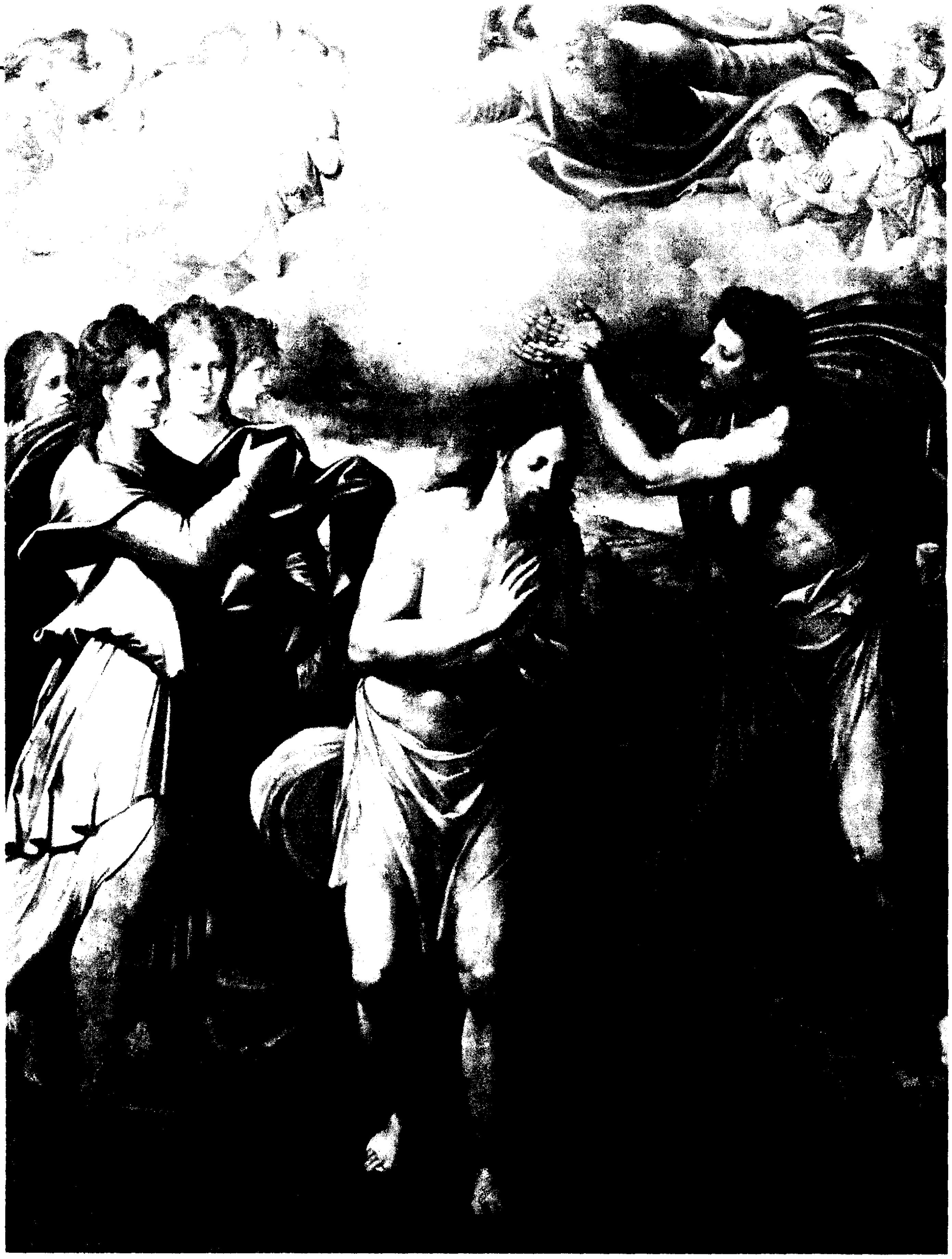
To be *poor in spirit* is to be conscious of one's spiritual poverty, to blush at one's own defects, to have a deep sense of nothingness before God, and to be resigned before the beneficent Hand of Providence. The foundation of all spiritual happiness is to be conscious before God of one's emptiness or one's need, like the publican smiting his breast. Poverty of spirit is the very antithesis of the worldly doctrine of self-sufficiency.

The patient bow to the rod of affliction and bear injury meekly. In prosperity, they are thankful; in adversity, they are resigned. Patience is meekness, which is opposed to anger, resentment and retaliation. He who has learned the depth of his own weakness will not be so ready to strike others, but rather will approach them with clemency. The land they will possess is not landed property; the Beatitude rather means that they can now enjoy the earth as a steppingstone to life eternal. The meek person is never disturbed by the fact that someone else owns something. Possession to him is not an annoyance, but a pleasure which he takes as it comes; therefore he enjoys the earth. Meek men in the Old Testament, like Caleb and Josue, inherited the Promised Land.

Those who mourn do not weep from discontent, but feel the sorrows and the sins of the world as their own. The world regards sorrow as disaster; Our Lord looks upon it as the darkness that heralds the dawn. The sorrow here is not so much for sin itself as for the consequences of sin. Once the soul looks into its own past and sees there its multiplied rejections of Divine Love, it cannot help but mourn. This contrition is the condition of moral progress and the pathway to true comfort and peace of soul.

Those who hunger and thirst so yearn for holiness, which is abandonment to the Will of God in all things, that they would die rather than commit a single sin. The hunger and thirst is spiritual; it is not just an inner dissatisfaction with human prescriptions, but rather a yearning to attain the holiness and righteousness which conform to the Will of God. Swine are satisfied with husks, but not so the soul of immortal man. It is the *desire* for holiness that is blessed; the achievement and perfection of it is on God's side. We receive holiness, but we do not create it. All the cups of earth of which we drink are empty, as regards the thirst of the soul. Only God can fill both the cup and him who drinks.

The merciful pardon others and obtain pardon. Because they need mercy, they show it. While hating the sin, they love the sinner and say: "Father, forgive." Selfishness is hell; mercy is heaven. The world gives back as a mirror what we put into it. As we show mercy, we receive it; as we forgive others, we receive forgiveness. But the Beatitudes do not assume that we will receive mercy merely because we show it; rather, because we have received forgiveness of our sins from God, we will forgive others.



THE PRADO, MADRID

Baptism of Christ, by Juan Fernández Navarette

The clean of heart are those who control all lusts, not as a denial of love, but as a guarding of it until the body can be used as God wills it to be used. The "seeing of God," which is the privilege of the pure, does not mean seeing with human eyes, but with the eye of the spirit. Carnal lusts are at enmity with the spirit. Bad behavior keeps as many from seeing God as ignorance does. Under the slavery of sex, a mind sees nothing straight. As clouds hide the sun, so habits of an unclean mind hide God. Impurity is a cataract on the eye of the soul. There is a reciprocity between sight and seeing the heavens, between a clean heart and seeing God.

Peace is not alone the absence of war; it is also the tranquillity of order. Order is the subordination of senses to reason, body to soul, reason to faith, the whole personality to God. Peace is not automatic; it is made. He is no peacemaker who has no scourge in his hands against evil, whose love does not hate sin, and who is incapable of righteous indignation. Peace is based not on expediency, but on justice. The peacemaker must fight without ever ceasing to be love. Such peace is first not in nations, but in souls. A peaceful world comes not by legislation, but by inner regeneration. Only he who has the peace of God in his own soul can give it to others. Those who make such peace shall be the children of God, the Prince of Peace.

The eighth beatitude about *the persecuted* is the summary of the preceding seven. The perse-

Our Lord signed His death warrant on the day He

cuted are those who know that to follow Christ is to be hated; hogs will say they are dirty; goats will say they smell; wolves will accuse them of stealth. But abuse, scourges, jails, blood-martyrdoms all must be accepted as a blessing which bears witness to Christ. The Preacher on the Mount was not summoning men to ease and comfort, but to suffering for His Name's sake.

IN THESE beatitudes, Our Lord takes eight flimsy catchwords or phrases of the world—Security, Revenge, Laughter, Popularity, Getting Even, Sex, Armed Might and Comfort—and turns them upside down. To those who say, "Strike it rich," He says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." To those who say, "Don't let him get away with it," He says, "Blessed are the patient." To those who say, "Laugh and the world laughs with you," He says, "Blessed are those who mourn." To those who say, "Never restrain your instincts," He says, "Blessed are the clean of heart." To those who say, "Become popular by flattery," He says, "Blessed are you when men revile you and persecute you." To those who say, "In time of peace, prepare for war," He says, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

He scorns the cheap clichés around which movies and novels are written. He proposes to burn what they worship, to conquer sex instead of explaining man by it as does Freud, to tame economic lusts instead of sending minds to Adam Smith or to Karl Marx. Modern ideas say happiness depends on "self-expression," "license," "having a good time," or "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you die." Our Lord scorns such theories, because they bring mental disorders, unhappiness, false hopes, fears and anxieties. The new paganism, like its ancient masters—Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus—gives us nothing but cascading platitudes which take man as he *is*. Christ talks of what man is to *become* through no energy of his own, but through Our Lord's Grace. Nowhere do you find Him speaking those cheap platitudes posted on church lawns: "Leave the world better than you find it." But you do hear Him say: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

Those who would escape the impact of the Beatitudes say that Our Divine Saviour was a creature of His time, but not of ours, and that therefore His Words do not apply to us. He was not a creature of His time, or of any time, in the way that we are creatures of the present. Mohammed belonged to his own time; hence he said a man could have concubines in addition to four wives at one time. Mohammed belongs even to our time, because moderns say that a man can have many wives if he takes them in tandem style, one after another. But Our Lord did not belong to His days, any more than He belongs to ours. To marry one age is to be a widow in the next. Because Christ suited no age, He was the model for all ages. He never used a phrase that depended on the social order in which He lived. His Gospel was no easier then than it is now. As He put it: "Heaven and earth must disappear sooner than one jot, one flourish should disappear from the law; it must all be accomplished."

The key to the Sermon on the Mount is the way Christ used two expressions: "You have heard," and the short emphatic "but." When He said, "You have heard," He reached back to what human ears heard for centuries and still hear from ethical reformers—all those rules and codes and precepts which were half measures between instinct and reason, between local customs and the highest ideals. When Our Lord said: "You have heard," He included the Mosaic law, Buddha with his eightfold way, Confucius with his rules for being a gentleman, Aristotle with his natural happiness, the broadness of the Hindus, John Dewey, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell and all the humanitarian groups of our day who have translated some of the old codes into English and call them a new way of life. Of all these compromises, He said: "You have heard."

"*You have heard* that it was said, Thou shalt not commit adultery." Moses had said it. Then Christ added, "But I tell you that he who casts his eye on a woman so as to lust after her has already committed adultery with her in his own heart." Our Lord went into the will and laid hold of thought, branding even *the desire* a sin. If it were wrong to do something it was wrong to think about it.

Our Lord was saying: "Away with your hygiene which tries to keep hands clean after they have stolen, and bodies free from disease after they have ravished another." He went into the depths of the heart and branded even the intention a sin. He did not wait for the evil tree to bear evil fruit. He would prevent the very sowing of the evil seed. Wait not until your hidden sins come out as psychoses, neuroses, compulsions; get rid of them at their sources. Repent! Purge! Evil that can be put into statistics or that can be locked in jails is too late to remedy.

Looking forward to our nation, which now has one divorce for every four marriages, Christ affirms that when a man marries a woman, he marries her body and her soul; he marries the whole person. If he gets tired of the body, he may not thrust her body away for another because he is still responsible for her soul. So Christ thunders: "You have heard." In that expression, He summarized the jargon of every decaying civilization. "You have heard—get a divorce; 'God does not expect you to live without happiness.' " Then came the "but": "But I tell you that the man who puts away his wife makes an adulteress of her, and whoever marries her after she has been put away commits adultery." What matters if the body is lost? The soul is still there, and that is worth more than the thrill a body can give, more even than the universe itself. Our Lord would keep men and women pure, not from contagion, but from desire. To imagine a betrayal is in itself a betrayal. So Christ thundered: "What God, then, has joined, let not man put asunder." No man! No judge! No nation!

NEXT Christ laid hold of all those social theories which say sin is due to environment, to Grade B milk, to insufficient dance halls, to not enough spending money. Of them all, He says: "You have heard." Then comes the "But I tell you." He affirms that sins, selfishness, greed, adultery, crime, theft, bribery, political corruption come from man himself. The offenses result from man's own will, not from his glands; he cannot excuse his lust because his grandfather had an Oedipus complex or because he inherited an Electra complex from his grandmother. Sin, Christ says, is conveyed to the soul sometimes through the body and our body is moved by the will. In war against all false self-expressions, Our Lord thunders out His recommendations of self-operation: "Cut it off." "Cut it out." "And if thy right eye is the occasion of falling, cut it out and cast it away from thee; better to lose one part of thy body than to have the whole cast into hell . . . And if thy right hand is the occasion of falling, cut it off and cast it away from thee; better to lose one of thy limbs than to have the whole body cast into hell." Men will cut off their legs and arms to save the body from gangrene or poisoning; here Our Lord transfers circumcision of the flesh to circumcision of the heart. He advocates letting out the lifeblood of our beloved lusts and hewing our passions to tatters rather than be separated from the love of God which is in Him, Christ Jesus.

Next, Christ talks of our modern attitude of revenge, hatred, violence—expressed in such sayings as "Get even," "Sue him," "Don't be a fool." Our Lord knows them all, and of all of them He says: "You have heard that it was said, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' . . . But I tell you that you should not offer resistance to injury. If a man strikes thee on thy right cheek, turn the other cheek also toward him. If he is ready to go to the law with thee over thy coat, let him have it and thy cloak with it. If he compels thee to attend him on a mile's journey, go two miles with him of thy own accord."

Why turn the other cheek? Because hate multiplies like a seed. If a Communist commissar preaches hate and violence to ten men in a row and tells the first man to strike the second, the second to strike the third and so on, the hatred eventually will envelop all ten. The only way to stop this hate would be for one man, say the fifth in line, to turn his other cheek. There the hatred would end. It would not be passed on. Absorb violence for the sake of your Saviour, Who absorbs your sins and dies for them. The Christian law is that the innocent shall suffer for the guilty.

AND with these sayings, Our Lord is throwing down the gauntlet to the Communists and others who try to make the innocent guilty with their mock trials. He would have us do away with adversaries because when no resistance is offered, the adversary is conquered by a superior moral power. Such love prevents the infection of the wound of hate. To endure the bore who inflicts himself on you for a week; to write a letter of kindness to the man who calls you dirty names; to offer gifts to the man who would steal from you; never to answer back with hatred the man who lies and says you were disloyal to your country, or tells the worse lie that you are against freedom—these are the hard things which Christ came to teach, and they no more suited His time than they do ours. They suit only the heroes, the great men, the saints,

The Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, auxili

ttacked selfishness in the Sermon on the Mount

the holy men and women, who will be the salt of the earth, the leaven in the mass, the elite among the mob, the people who will transform the world. If we do not find certain people lovable, Christ bids us put love into them and they will be lovable. Why are we ever lovable—if it be not that God put love into us?

THE Sermon on the Mount is so much at variance with all that our world holds dear that the world will crucify anyone who tries to live up to its values; because Christ preached them, He had to die. Calvary was the price He paid for the Sermon on the Mount. Only mediocrity survives. Those who say black is black and white is white are sentenced for intolerance. Only the grays live.

Let our Lord, Who says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," come into the world that believes in the primacy of the economic. Let Him stand in the market place where Marx and Lenin say that man lives for collective profit, or where monopolistic capitalism says man lives for individual profit. He will be so poor that during life He will have nowhere to lay His head, and a day will come when He will die without leaving anything of economic worth. In His last hour, He will be so impoverished that men will strip Him of His garments and even give Him a stranger's grave for His burial.

Let Christ come into the world in which Nietzsche proclaims his gospel of the strong, advocates hating our enemies, condemns Christian virtues as the "soft" virtues. Let Him say to that world, "Blessed are the patient," and He will one day feel the scourges of the strong barbarians laid across His back, as they are being laid now on the backs of our missionaries in China. He will see them take a sickle and cut the grass from a hill on Calvary, then use a hammer to pinion Him to a Cross to test the patience of One Who awaits eternity.

Let Him come into our world with its divorce courts, its psychoanalysts ridiculing the idea of sin as morbidity. Let Him come into a world of progressive educators who deny discipline for the young. If He preaches to that world, "Blessed are they who mourn" for their sins, people will blindfold Him and mock Him as a fool. They will take His body and scourge it until His bones can be numbered; they will crown His head with thorns until He begins to weep not salt tears, but crimson beads of blood; they will laugh at the weakness of Him Who will not come down from the Cross.

Let Him come into a world that believes in the philosophy of pragmatism and relativism, a world which denies Absolute Truth, which says that right and wrong are only questions of point of view, that we must be broad-minded about virtue and vice. Suppose He says to the people, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after holiness," that is, after the Absolute, after the Truth which I am, and outside of which there is no other. They would crucify Him with thieves and try to make the world believe that God is no different from a batch of robbers who are His bedfellows in death.

Let Him come into the world of Sartre, who says that my neighbor is hell, that all that is opposite me is nothing, that the ego alone matters, that my will is supreme law, that what I decide is good, that I must forget others and think only of myself. Let Him say to the people, "Blessed are the merciful," and He will receive no mercy; they will open five rivers of blood out of His body, they will pour vinegar and gall into His thirsting mouth, and even after His death they will be so merciless as to plunge a spear into His Sacred Heart.

Let Him come into a world which tries to interpret man in terms of sex, which seasons the novel, movie and television show with an attack on the sanctity of marriage, which says that a marriage endures only until the glands tire, that one may unbind what God binds and unseal what God seals. If He says to the people: "Blessed are the pure," He will find Himself hanging naked on a Cross that defies their crazy affirmation that purity is abnormal, that virgins are neurotics and that carnality is right.

Let Him come into a world of Vishinskys and Molotovs, who believe with Lenin that one must resort to every manner of chicanery and duplicity in order to conquer the world, who carry doves of peace with stomachs full of bombs. Suppose He says to them, "Blessed are the peace-makers," or "Blessed are they who eradicate sin that there may be peace." He would find Himself surrounded by the comrades of the Vishinskys and Molotovs as they make the greatest war this world of ours ever saw: the war against the Son of God. After His death, they would set a guard about His grave to prevent a Resurrection, something they would not expect even from a Lenin.

LET Him come into a world that believes personality should be manipulated, that our whole life should be geared to flattering and influencing people for the sake of utility and popularity. Let Him say to the people, "Blessed are ye when men hate you and persecute you and revile you." He would find Himself without a friend in the world, an outcast on a hill, with mobs shouting for His death and His flesh hanging from Him like purple rags.

The Beatitudes cannot be taken alone. They are not ideals; they are hard facts and realities, inseparable from the Cross of Calvary. Many men go on repeating them, but very few of us are willing to live them. It is easy to be a Communist; all one has to do is hate. It is easy to be self-expressive; all one has to do is avoid repressing the id. It is easy to be a liberal; all one has to do is espouse no cause as sacred except the right to be free from discipline and the Eternal Law of God. It is easy to be a social reformer and to take care of other people's consciences. It is easy to be a milk-and-water Christian who quotes the Sermon on the Mount and forgets the Christ Who died for it. It is easy to be an intellectual and to sneer at the humble. It is easy to love those who love us, but hard to love those who hate us, to pluck out one's eyes and cut off one's arms to prevent sinning.

It is hard to be clean on the inside when the passions clamor for satisfaction on the outside; to forgive those who would put us to death; to overcome evil with good; to bless those who curse us; to stop mouthing freedom until we have justice, truth and love of God in our hearts as the condition of freedom; to live in the world and still keep oneself unpolluted from the world; to deny ourselves sometimes legitimate pleasures, like cigarettes, cocktails, movies and luxuries, in order to help missionaries feed the leprous, fill the empty rice bowls and renew hungry hearts with the grace of God; to see that all our claptrap about the brotherhood of man is meaningless unless we all have the same God as Father!

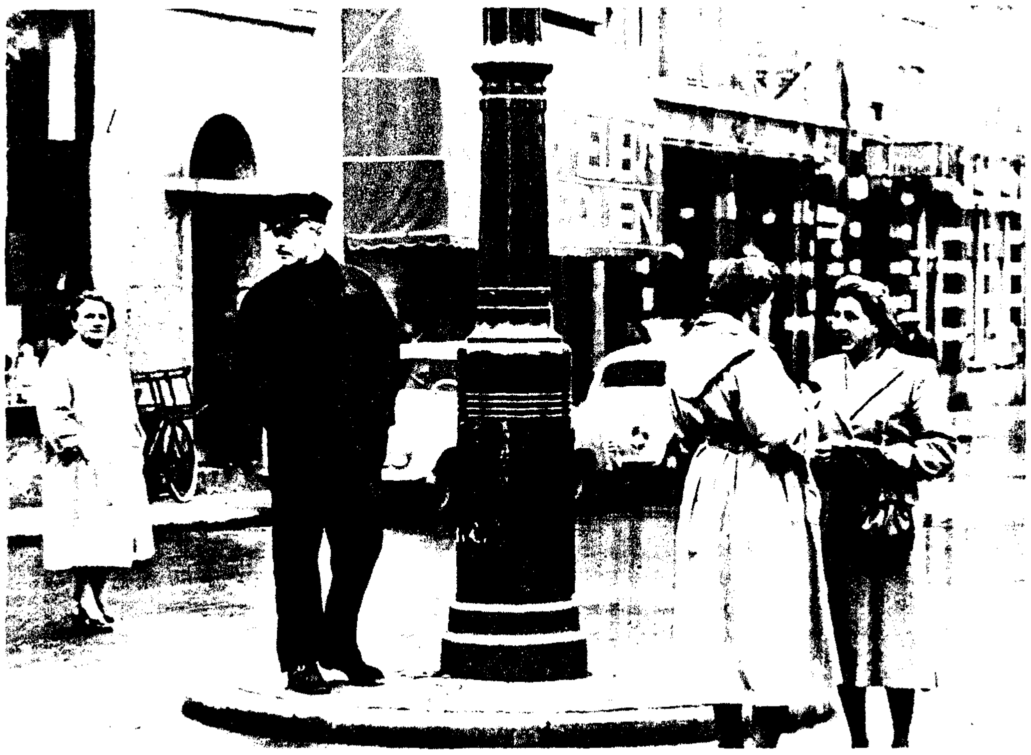
What would such men make of us who talk only of the brotherhood of man? A race of illegitimate children? To strive not to be like the rest of men, but to be perfect as the Heavenly Father is perfect —this is the only new thing in the world. But there are very few people who are willing to try it. Christianity has not failed; we have failed the Christ Who said, "Take up your cross and follow Me."▲▲▲

Bishop Sheen will conclude his articles on the life of Christ in the next issue of Collier's.

op of New York, greets a parishioner outside St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City

ED FEINGERSH

Who says it's tough for a star to play



Dressed as barge worker, Gable waits on street island in Arnhem, Holland, for rush to start toward him. And the women talk on . . .

He saunters idly down main street among people who notice camera in the foreground, but not its subject. And the crowds walk on . . .

He stops hopefully near kids playing at street excavation. After all, kids go to movies. And the kids gawk on—at the excavation

Gable dressed Gable-style: plainly Gable

When Gable approached fruit stand to buy an ap

incognito? For Gable, it was simple—almost too simple

WHO, GABLE?

IF YOU don't seek, you seldom find. Which is why a living legend like Clark Gable can stroll through a town like Arnhem, Holland, in broad daylight, unnoticed by people who would spot him at 200 paces on any movie screen.

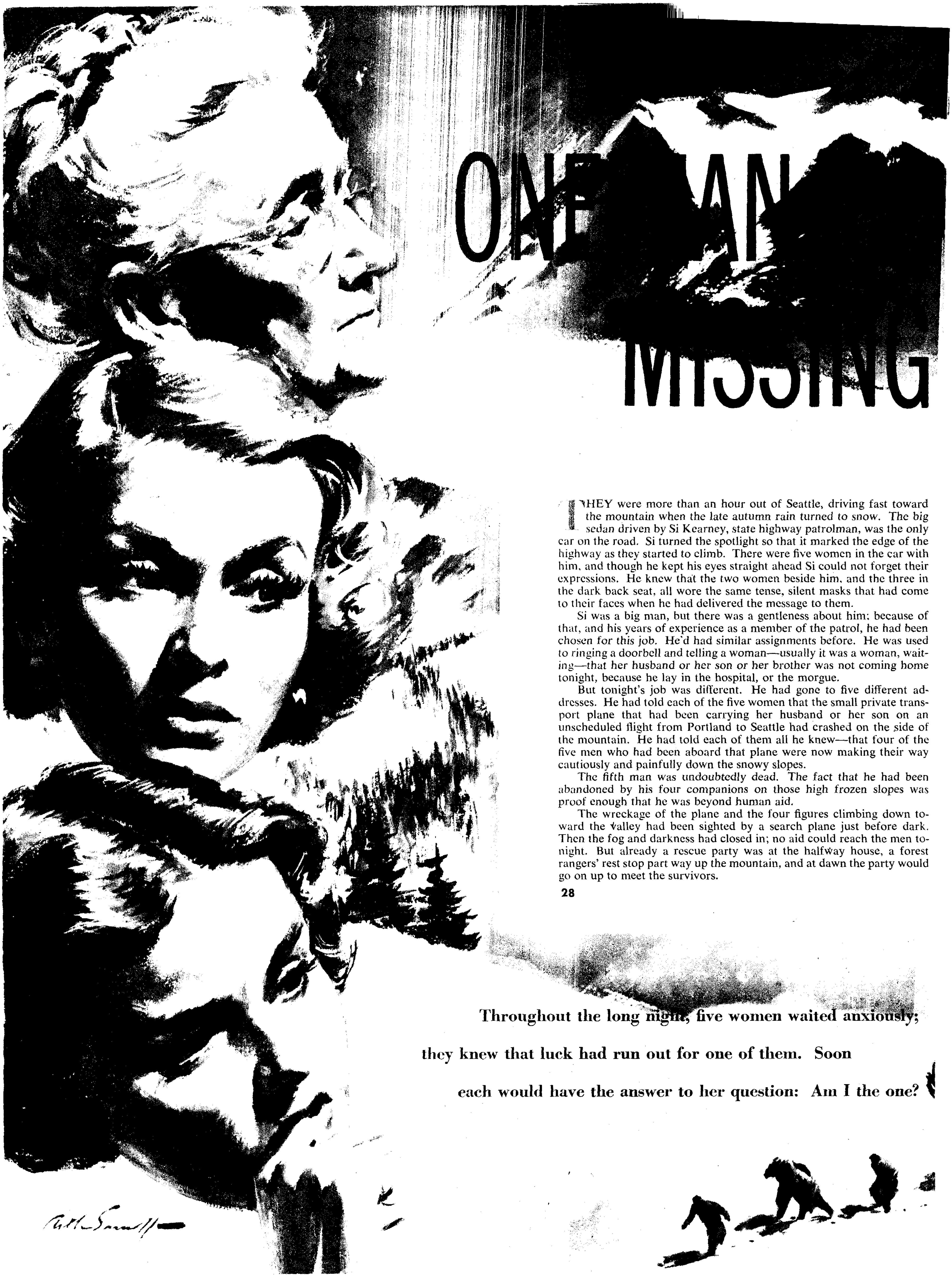
Gable was near Arnhem recently making an M-G-M film called Betrayed, in which he stars with Lana Turner and Victor Mature. The Dutch papers were full of on-location news, and local folk mobbed the set. But when, as a gag test, he put on the uniform of a Dutch barge worker and went into town with photographer Martin Harris, people reacted like a pack of owls in the noonday sun.

The man from Hollywood ambled along the main street for over an hour. He stopped to light a cigarette. Not a rise out of anyone. He leaned against a post. Nothing happened. Bent to tie a shoelace. Nothing. Finally, just as he was about to quit, two passing bobby-soxers took one incredulous look and scurried over to get autographs. Gable—almost gratefully—obliged. "Fine walk," he grinned ruefully. "I feel like a has-been." Then he returned to the set—and was promptly besieged by a mob of autograph hunters, souvenir seekers and women as tender-eyed as women have always been when Big King Gable hits the scene. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

At last, recognition! Girls did a perfect double-take, pedaled Gable-ward excitedly

ler thought camera was aimed at his daughter, lifted her and told her to smile. Then Gable made his purchase, casually strolled off. No one noticed



ONE MAN MISSING

Throughout the long night, five women waited anxiously; they knew that luck had run out for one of them. Soon each would have the answer to her question: Am I the one?

THEY were more than an hour out of Seattle, driving fast toward the mountain when the late autumn rain turned to snow. The big sedan driven by Si Kearney, state highway patrolman, was the only car on the road. Si turned the spotlight so that it marked the edge of the highway as they started to climb. There were five women in the car with him, and though he kept his eyes straight ahead Si could not forget their expressions. He knew that the two women beside him, and the three in the dark back seat, all wore the same tense, silent masks that had come to their faces when he had delivered the message to them.

Si was a big man, but there was a gentleness about him; because of that, and his years of experience as a member of the patrol, he had been chosen for this job. He'd had similar assignments before. He was used to ringing a doorbell and telling a woman—usually it was a woman, waiting—that her husband or her son or her brother was not coming home tonight, because he lay in the hospital, or the morgue.

But tonight's job was different. He had gone to five different addresses. He had told each of the five women that the small private transport plane that had been carrying her husband or her son on an unscheduled flight from Portland to Seattle had crashed on the side of the mountain. He had told each of them all he knew—that four of the five men who had been aboard that plane were now making their way cautiously and painfully down the snowy slopes.

The fifth man was undoubtedly dead. The fact that he had been abandoned by his four companions on those high frozen slopes was proof enough that he was beyond human aid.

The wreckage of the plane and the four figures climbing down toward the valley had been sighted by a search plane just before dark. Then the fog and darkness had closed in; no aid could reach the men tonight. But already a rescue party was at the halfway house, a forest rangers' rest stop part way up the mountain, and at dawn the party would go on up to meet the survivors.

By MILDRED MASTERSON McNEILLY

Meanwhile, the families of the men aboard the wrecked plane had to be notified. That had been Si's assignment. And each of the five women had wanted to come with Si to the halfway house, as near as they could get to the wreckage, to wait for their men.

Which man was lost? The silent question seemed to throb through the car, as real as the powerful motor itself. Which of these women was to be singled out for tragedy? And why?

Si had wondered about the ways of fate plenty of times before. He had lifted broken bodies out of the twisted wreckage of cars and wondered why that particular man or woman or child had been chosen to die that way at that moment. He'd never found the answer. Nobody had.

THE woman next to the door in the front seat made an impatient gesture. She had been the last to get into the car. Si had met her in the lobby of the Olympic Hotel. He had pushed his way firmly through the crowd surrounding the small, fashionable figure in the mink coat, and he had taken her arm and steered her toward an alcove. Mona Patton, her lovely face glowing, had looked up at him with that smile so familiar to movie-goers the world over. Still heady with the applause from the theater where she had just made a personal appearance, she spoke laughingly: "What is it, Officer?"

"It's bad news, Miss Patton," he said crisply. He noticed that her hair actually was the unreal color of champagne, and her dress was the same color, shot with gold threads. She was hardly mortal, he thought—too perfect, too highly trained, too polished. But now he could see the pulse beating in her smooth, slender throat. Then she clutched her coat about her in a gesture of pure fright; it was a gesture she had not been taught, Si knew, because the other women—those women waiting in the car outside—had made it too.

He told her quickly what had happened, with sympathy and impersonal courtesy. Her husband, David Creston, *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

RYDERWOOD
OFFICE
Senior Estates Inc.

New prospects, Mr. and Mrs. Andy E. Dyke, from British Columbia, discuss the town with Col. William F. Brandt, president of Senior Estates

The Town That

How would you like a home shaded b

WILLIAM L. WORDEN

IT'S an old town, and remote. Weathered roofs hide behind aging apple trees on a checkerboard of half a dozen quiet streets. A cavernous locomotive repair shed, empty and echoing, gapes at the edge of town, where the sides of the valley climb through brushy forest land toward the summits of green mountains.

But behind the quiet façade of Ryderwood, Washington, is the bustle of new life. The town's one store does a thriving business in hammers and saws. A steady trickle of visitors streams into town, seeking the real-estate office. There's an air of excitement in Ryderwood, and for good reason.

Today in this former logging town, all but deserted and up for sale a year ago, you can buy a neat, sturdy house for $2,500—and all the cash you need is $200. You get four rooms on a 50-by-120-foot lot, with apple trees thrown in. The estimated replacement value of any house in sight is at least $4,500. More than that—you become a participant in an exciting venture, part of a wonderful experiment.

There's one catch. You have to be retired.

Ryderwood is an old folks' town. In its modern incarnation it was planned that way—a haven for the elderly, conceived by a couple of imaginative real-estate men who saw in the plight of the lonely old people of the nation a chance to do some good, and turn a modest profit besides.

When you look closely, you see that the few people who move through the streets of Ryderwood are predominantly white-haired. They move slowly and deliberately, seldom hurrying. But that old man strolling down the street has a fishing rod in his hand and a grin on his face. The elderly lady emerging from the store carries a roll of wallpaper, and her face is intent on a project of great importance. The old proprietor of the store wears a red hat and looks wondrously contented as he moves, without haste, to wait on a customer.

Ryderwood is an old town made young again, filled with old people made young again—old people with something to do, with a place of their own. Here the elderly are trying something very new, and very heart-warming.

The Rev. John L. Magoon and his wife know what Ryderwood really means. The Rev. Mr. Magoon had served a series of Baptist pastorates while his son and daughter were growing up. The Magoons had always lived in the parsonage and never had a home of their own; they never had much money. Last year, with both children married and gone, the Rev. Mr. Magoon was stricken by a heart attack, and even the duties of a small church were too much for his health. He had to leave the pulpit.

With Nowhere to Go and Nothing to Do

The homeless Magoons owned a middle-aged automobile, some furniture battered by many movings, a small retirement income and savings of a few hundred dollars. They would not starve, but the best they could look forward to was the discomfort of rented rooms or an awkward existence as extra boarders in their children's homes—well loved, but not belonging there and sadly aware of it. The Magoons had nowhere to go and nothing to do—until they found Ryderwood.

Now, that crashing in a thicket by the creek bank is the Rev. Mr. Magoon, going fishing. A block away at their newly occupied house, Mrs. Magoon works on window curtains. The Magoons' neighbors are busy, too. Joe Joncas' toy shop is humming. Albert Fitschen is fixing a porch for a neighbor. Charles Barber is putting fertilizer on his garden.

All this bustling activity traces back to a quiet luncheon conversation in Los Angeles in 1952 between a couple of real-estate brokers, neither of them elderly, neither more than normally interested in social works or charity.

Harry H. Kem, of Los Angeles, started it off: "I've been having some dealings with old people lately. You've probably helped an old couple who had to get rid of a big house, their home for years, because they didn't need the space or couldn't afford the upkeep. There's always the question: Where will they go now? Some of them move into trailer camps—and they're not all carefree vagabonds. A lot of them are lonely, or spending too much, or folks who just wish they could have their own belongings around them again.

"There are more retired people going on pensions or getting Social Security every year. In Florida, towns were built especially for old people. They didn't work too well, because building costs made the prices too high. But I keep wondering if somebody couldn't find a spot where old people could have their own homes at a reasonable price. . ."

John Ritter, of Seattle, listened to Kem, a brother of former Senator James P. Kem of Missouri, then he frowned. "I don't know," he said, "but here's something that might be an idea. I happen to have a whole town for sale . . ."

Ritter had been asked to find a purchaser for Ryderwood by the Long-Bell Lumber Company, which had built the town in 1922 to house loggers. The company had put up 375 houses, a few shacks and a number of business and community buildings. A railroad connected the town to logging operations in Longview, 26 miles southeast; and Ryderwood housed locomotive and logging equipment repair shops, sidings and warehouses.

Hundreds of men had lived there, turning Ryderwood into a boom town. Gradually they had cut

Wants Only OLD FOLKS

pple trees in a quiet town for only $200 down? It can be yours–if you're retired

off virtually all the surrounding timber. Soon, the cutover land on three sides of the town was retired into one enormous tree farm designated as the Long-Bell Tree Farm. If everything went well for the next 40 or 50 years, loggers would certainly come again to the forest.

But they would not put up in Ryderwood. Logging techniques had changed: modern logging calls more for trucks than for railroads. With one dead-end road, Ryderwood couldn't hope to compete with Longview or other cities from which smaller, mechanized crews could operate.

Ryderwood withered, then died: 1,500 people in 1948, 500 in 1952, and then only a few scattered families. Over 150 homes were sold to farmers and carted away. Long-Bell prepared to abandon Ryderwood. The company put the entire town—houses, stores, water system, everything—on the block as a unit.

That was the situation when Kem had his quiet lunch with Ritter. The result of that luncheon was the formation of Senior Estates, Inc., a profit-hopeful company composed of the two brokers; Colonel William F. Brandt, a retired Beverly Hills banker, who was elected president; Willard Wright, of Seattle, and twenty other investors who put up $5,000 each. For $90,000, they bought Ryderwood and everything in it.

When the Cleanup Crews Got Busy

In June, 1953, Senior Estates took possession of the then vacant town, and moved in cleanup crews—plumbers, electricians, carpenters and tree pruners. Of the 375 houses that originally made up Ryderwood, 183 remained. When the brush had been cleared from overgrown dooryards and debris from houses, the rubbish made a block-long pile on the outskirts of town. Water and sewer systems were put back into operation; modern plumbing was installed where it was needed. Senior Estates announced it was ready to sell the homes on long-term, low-down-payment contracts.

Up to that point, the operation resembled most real-estate promotions; but now it began to differ sharply. Kem and his associates were doing no advertising, hiring no salesmen. Not even a sign pointed toward the town 20 miles off a highway.

A couple arriving in Ryderwood could visit the company office or not, as they pleased. If they did, William Brandt would send them out alone to look at the available houses. Repeatedly, he refused to go along even when couples asked to be shown the properties, on the theory that this experiment could stand no high-pressure methods; they had to decide whether they wanted to live in Ryderwood without having a company representative hanging around.

For the old folks, it was a difficult decision: Senior Estates hadn't even fixed up the interiors of the houses. The prospective buyer saw a 30-year-old house, with a fresh outside paint job and new plumbing, but otherwise just as the cleanup crew had left it—with torn wallpaper, gaping stove vents and worn floors. Lots of work remained to be done, and it showed. Every day, couples came to Ryderwood, looked over the town, visited a house or two and went away again.

Brandt shooed away others because they were too young (there was no set age limit, but purchasers had to be retired); because they had too much money (they had to have a permanent income of not less than $125 nor more than $250 a month); because he felt they had been too hasty in coming to a decision, or just because he thought they wouldn't fit in. He got some offers to buy sight unseen, and tossed them away.

But for those who faced the obvious problems and still wished to live in the town, and were accepted by Brandt and his associates, Ryderwood's low-priced houses offered attractive values.

There were only a few requirements to be met by the old folks. The purchaser had to occupy the house at least six consecutive months a year; he could not rent it out, and could resell only with the approval of Senior Estates. Deferred-payment contracts running 12 to 13 years gave the company the privilege of repurchase—at a price fixed by arbitration if necessary—in case of death or to prevent resales to unqualified buyers. No houses were sold

Typical four-room house is inspected by an interested couple. Carrying charges on the home include principal, interest, taxes, utilities and insurance and come to only $27 a month

After a week's strenuous work, Ryderwood's old folks stretch kinks out of their legs at the weekly Saturday-night shindig. An informal committee provides homespun entertainment

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN BICKEL

The Rev. Mr. John Magoon tries his luck in trout stream. As Baptist minister, he lived in parsonages. Now, at Ryderwood, he and his wife have first home of their own

Ryderwood's townsmen meet in G. A. Johnson's general store for morning coffee. After hectic years as a New York City wholesaler, Johnson finds running the store a rest

"We haven't come here to di

outright. Would-be cash buyers could pay all but $500 of the purchase price but were required to spread that $500 over the full 12 years so that community restrictions would be safe until everybody got his title at approximately the same time.

(Unlike mortgages, deferred-payment contracts grant title only when the last payment is made. They were employed by Senior Estates as the only practical method of enforcing special restrictions on Ryderwood.)

Visiting with Some of the Townsfolk

All those details made an interesting real-estate prospectus—but how well has it been working out for the elderly purchasers? A visitor can find the answer any day, by wandering around Ryderwood and talking to its townsfolk.

Start with Joseph A. Joncas, seventy-two, a short and heavy-set man who retired a few years ago as superintendent of a lathe mill at Longview. His large family was grown, his wife long dead. Joncas first visited Ryderwood on a Sunday drive with friends—among whom was Mrs. Grace Manthei.

"She was a lonely widow and I was a lonely widower," says Joncas now. "Nothing to do and no place to go. We looked at houses here, this one in particular. On the way back to Longview, one of my friends said he was interested in the town, and I said, 'Well, I'm going to buy that house, if Grace will marry me.' That was my proposal."

Mrs. Manthei and Joncas were married and moved to Ryderwood as two of the first occupants under the new program. Their combined furniture, along with many wedding gifts, crowds a five-room house.

Together they work to get the lawn in shape, to gather apples and plant flowers. When he feels like it, Joncas drives a few blocks to one of Ryderwood's old logging workshops. There he has installed elaborate woodworking machinery and turns out cabinetwork for his neighbors and what he calls Walkie-Duckie push toys, made out of wood and auto inner tubes and tagged with the slogan "Everything is ducky with the old folks in Ryderwood, Washington."

Months before the holiday season, he had far more orders for his inventions than he possibly could fill, but he didn't worry. "Didn't come up here to get rich," he says. "The only reason I might ever let the business get any bigger is so I could hire some of the other men when they feel like working. Like it here? Well, the other day I drove past the house in Longview where I lived for twenty-eight years—but I just wasn't interested any more. This is home."

Or talk to Albert C. Fitschen, a tall, spare, goateed gentleman who used to be an undertaker in Minnesota and California. He says, "When I was retiring, my wife and I looked all around in southern California. There were dozens of suburbs but we found we couldn't begin to buy a house for under eight or nine thousand dollars. Not only that, but the little houses we liked always turned out to be on streets where only young couples lived. We wouldn't have had anything in common with those young families just starting out.

"So when we heard about Ryderwood, we were interested right away. When we saw it, we knew this was the right place. How do you like that brick effect on the living-room wall? When I was putting it in, I found out all about this old house. Good lumber in these houses, and they built them true. I'm fixing the porch railing now, and one of these days . . ."

In the second bedroom of the Fitschen home, the floor is covered with shavings and sawdust, and a workbench stands where you might expect to find a dresser. "We don't need the bedroom," Fitschen says, "so I use it for my violin shop. I've made fiddles for years. Not trying to get rich, but when I find somebody who really appreciates my kind of work, maybe I'll give him a violin. Making them gives me something to do in the winter, when I don't feel like working outdoors."

Every house has some story. When you knock at one door on the main street, Miss Statie Robinson calls out an invitation to come in, and her eyes crinkle at questions. "Oh," she will tell you, "there's nothing unusual about me—except I guess I'm the only spinster grandmother around here. I've lived right in this valley for forty years."

Forty years ago, a rancher, who had lost his wife, called Miss Robinson into the valley to care for his house and children, just at the time Ryderwood was being built. From the ranch a mile away, she watched the rise and decline of the town while her acquired family was growing up.

With the children grown and her employer dead, Miss Robinson, who has been handicapped by an injured leg most of her life, no longer felt equal to ranching. However, she preferred to stay in the country she knew best. Last summer, well provided for with a life income from her late employer, she moved to Ryderwood.

Several retired couples who tried house trailers now have returned to real houses again at Ryderwood. Former Detroit police officer Tom Caughlin and his wife are typical. "We thought for a while," Caughlin says, "that we never wanted a house again. We spent a winter in Florida, a couple of others in different trailer camps in California. You make a lot of friends, and we saw all kinds of country. But a twenty- or even a thirty-foot trailer really isn't very much space for two people; and after a while you get awfully tired of hiking down the street every time you want the bathroom. Trailers aren't cheap, and one with a bath in it was just about beyond us. We were spending more than we'd expected, too. Trailer space now runs from twenty-five to forty dollars a month in the good spots, and that's just for parking and water. We found some of our capital going into everyday living."

Mrs. Caughlin says, "When we heard about Ryderwood, it sounded like an answer—something we could do on a permanent basis before we spent so much of our savings that we wouldn't have anything left."

The Caughlin trailer still is parked in the back yard; presently, they hope to trade it for something smaller and easier to tow. Then they may spend the worst of each winter in California or Arizona, but they'll always have something to come back to, at Ryderwood, in the spring. Caughlin says, "With a $200 investment and $27 total monthly payments, we can afford to go off and leave it for a while."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barber moved to Ryderwood for different reasons. A retired power-crane operator, the lanky Barber has towed a trailer through most of the resort states. "But both of us," he says, "began to want our own things around us. I work some with cactus, making lamps and that sort of thing, just to give away, mostly. Here, we have room for the furniture that's been costing us money in storage, for fruit we can ourselves, and a place to do the shopwork I like."

Other Ambitions That Were Fulfilled

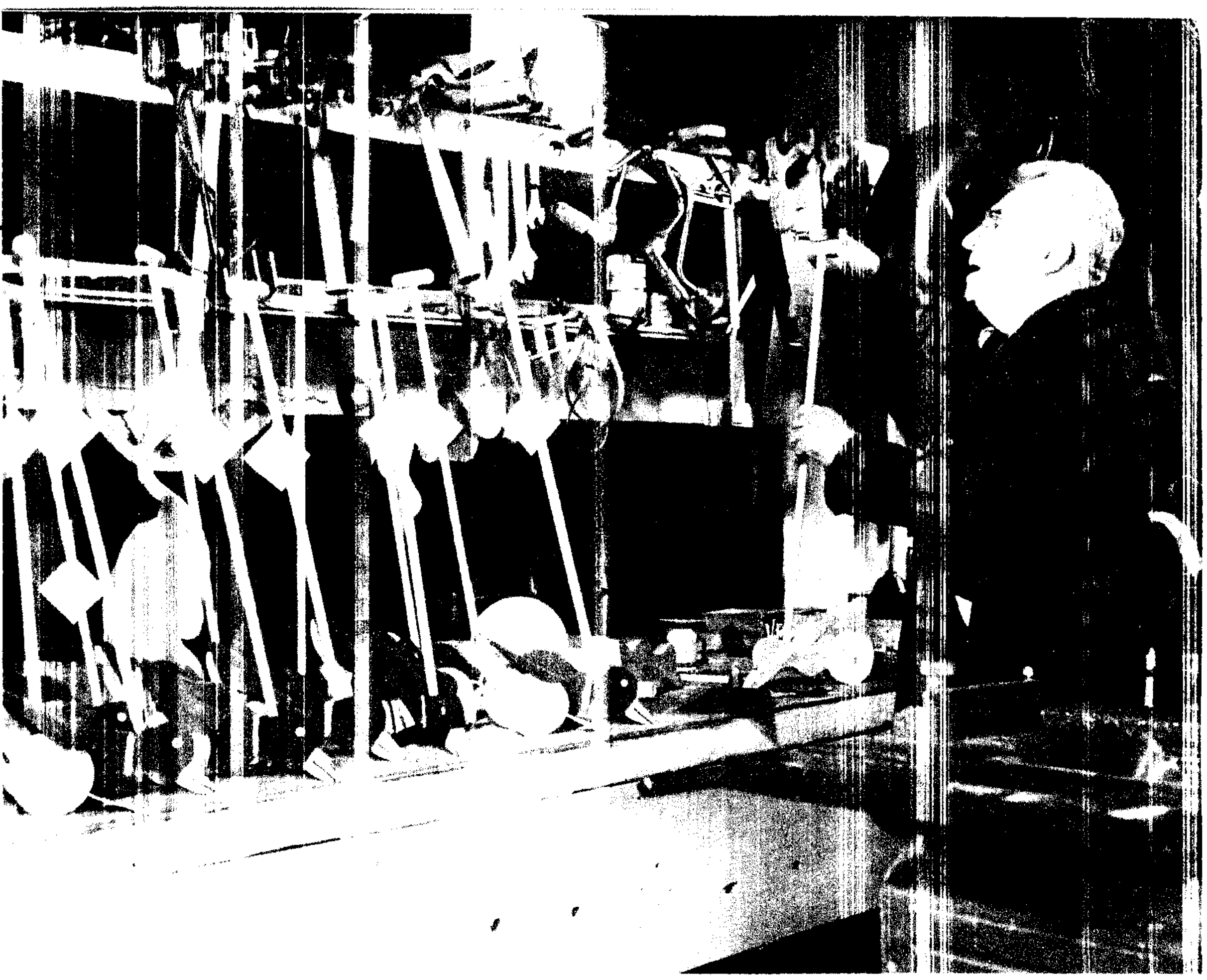
Reasons for living in Ryderwood vary. A meticulous retired Army sergeant, Kenneth Beckwith, always wanted to operate a barbershop; now he does so. E. E. Wallace, a Kansas City, Kansas, express company pensioner, wished to be near—but did not wish to live with—his son's family in Seattle. Jesse Waters, eighty-two, and a highly independent former telegrapher from Seattle, was tired of living in the city.

A retired railroader says, "We haven't come here to die; we're just getting ready to live. I just work along at my own speed. When I get tired, right across the street is a brook full of trout . . ."

A wife, who will remain unidentified for her own good, announces she wanted a house which needed work to be done on it so her retired husband "wouldn't get so lazy."

Of all the new residents, G. A. Johnson, once a New York City wholesaler and now running the general store in Ryderwood, gives the most logical reason. "All my life," he says, "I wore white shirts and shaved every day. Here, I wear anything I like and I shave every other day. That's living."

A visitor gradually begins to get the feeling of Ryderwood—lively interest, but no strain. Here are no rich people and no really poor, and nobody has to keep up with the Joneses. At this writing, 52 houses have been sold. For all these families, Ryderwood can become the sort of town they want it to be. Colonel Brandt, himself



Joseph A. Joncas, retired superintendent of a lathe mill, turns out toy ducks in elaborate homemade workshop. A widower, he married a widow before buying his house

Albert C. Fitschen, who used to be an undertaker, has converted the second bedroom of his house into a workshop where he practices his hobby of making fine violins

What's eerie about Ryderwood? There are no children

Harry Kem, Ryderwood's cofounder, hopes it will pave way for nation-wide housing for old

retired and not anxious to work too hard, makes his position clear. "I'm going to live here," he says, "but not as a dictator. This will be an incorporated town someday, and whatever activities the citizens want, we'll have."

Toward this end, he's given the keys to the town recreational hall to an informal committee for Saturday-night entertainments and dances. A French-Canadian tries to teach his neighbors steps remembered from his youth. Fitschen plays one of his own violins; Mrs. Joncas or one of the other townswomen accompanies at the piano. The committee has dusted off the books in the town library, added some of their own and negotiated for others from the state library service.

Little Need for a Doctor's Services

A physician from Winlock, 13 miles away, comes on call and has discussed reopening the clinic and putting a nurse permanently in charge. There's some question whether she'll be needed immediately. So far, none of these elderly people has become seriously ill, despite the excitement of moving and the work of fixing up their houses.

The families have divergent religious affiliations. The old Ryderwood church is still usable, and the assumption is that it will be nondenominational as it was in the old days, but nobody is in a hurry to come to a decision.

Perhaps what startles a visitor to Ryderwood most is the realization that there aren't any children. At present, only one family has youngsters, and they're grandchildren who presumably are in town only temporarily. The big schoolhouse stands empty. No rope swings hang from the trees, no tricycles stand in the yards. It's a little eerie.

But a homeowner only smiles at the visitor's surprise. "Sure, we miss them," he says, "in a way. But most of us have grandchildren, and a good many aren't far away. That's one reason several of us came here, to be near them. By next summer, youngsters will be spending weeks and months as visitors here—but to live in a town full of them? Mister, we've raised our families. The only grandparents who take on that job a second time do it for the sake of somebody else."

With the new community of old folks just passing its sixth month, it's obviously too early for permanent conclusions. Ryderwood is definitely not a paradise, and no one pretends it is. The town has only the one store, a barbershop and a filling station. Visitors can be put up in the former company guesthouse, but there is no hotel or restaurant (the store serves sandwiches). The movie theater still is dark and dusty, and the town is without bars, although there is a tavern only a mile down the highway. There's no bus line yet and not even a jukebox for entertainment during the week. But most families have radios and a few manage to get TV programs from Tacoma or Portland.

Nobody is sure how elderly couples are going to withstand winter in the isolated town without any young folks to help them. Records taken near Ryderwood show a moderate mean temperature of 39, 37 and 41 degrees for winter months, along with an annual rainfall of 41 inches. But the valley also gets snow, occasionally up to a couple of feet of it.

Improving homes is family project at Ryderwood. Here Arthur L. Johnson, formerly of Denver, Colorado, gets helping hand from his wife, Phyllis, as they build garage addition to house

In the tavern outside the town, comparative youngsters—veterans of the valley but hardly old enough to shave, by Ryderwood standards—offer sage comment to their elders. "There's lots of snow here," they say. "Pretty heavy for old folks."

A Ryderwood owner only grins. "Most of us folks," he says, "have lived in Chicago or Colorado. Snow? Why, young fellow, you've never seen snow. Let me tell you about the time . . ."

He has a point. Shelves of home-canned food are standard equipment here, and if most of it is applesauce from the prolific trees in the yard, well, what's the matter with applesauce cake on a snowy night? Certainly no one has to worry about getting to work, or taking care of the livestock, or looking after the school children.

Object Lesson for Home Builders

Winter is just one of the problems of Ryderwood, but the people who live there aren't overly worried about any of them—and neither are Kem and Ritter. "We think Ryderwood is an answer to the predicament of a lot of older people," Kem says, "—and it may lead to a lot more housing becoming available. When builders and financiers see what a demand there is for just this sort of thing, it may change their thinking on the value of over-age homes."

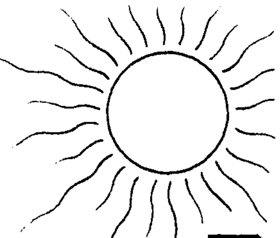
Says Ritter, "Make no mistake, we're in this to make a profit. We've spent the money to buy the town and put well over another hundred thousand into fixing it up, so far. There'll be other expenses, but simple arithmetic indicates Senior Estates should pay a good return to investors. But I'll tell you something. When you get into this thing, you get interested. Not charity, you understand—but you find yourself doing things which haven't any direct relation to the profit motive. You get—well, you want this thing to work, for its own sake."

Says one candid house buyer, "I don't know. Maybe it will work, maybe it won't. But all I can lose is a couple of hundred dollars and my time. If it lasts a year, I won't be any worse off than if I'd been paying fifty-dollars-a-month rent somewhere else. And I'll have had a lot of fun out of it. I'll just stay a while, and see."

Says Mrs. Magoon, looking at her house: "The children write that they're concerned about us, but what they don't understand is that this is the first real home of our own that we've ever had."

But perhaps the greatest tribute to Ryderwood comes from her husband, the Rev. Mr. Magoon: "What would we have done if it hadn't been for Ryderwood? That's the sixty-four-dollar question, and I don't know any answer."

It's an answer the old people of Ryderwood hope they'll never have to look for again. ▲▲▲



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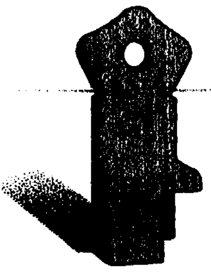

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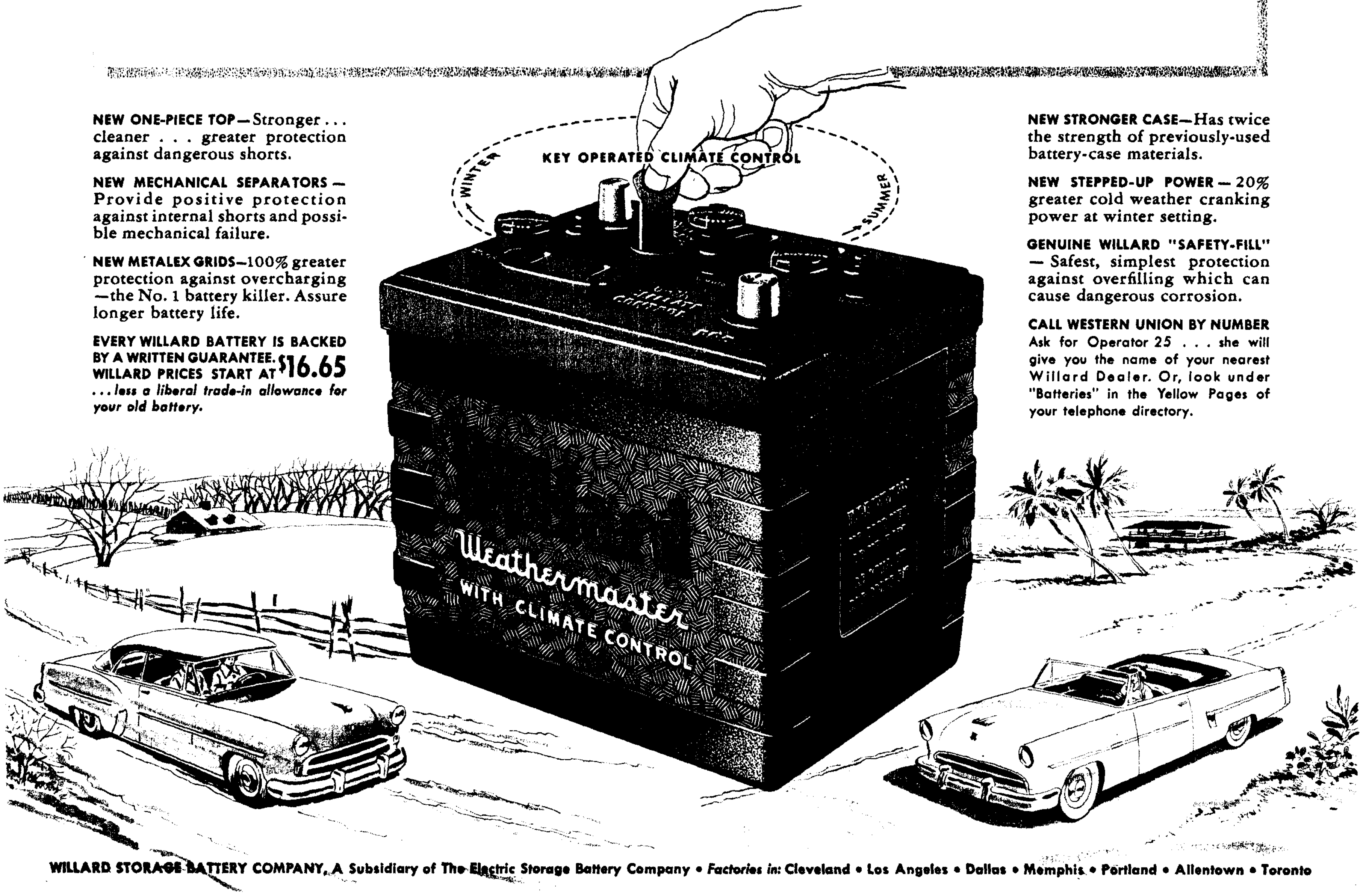

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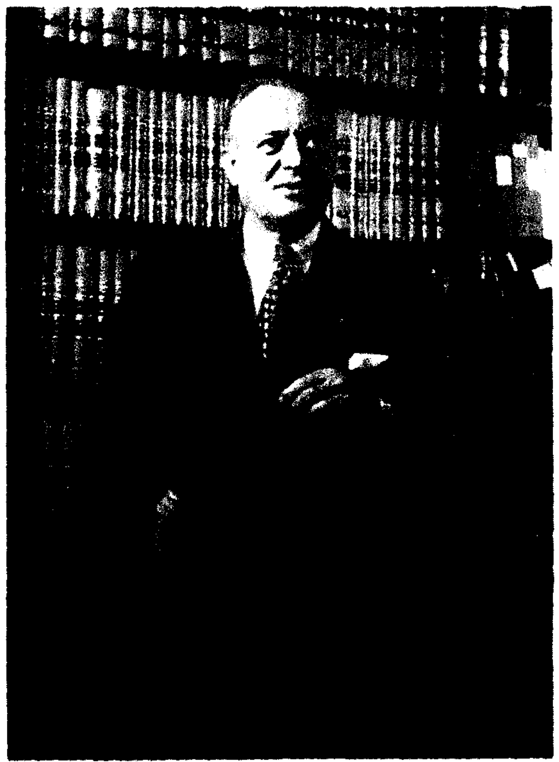
One of the greatest debates of United States history is about to explode in Washington. The battlefield will be Congress, the participants our top leaders. The issue: national survival

Where Do You Stand On The Gravest Question Of Our Time?

By STYLES BRIDGES

U.S. Senator from New Hampshire



HARRIS & EWING

Sen. Bridges, who is one of the top-ranking Congressional Republicans, is the president pro tem of the Senate and also chairman of vital Appropriations Committee, which will play a major role in the coming Great Debate

FIVE days after Congress adjourned last August, Premier Malenkov told a cheering roomful of Red officials in Moscow that America no longer had a monopoly on hydrogen weapons. Shortly thereafter the United States Atomic Energy Commission announced that the Russians had conducted experiments involving both uranium and hydrogen reactions. Here was the ultimate threat to our civilization—the threat of its possible destruction. What should be done?

The American community of defense experts split.

The assumption that someone—in the Pentagon or Atomic Energy Commission—would have the answer was wrong. Today there are several conflicting schools, each urging its own answer with the intensity of men who believe their plan is the best bet to avoid death. This division of opinion reaches into the Pentagon, the Cabinet, the National Security Council and emphatically into House and Senate. The argument will roar into the 1954 election.

Next spring President Eisenhower and his defense officials will hand Congress a series of military programs, many of them secret, whose cost will total some $40,000,000,000. But even these recommendations won't be the final atomic answer; in fact, they will almost certainly kick off one of the great debates of our history—the sort of debate that occurs when anxiety crawls in on reason, when honest and able men strive to assure survival of the country.

Senators have been getting the rumblings for months. We have received enough indications from Pentagon, AEC and the public to know that the dread of atomic raid will reach Congress as a variety of demands. In my opinion there is no way to prevent—even if it should be prevented—a thoroughgoing debate of the many methods by which our country might be defended. Patriotism, apprehension, money and politics will commingle to make this the hottest defense debate we ever have known.

The hydrogen device which we set off November, 1952, on Eniwetok did something which was not adequately explained.

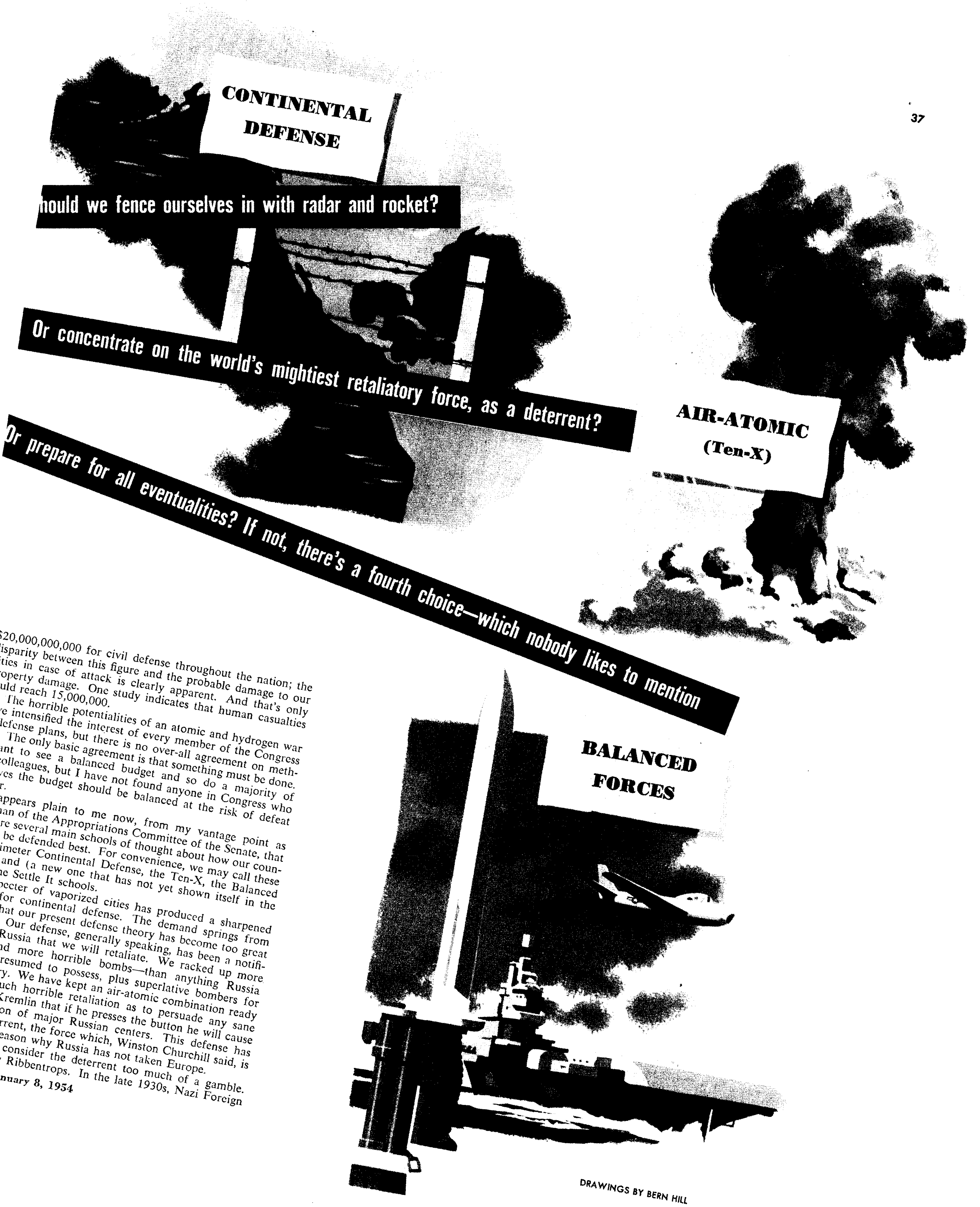
It didn't smash or crumble things. It vaporized them. It didn't melt sand grains so that they ran together to form lava, as an atomic explosion would. It converted dirt, trees, rock and metal machinery to dust and gas. A substantial area composed of hard physical substances—lumber, earth, steel, copper, lead—was changed in about 20 seconds into atmosphere. Those who saw the test wondered what more scientists must do to convince mankind that an era has ended . . . and that a civilization will end unless men reconcile their differences peacefully.

After Eniwetok, information on the destructive potential of hydrogen weapons began to reach Capitol Hill. One of the staggering statistics indicates that any thousand buildings—hotels, hospitals, warehouses, in San Francisco, Cleveland or Detroit—could be wiped out in one hydrogen blast. Detroit's real property improvements are valued at $10,000,000,000, its schools at one-half billion, churches at one-half billion; damage from an atomic raid over Detroit could reach $14,000,000,000.

Yet present unofficial proposals call for spending hould we fence ourselves in with radar and rocket?

Or concentrate on the world's mightiest retaliatory force, as a deterrent?

Or prepare for all eventualities? If not, there's a fourth choice—which nobody likes to mention



DRAWINGS BY BERN HILL

$20,000,000,000 for civil defense throughout the nation; the disparity between this figure and the probable damage to our cities in case of attack is clearly apparent. And that's only property damage. One study indicates that human casualties could reach 15,000,000.

The horrible potentialities of an atomic and hydrogen war have intensified the interest of every member of the Congress in defense plans, but there is no over-all agreement on methods. The only basic agreement is that something must be done. I want to see a balanced budget and so do a majority of my colleagues, but I have not found anyone in Congress who believes the budget should be balanced at the risk of defeat in war.

It appears plain to me now, from my vantage point as chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the Senate, that there are several main schools of thought about how our country can be defended best. For convenience, we may call these the Perimeter Continental Defense, the Ten-X, the Balanced Forces, and (a new one that has not yet shown itself in the open) the Settle It schools.

The specter of vaporized cities has produced a sharpened demand for continental defense. The demand springs from the fear that our present defense theory has become too great a gamble. Our defense, generally speaking, has been a notification to Russia that we will retaliate. We racked up more bombs—and more horrible bombs—than anything Russia could be presumed to possess, plus superlative bombers for their delivery. We have kept an air-atomic combination ready to deliver such horrible retaliation as to persuade any sane man in the Kremlin that if he presses the button he will cause the destruction of major Russian centers. This defense has been the deterrent, the force which, Winston Churchill said, is the primary reason why Russia has not taken Europe.

Many now consider the deterrent too much of a gamble. They fear new Ribbentrops. In the late 1930s, Nazi Foreign

Could we put our vital industries underground? Maybe—but it would

Minister Ribbentrop knew Germany could not match the combined power of the Allies; yet he advised Hitler to launch the blitz, counting on victory before the Allies could act. Russia might be tempted—by insane advisers or by seemingly sound calculations—into a similar gamble, counting on victory before our air-atomic machine is off the ground. To trust our lives to the operation of logic in Moscow, this school insists, is criminally foolhardy, even with the best of European defense plans. Hence the demand for a separate and additional defense erected in this hemisphere.

On the assumption that Russia would someday achieve nuclear weapons, we assigned teams of scientists to determine what defense is possible—whether a city can ever build anything that will ward off the force that vaporizes. Several such studies involved large staffs of physicists, engineers and military men; two of the groups have become well known in the public prints as Projects Lincoln and East River.

Scientist Teams Go to Work

These teams explored the possibility of offshore radar-warning networks. They set out to learn what sort of interceptors, given such warning, are needed to protect a country of continental dimensions. Others studied how guided missiles fit into the defense wall. Still others investigated the vast subject of evacuation of cities—whether cities can go underground and whether there is enough money in the world to pay for such projects as the dispersal of industries.

The secret reports, their hopes and possibilities, were studied by many. As a result there is a group spread through Congress, Pentagon and Cabinet that believes Americans should be told about the defenses outlined in these studies—that we must pay even fantastic costs, if necessary, to provide these early warning systems, plus the means to fight off at least most of the attacking planes.

On the other hand, there are those, the Ten-X advocates, who are horrified at the implication that even with the whole panoply of outlying defenses proposed by such groups as Lincoln and East River—radar bases, rocket fences, interceptors—Russian planes might still kill millions of Americans in one attack. Ten-X people wonder how anyone can consider with approval any approach that makes such concessions. They think the perimeter-defense school takes futility as its starting point. They consider wildly illogical the reasoning that urges a rocket fence because it might cut the toll of a single attack from 15,000,000 bodies to 5,000,000.

Since it is impossible to protect completely a frontier that runs around the North American continent, they ask, why bother with a partial defense —with a "few slingshots scattered in infinity"?

By logical elimination they arrive at the superdeterrent, an air-atomic establishment which by its very existence would guarantee Russian inaction. Assume, they say, that "X" stands for the Strategic Air Command, presumably the minimum air-atomic force our experts consider necessary to discourage a Soviet attack. Well, why not *really* stop Russia in its tracks with Ten-X—a force 10 times (or as many times as is necessary) that size?

They would stake everything on retaliation—but retaliation which is an absolute. Defense money would be concentrated in an air-atomic establishment capable of crushing Russia's war-making potential. Such a force would, they say, immobilize Russia for an indefinite period, until many free nations possessed atomic plants and hydrogen weapons, at which time the world would be forced—one hopes—to accept disarmament.

Some believe the build-up of the air-atomic arsenal can be made at the expense of the older weapons without any increase in present spending. They would re-examine the role of all weapons and gradually shelve everything not directly in support of air-atomic. This sounds like a casual statement of military evolution until you stop to think that what they propose to discard is a large part of the ground army that fought in Korea.

COLLIER'S "Put these on. I want you to see the color Helen painted the bathroom" DON TOBIN

Music to Congressmen's Ears

Mr. Thomas K. Finletter, former Secretary of the Air Force, claims that we cannot afford to buy all schools of defense—that if we try to do it, we'll collapse from within. We must choose, he says, among the defense plans now before us, and he believes with true zeal that we should concentrate on the air-atomic establishment and, if necessary, reduce arms that are not directly tied in with this plan. The suggestion that it might be possible to get this allegedly adequate defense establishment for no more money than we are spending now is music to many Congressional ears.

I have heard Ten-X called "pat," "facile," "cozy" and "criminally stupid" by the Balanced Forces school. Balanced Forces people say we have or will soon have enough atomic weapons and planes to sustain heavy losses and still blast every major Russian city into rubble—enough to do with atomic bombs what we once did with TNT: saturation bombing. Russia, too, will have atomic bombs in stockpile quantity and the planes to pierce any American defense and deliver enough A-bombs to destroy a part of the nation. At this point, they argue, it will be absurd to talk of superiority; when we can annihilate their cities and they can annihilate ours, our surplus becomes meaningless.

This situation, the Balanced Forces people say, is not theory. It will be with us in a few years: we are speeding into the era of the atomic stalemate.

Under stalemate, wars will occur and may be fought with nonatomic weapons. One example was Korea. Russia could have supplied China with atomic bombs and poison gas. We, too, had both. Yet Korea was fought largely with the tools of World War II, including carbine, grenade and bayonet. Suppose a satellite stooge, say Bulgaria, invades Greece and we decide to defend Greece. Would the persons directing our defense establishment give our pilots the atomic bomb and invite atomic reply? Conceivably both belligerents would leave the atomic stuff at home and match strength with old arms, as they did in Korea. Under such stalemate, the nation that junks tanks and infantry stands helpless before the nation that has them. So, say the Balanced Forces advocates, hang onto the Army, Navy and Marines, whatever else you buy—whether Hemisphere or Ten-X.

The fourth school I spoke of, the Settle It proponents, probably will not break into the open when the great defense debate begins, but they will be there listening—perhaps waiting to see if some kind of standoff develops that will give them reason to come forward. At present, they dread the word "appeasement" so deeply that they talk only off the record, or speculatively—"just thinking out loud, you know."

To them, settlement becomes an unavoidable alternative whenever they hear a physicist's explanation of vaporization. Their minds jump to settlement when they learn there is a dispute as to whether the vast and costly installations proposed for continental defense are worth a hoot.

Another Reason for Settlement

Settlement springs to mind when they visualize 10 years of atomic race with Russian leaders who may not understand that the Communist-capitalist argument, brought to its ultimate conclusion, could cause a mutation of the human species.

After such reflection they reach a startling conclusion: that our government should try to defer the political showdown with Russia, to put the argument on ice. Some believe we should attempt neither to settle the argument nor aggravate it, but should try for a moratorium—so that two later generations in Russia and the United States will inherit a world where science automatically imposes an atomic stalemate.

I know no one willing to step up and be as forthright publicly as some are privately. But I have heard guarded proposals for something which they won't call appeasement and which amounts to just that. They have taken note of the amounts Russia spends on its own air-atomic force, of the atomic bombs Russia has in stockpile, of Russia's hydrogen advances, and of the ability of the Russian air force to deliver. They believe the United States must acknowledge that when two major powers have hydrogen weapons, recourse to war is out, whatever the differences. The fact that one of the two powers is immoral—an imperialistic criminal—does not change the fact, they say, that our inflexibility may cause the vaporization of our cities. At about this point in reasoning some may soon start to consider "appeasement" a word with less horror than "vaporization."

Russia is advancing rapidly in hydrogen developments. Russia has the older atomic bomb in stockpile quantity. Russia has planes reasonably close, in size and range, to our own and in numbers that permit simultaneous attack over many parts of America. Russia has a cross section of the whole guided-missiles family.

Now that atomic weapons can be carried by submarines, fighter planes and by rockets, the Reds have recourse to many combinations in shaping an atomic Pearl Harbor. If they can get through, they can wreak destruction upon cities.

As a member of the Senate, I know that the coming debate will be more vital than any I've seen since I first was elected to Congress in 1936.

Consider the pressures, the people affected. Consider America's mayors, who attend civil defense meetings and learn there is really little that man can do to ward off hydrogen weapons. They emerge, these mayors, look at their cities and visualize ruins. Some will buy the logic of Ten-X, and pray. Others will mobilize their city councils, come to Washington, storm Congressional hearings and demand that the country buy Hemisphere at its

ake at least ten years and 200 BILLION dollars . . .

widest magnitude. Others will begin to think of Settlement.

There are governors who stare at their industrial cities knowing that there isn't enough money in the world to decentralize certain heavy industries. There are establishments crucial to our defense in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago and in a hundred other cities which cannot be put underground without 10 years' work and the expenditure of something that sounds like $200,000,000,000. They know that to move, decentralize and rehouse even a small labor force requires five years.

Each governor, each mayor, each property owner, each editor thus becomes a member of the nation's defense council . . . each prepared to argue for what he believes will best assure the survival of America.

It will be quite a session.

Any preview of pressures can anticipate one more—that of the men who look at the cards now in our defense hand and say, "I'll hold these," referring to Strategic Air Command.

SAC is the organization which has helped checkmate Russia. It consists of our atomic bomber force, which is based at various points around the world and which stands ready to take off on a few hours' notice. The decision to create this force seven years ago must stand as the least controversial and one of the most prudent military decisions in American history.

Material for SAC to Study

Each year aviation's newest planes and science's latest nuclear horror are turned over to this outfit. At each outpost, almost every day in the year, the planes are in the air training for the day we hope may never come.

From the beginning, the man in charge of SAC has been General Curtis LeMay. On those days when, behind closed doors, our Senate committee hears about Russia's latest weapon—whether it's a nuclear development, a new plane or biological warfare—we think automatically of SAC. However terrible the news from Russia, however naked the American cities, you don't panic if you remember what our Strategic Air Command has and what it can do. In a world of scientific and military mysteries the one enduring certainty is that American planes are manned and ready to take off with atomic armament.

The Strategic Air Force is not the Ten-X force advocated by some, but its power is such that many informed people simply cannot believe that the Russians can give serious thought to an attack on America.

Menace Value of the A-Bomb

In the course of the hot and earnest debate on what America must do to be safe, I expect there will be voices supporting the stand recently taken by Mr. Gordon Dean, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. He would have us announce now that we will use atomic bombs, possibly on Russia itself, in reply to the next Communist aggression anywhere. Doubtless there are congressmen who agree with Mr. Dean. Why have a powerful weapon and keep it in our pocket?

But I'll make a minor prediction. If this proposal gets much serious support, it will be countered by another. All men agree that if the United States itself is attacked we should unleash everything we have. But there are many who think we should not lead with the atomic or hydrogen bomb if another minor war breaks out away from our own shores. Some of those who oppose using the big bombs in a distant war would go so far as to say that the President should not have the power to decide when and where atomic war begins. To whom would they give the power? I haven't heard an answer to that question.

Weighing all the arguments of the great debate are the men concerned with the economic future of this nation, men who hold office on the premise that they cannot be buffeted by emotion, who look at the whole picture; that is to say, the administration leaders, from President Eisenhower on down.

This administration won election on a promise to put an end to the heavy spending of the previous 20 years, to lighten taxes and to do something about the contradiction that finds the world's mightiest nation able to balance its budget only twice in two decades. Upon taking office, the Eisenhower administration began to cut spending and to set a date for cutting taxes, and the new officials lost no chance to explain that they intended to balance the budget.

As chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, I am directly concerned with our national budget and with our excessive spending. Every nickel that is earmarked for defense—or for any other purpose—must be approved by my associates on this committee. So I think I may know how the administration views our major problem.

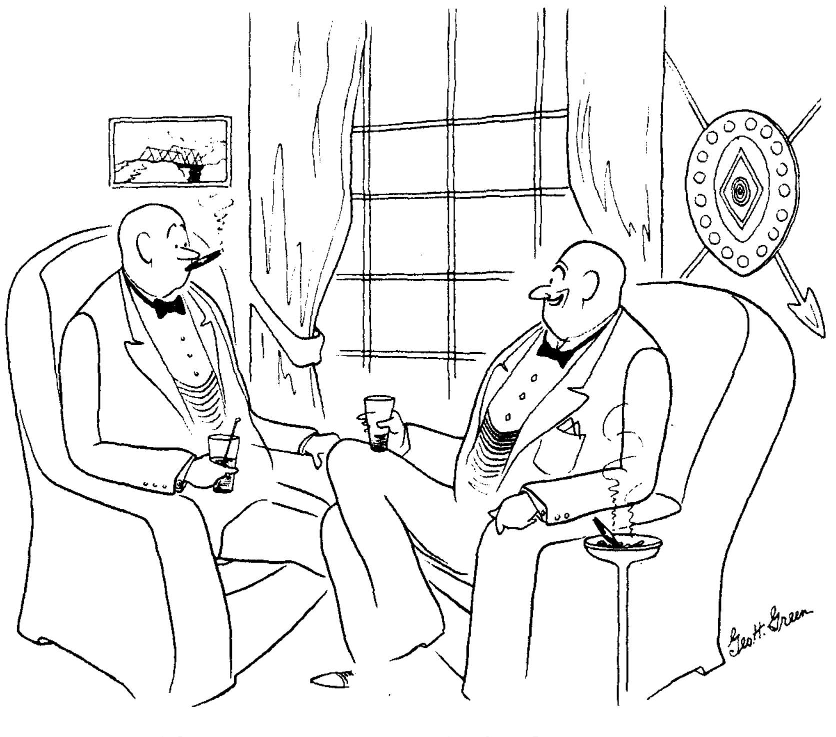
The truth of the matter is that many responsible leaders are tired of panic arguments. When it can be proved that the theory of Perimeter Continental Defense will work, when there are fewer disputes among the scientists themselves, they may buy it. They won't plunge while eminent authorities say that this plan would result in a supercolossal WPA which would employ a great many people and accomplish little else.

When policy makers are convinced that the wisest course is Ten-X, or Balanced Forces, or Perimeter Continental Defense—or a combination of all of these—they will inform the Congress, whatever the cost. Pending such certainty, they aren't buying something which may be obsolete before completion, something to be abandoned half-finished.

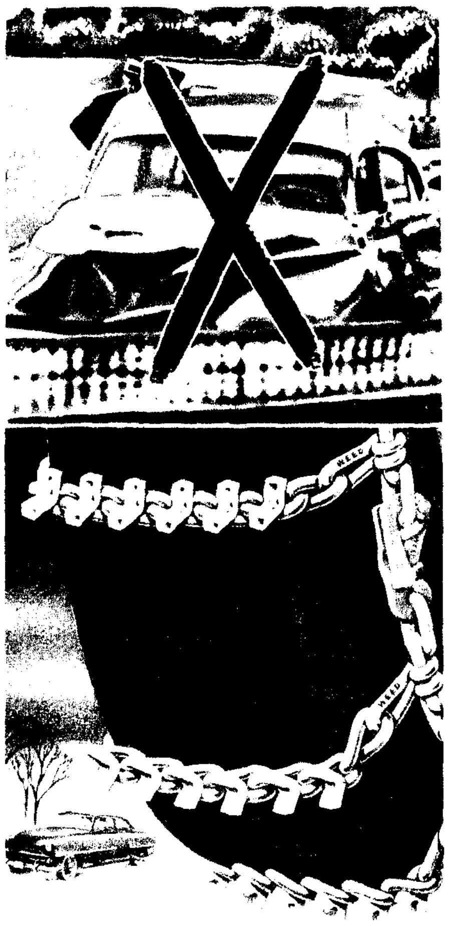
In this trying and confusing situation I'd like to suggest, as I do to my Senate colleagues, that you be as calm as you can. The best-informed men and women in America, along with you, are doing their utmost to find the best answer, the logical solution. This threat to our national survival is a very real one. Everyone in an official position is as anxious as you are to avoid disaster for our country or any part of it.

Dedicated to the Best Solution

I have no panacea, no cure-all, nor do I intend to set forth here my personal recommendations. As an elected representative in the Congress of the United States, I shall have ample opportunity to present my views, as will my colleagues. I want to assure you that we will dedicate ourselves untiringly to finding the best solution, working with the men on whose shoulders falls the responsibility for maintaining the security and defense of our country. We know the issue is crucial and impelling. We know that the destiny of our country, the greatest nation on earth, and the destinies of all free people hang in the balance. With God's help we shall cut through the tangle of conflicting opinions to a solution that will safeguard our security and the security of our friends. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S **"Success is quite a wonderful thing. You meet such interesting relatives"** GEO. H. GREEN



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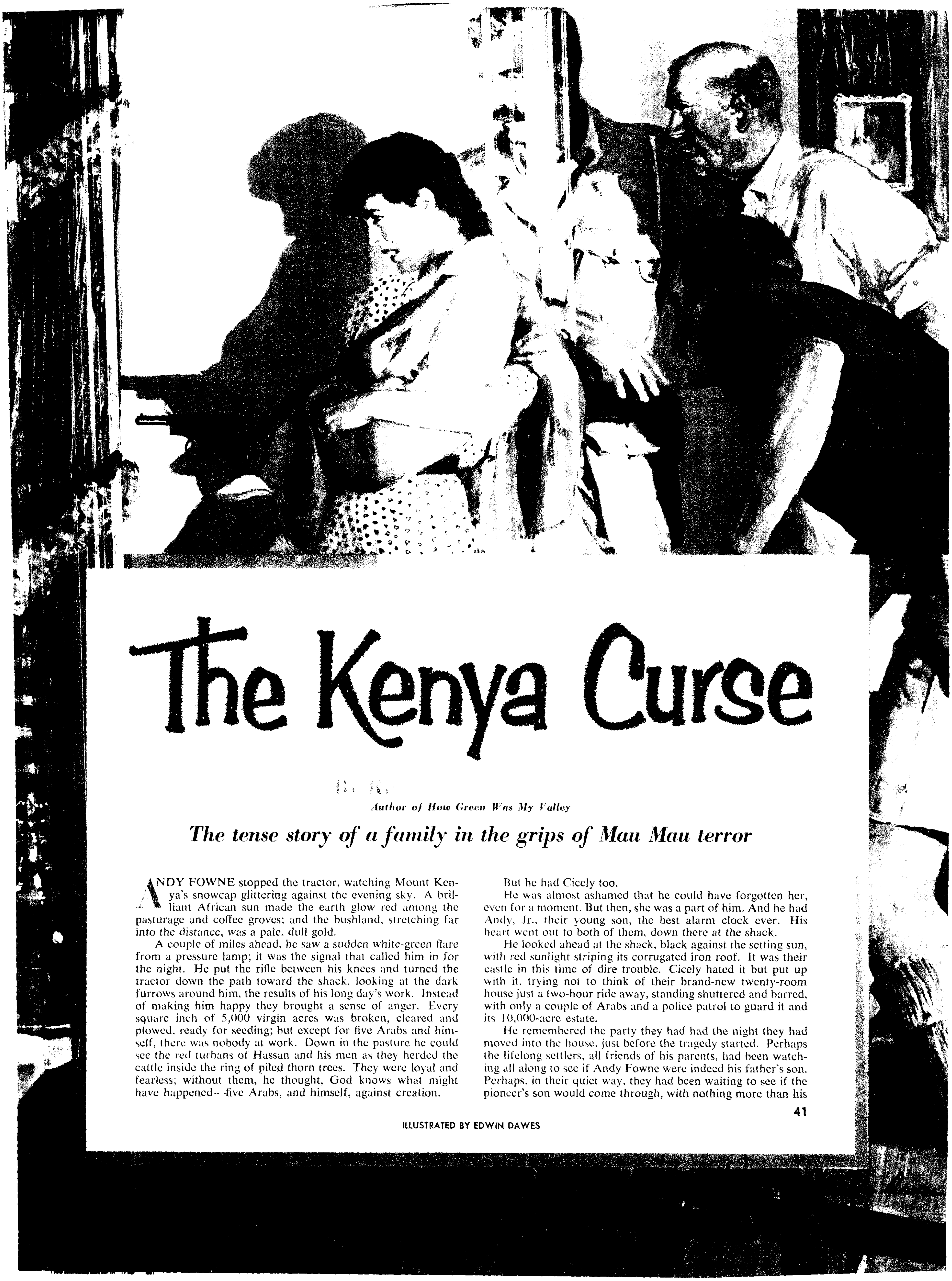
ACCO TRADE MARK

WEED V-BAR TIRE CHAINS

Suddenly, unbelievably, the *panga* was in Nkondo's hand. He was on his feet, a bony scarecrow coated with oil, screaming a curse at Cicely



The Kenya Curse

By Ri [illegible]

Author of How Green Was My Valley

The tense story of a family in the grips of Mau Mau terror

ANDY FOWNE stopped the tractor, watching Mount Kenya's snowcap glittering against the evening sky. A brilliant African sun made the earth glow red among the pasturage and coffee groves; and the bushland, stretching far into the distance, was a pale, dull gold.

A couple of miles ahead, he saw a sudden white-green flare from a pressure lamp; it was the signal that called him in for the night. He put the rifle between his knees and turned the tractor down the path toward the shack, looking at the dark furrows around him, the results of his long day's work. Instead of making him happy they brought a sense of anger. Every square inch of 5,000 virgin acres was broken, cleared and plowed, ready for seeding; but except for five Arabs and himself, there was nobody at work. Down in the pasture he could see the red turbans of Hassan and his men as they herded the cattle inside the ring of piled thorn trees. They were loyal and fearless; without them, he thought, God knows what might have happened—five Arabs, and himself, against creation.

But he had Cicely too.

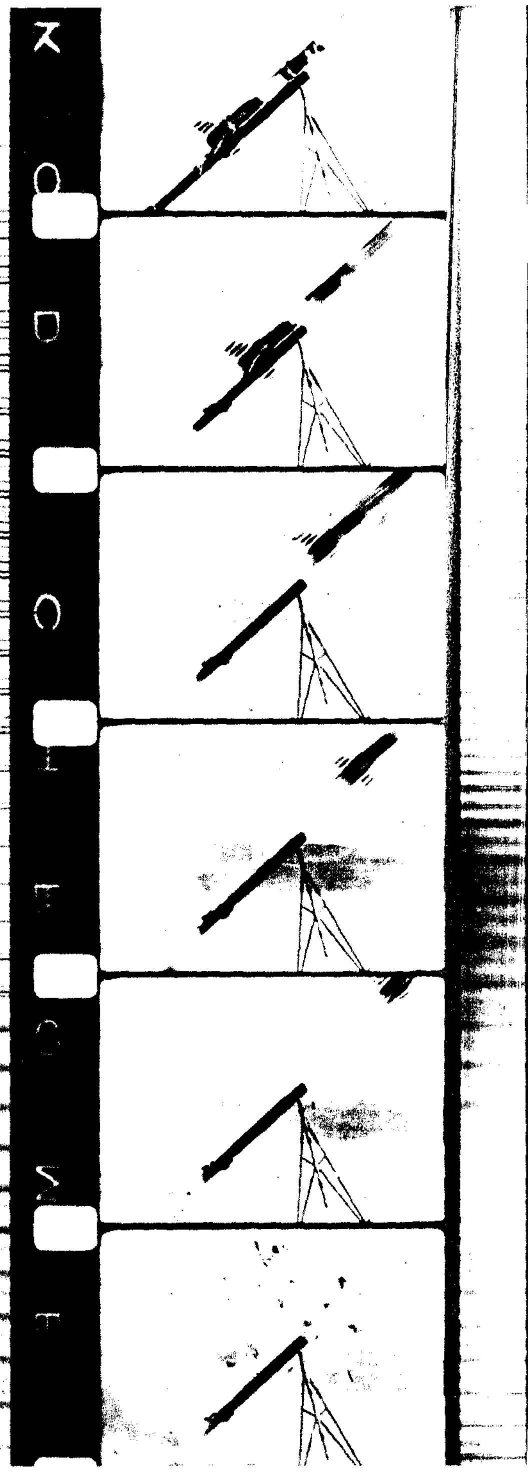
He was almost ashamed that he could have forgotten her, even for a moment. But then, she was a part of him. And he had Andy, Jr., their young son, the best alarm clock ever. His heart went out to both of them, down there at the shack.

He looked ahead at the shack, black against the setting sun, with red sunlight striping its corrugated iron roof. It was their castle in this time of dire trouble. Cicely hated it but put up with it, trying not to think of their brand-new twenty-room house just a two-hour ride away, standing shuttered and barred, with only a couple of Arabs and a police patrol to guard it and its 10,000-acre estate.

He remembered the party they had had the night they had moved into the house, just before the tragedy started. Perhaps the lifelong settlers, all friends of his parents, had been watching all along to see if Andy Fowne were indeed his father's son. Perhaps, in their quiet way, they had been waiting to see if the pioneer's son would come through, with nothing more than his

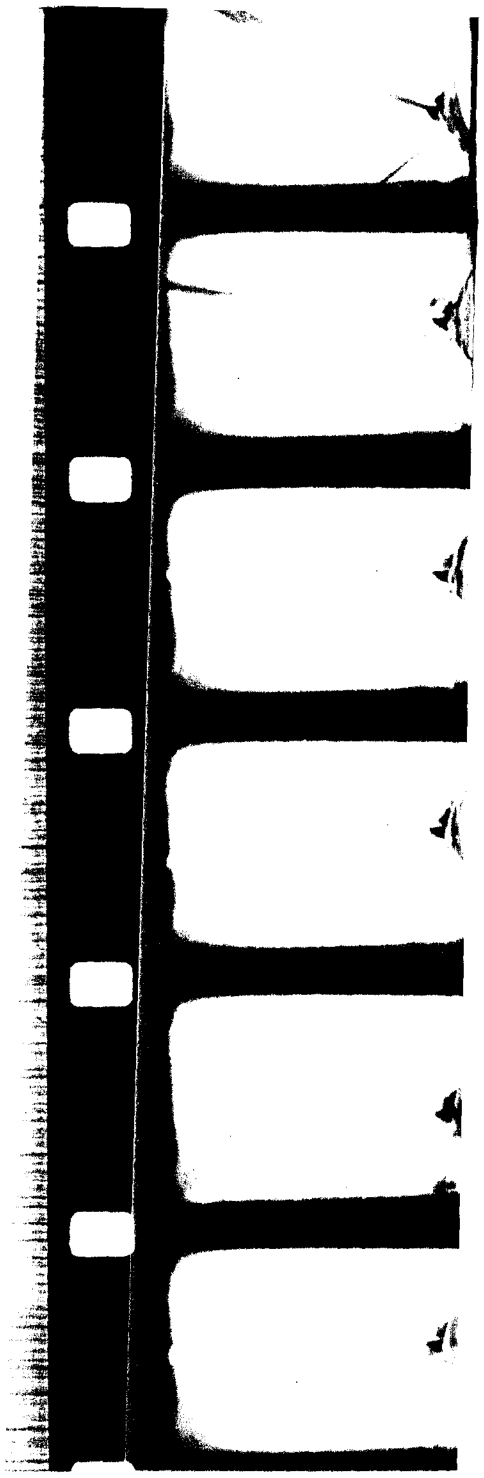
ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Engineers mount cameras and X-wing on supersonic rocket to test wing design.



On California desert, rocket begins flight reaching 3 times speed of sound.

Desert craters fade away as camera records speed effect on the new wing.

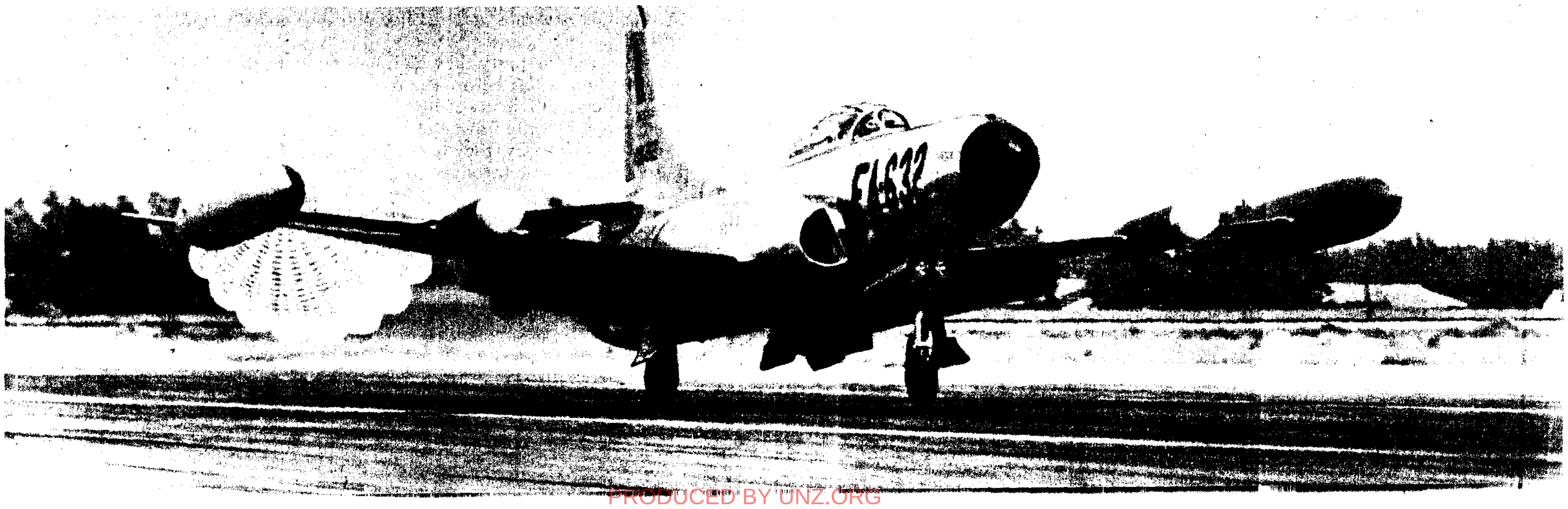


Here, another wing design flaps violen ly from the same high-speed pressu

Lockheed Scientists Shape the Forms o

Lockheed's Expanding Science Center Improves Today's Planes and Develops New Designs fo

FIRST IN THE NATION'S ALL-WEATHER DEFENSE. Lockheed F-94 Starfires are fast jet interceptors loaded with electronics for almost automa flight. Starfires protect vital U. S. cities, even in darkness or bad weather. For 8 years, Lockheed has produced more jets than any other manufactur



LEADERSHIP DEMANDS CONSTANT ACHIEVEMENT

Parachuted to earth, rocket camera is recovered with vital film data on wing

-uture Flight

he Era of Automatic Flight

he above film strips take you behind the enes to show Lockheed scientists testing new ing designs for future aircraft many times ster than today's planes. This is an example : advanced research at Lockheed's expanding :ience Center. Scientist-engineers work with ıclear energy, pilotless aircraft, electronics stems, new metals for the era of automatic ght, and swift new commercial planes more ımfortable than your living room.

Lockheed discoveries in *pure* science are atched by Lockheed progress in *applied* ience. Lockheed's science of design has proıced a radar-laden team of protecting military rcraft—flying radar stations, almost automatic terceptors and anti-submarine patrol bombers. :ill in the science of production enables Lock:ed to produce 12 different models simulta:ously—and all models are on schedule today.

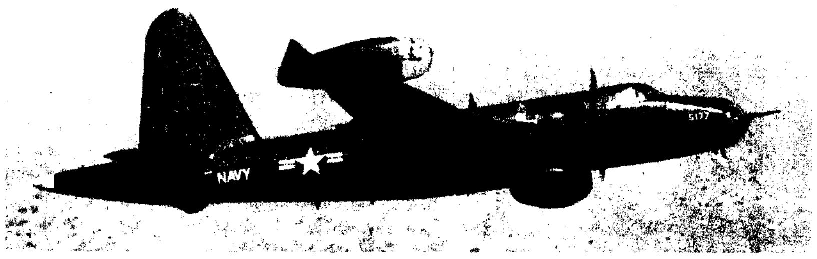
Announcement

Important news in the U. S. aircraft industry this month was establishment by Lockheed of a new Missile Systems Division, a separate organization integrating 10 years of research and development in the field of electronics and pilotless aircraft. Important progress in current top-secret work at Lockheed prompted the decision to establish the new division and to move strongly into the expanding field of automatic flight.

SCIENCE CENTER—*Future forms of flight are studied here in Lockheed's new Engineering and Science Building in Burbank.*

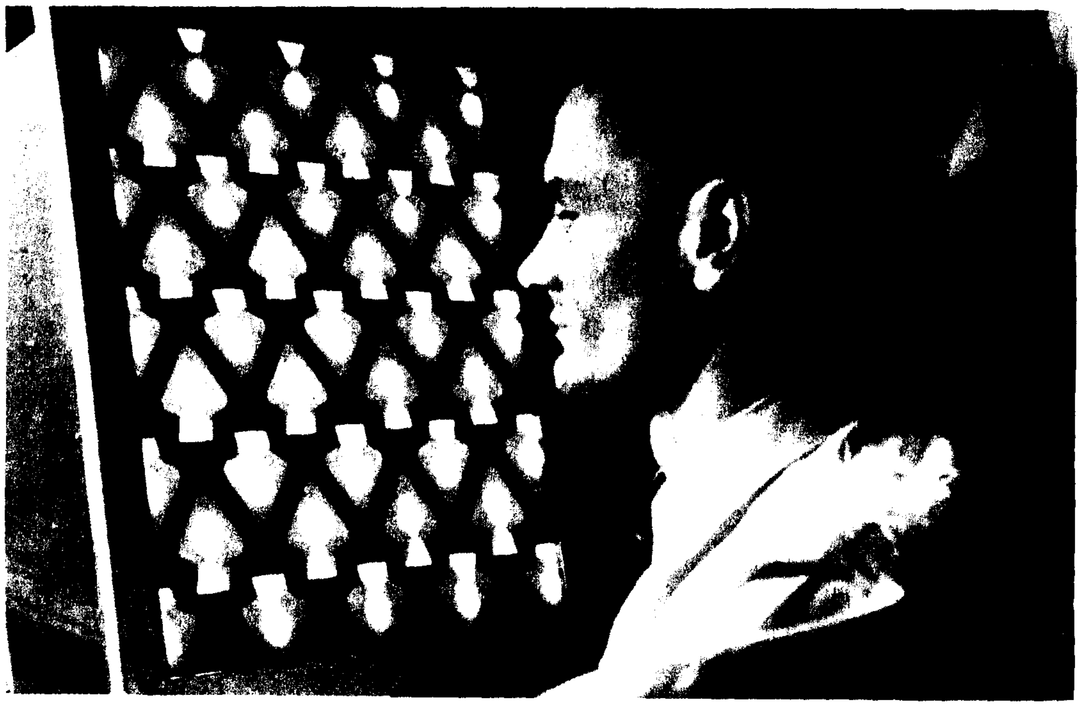
FIRST! FLYING RADAR STATION. Lockheed Super Constellations, with radar humps, provide Navy and U. S. A. F. with new concept of defense—a new method of detecting approaching bombers hours in advance through applied electronics.

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE



FIRST! ELECTRONIC SUB PATROL—Advanced models of Lockheed P2V Neptune Bombers give U. S. Navy long-range anti-submarine patrol with destructive power and advanced scientific sonic devices.

TOMORROW'S METALS. Planes 10 to 25 years from now, currently under study by Lockheed, will require new materials to withstand speeds many times faster than sound. Here, Lockheed scientist checks X-ray film of new metal.



COMING SOON—*Look for other dramatic new Lockheed models soon, including XF-104 Day Superiority Fighter.*

Lockheed

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California, and Marietta, Georgia

LOOK TO LOCKHEED FOR LEADERSHIP

young wife's faith, a war veteran's bank loan and his own two hands to work with. He had come through, every step of the way, with Cicely. And suddenly, in the middle of the party, everybody had started cheering; he found Cicely's hand in his, and they faced the crowd of well-wishers together, knowing they had been accepted—not as land grabbers, but as settlers and Kenyans.

AFTER the last guest had left, Cicely had gone all over the house turning water faucets on and off, all for the sheer joy of having tap water and showers and real porcelain baths. There was no real bathroom at the shack, only a tin tub on a specially tiled floor, and a cistern outside that got filled every morning with brown water from the river, seven miles away; Cicely boiled Andy, Jr.'s, bath water in the outside boiler and strained it through a cloth.

She had wanted the house for so long, yet now that she had it she was kept out of it by a nation-wide disaster, a satanic nightmare labeled Mau Mau, for want of a better name. Every time he thought of it, the hurt and anger and bewilderment he had felt over these endless months went a little deeper.

Mau Mau: it was almost a nursery word, but it stood for fear and murder. And there was little he could do about it except get on with the job, give thanks to be alive and hope for blessed deliverance—and for an answer to the tragedy of Nkondo.

Andy wondered again why he never felt rage or hatred at the thought of Nkondo—only a steady desire to kill him and wipe away the memory.

As he turned the tractor into the dust along the main track, he thought again of the old carefree life of only twelve months ago, almost seeing the patterns the chandelier lights made on the parquet floors at the club, and hearing again the laughter from crowded salons and the music from the dancing room. Like the others, he and Cicely had been happy in the knowledge of another week well spent. But that gay, productive life had crumbled in the space of one night. He could still recall Hassan's voice screaming over the club telephone, the first warning of Mau Mau attack, and his own panic during the drive back to the estate with Cicely.

And then, running for the dairy pasture, he had heard the long, bubbling moan that sometimes rose to a bellowing shriek. He had stood there at the edge of the pasture, looking at his fallen cattle—over two hundred head—heaving and struggling, their forelegs churning the bloodied turf. Their piteous eyes rolled and their tongues lolled as they struggled to pull themselves up on four legs. But Mau Mau brutes had slashed the tendons of their hind legs with *panga* knives, and the flesh gaped raw, and blood gushed on the grass.

Andy cursed, remembering every detail, even the reddened mud on Cicely's dinner frock as she knelt there, sobbing her heart out. He could hear her sobs among the rifle shots as he and Hassan walked among the herd, putting them out of their misery. He heard Hassan order his men to work, and he heard the bulldozer digging trenches, and the scraper piling the carcasses in, and tractors plowing the bloodied grass. And he saw that sickly dawn again, with no evidence of the carnage except the long, fresh furrows in the pasture and the flattened humps of earth along the riverbank—and the few cattle that had escaped.

Mau Mau, the terror that had come overnight to take all joy out of life and almost all decency out of living, had also claimed Nkondo, and changed him from the sturdiest of friends into a fugitive traitor.

There was no explanation for it: Nkondo, Andy's childhood playmate, brought up with him, baptized with him at the Kikuyu Mission. That tall, fine-looking Kikuyu of the great laughter, and the lion heart for hard work, had been his lifelong companion and friend right up until that night.

Then Nkondo had disappeared, with no sign, no word about Mau Mau.

Andy spat in the dust. Nkondo's behavior was as much a mystery as Mau Mau itself—that blood-oath sect in the Kikuyu tribe that had crept through the forest and bushland, bringing catastrophe to good men and bad alike. Its history was written, for the most part, in the spilled blood of men, women and children, slashed as the cattle had been but with even less mercy. And Nkondo, in hiding now with a price on his head, was one of the leaders of Mau Mau.

"My brother is in the Men's Army Corps . . ."

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

As always, Andy could only shake his head, raging at his own stupidity in letting this disease take hold without his knowledge, without his being able to spot a single sign; he, the son of a pioneer settler, a Kenyan born and bred among the Kikuyus, tended by Nkondo's Kikuyu mother, and speaking the Kikuyu language as a native—even he had suspected nothing.

HE DROVE the tractor under its thatch shelter and unhitched the plow. The shack's front door opened and Cicely stood outlined against the screen, the .45 automatic she wore all day and kept under her pillow at night making a very distinct bulge on her hip. It was just after Andy, Jr.'s, bath time, and because she always lost her hairpins in the struggle of bathing him, she had a towel wrapped around her black hair.

The shack's tiled floor was covered with dust that never settled day or night. A table had been set without linen, and another table held plates and silver for extra guests. Paper streamers and bells festooned the rooftree; and over the fireplace, orange-bright from the log fire, a placard told everybody that Andrew Fowne, Jr., was one year old today.

"Where's the boss?" Andy said, kissing her.

"In his cot, quiet as a lamb," she said, going on with her decorating. "And what do you think? He's got a new trick. He almost tore the shirt off my back."

"His instincts are healthy enough," Andy said and grinned.

"All very well, but I haven't got a decent stitch. I couldn't do my laundry today because of that dust storm. I'll look a sight tonight."

Andy thought of her attractive dresses down at the other house. Tonight would have been one to remember down there, with a couple of hundred friends, a garden buffet, lights in the trees, and Cicely in the *bouffant* Dior gown she had never worn. He put his arm around her. "Poor old girl," he said. "It can't last much longer."

"Your bath's ready," she said, smiling. "But where's Bharran Singh with all my tidbits for the party?"

"Probably blown a tire, or the engine conked," he said, going into the makeshift bathroom and taking off his dirty shirt. "How they ever get that old wreck on the road at all beats me."

As if it had been challenged, the old truck, with one headlight shining like an orange eye, turned into the track at the foot of the ridge. Cicely cheered and ran out. As he bathed, Andy could hear her talking gaily with her first visitors in a week, ushering them in.

Cicely was ready to hug Bharran Singh, the black-bearded Sikh bus driver, and she could have kissed Dutt Lal, the gentle and ancient village storekeeper. They were her links, she called them, with civilized life.

When Andy came out, in clean clothes, one candle gleamed on a birthday cake in the middle of the room. Champagne bottles poked out of a tin bathtub disguised with silver paper and packed hard with ice under damp sackcloth. All the little delicacies she had ordered were being lifted out of Dutt Lal's boxes: the caviar, the biscuits, the *foie gras* and *antipasto*, the turkey in foil, the salad and the fruit. And the men had brought flowers in chipped ice, fresh-cut that afternoon.

Cicely knelt, with her face in the petals. Andy saw storm signals, knowing she was thinking of her garden at home, if not of the party she might have given there. "Don't you think these two are a couple of heroes?" he asked, smiling at Dutt Lal. "Roadblocks for over a hundred miles, ambushes any moment, bullets at any time, just for us and a baby's birthday?"

That was all she needed. "They're a pair of darlings," she declared, instantly herself again. "They even brought the face cream and shampoo I forgot to put on the list."

"My wife is reminding," Bharran Singh said, laughing. "She is saying how is poor girl cleaning without? It is too long since she is having last lot."

"Women are same people," Dutt Lal said. "My wife is sending for present a small family item, please?" He held up three pairs of cotton rompers, each embroidered with Andy, Jr.'s, initials. Cicely exclaimed with delight; but then Bharran Singh pulled the ribbons off a box and held up a wooden model of his truck. It was perhaps lucky that Andy, Jr.'s, yowl came clear as a bell just then or Cicely might have burst into tears. Instead she thanked them quickly and rushed into the bedroom.

The party atmosphere left the room with Cicely. The three men, their faces sober, began to discuss the news of the last few days. "I see no end," Dutt Lal said somberly. "When I am young man I am having no trouble with any tribe. But today, many African youths—they do not want to work."

"War is the new industry," Bharran Singh said. His gesture rattled the steel bangle on his wrist. "Everywhere they are hearing about war, but only lazy people are having time to fight."

Headlights shone outside the shack and horns honked on the bridge. "It's Hilary!" Andy shouted toward the bedroom. "Two truckloads!"

Cicely, looking very exasperated, appeared in the doorway. "Sshh!" she whispered. "Do you want this little Frankenstein up all night?"

"It's his party," Andy protested. "And he's not a Frankenstein!"

"He's exactly like his father," Cicely whispered. "A horror!"

THE trucks stopped outside in a flurry of dust. Hilary Thew got out of the first truck, spry as a monkey for all his seventy-odd years. When Andy went out he saw Fran Clate helping Bradie Beck out, all 200 pounds of her, and Micky Beck—half his wife's size—coming around to help. Fran Clate, in her sixties and slim as a sylph, looked like a child beside Bradie.

Inspector Tigue and Sergeant Hurlen of the Kenya Police, both in their day uniforms, were in the second truck, with Bulky Byndall and Pieter van Oes, a couple of neighbors. Cicely called to them and ran out, and then, remembering Andy, Jr., she led them into the shack on tiptoe.

"Couldn't rope in anybody else," Hilary told Andy. "Too far out."

Dutt Lal and Bharran Singh had to get home, more than two hours away, and refused Cicely's invitation to stay. Andy shook hands with them and tried to thank them, but they waved him off, grinning, and took their leave, vowing to return soon with more supplies.

Inside the shack again, he found Cicely ignoring her guests and arguing vehemently with Bulky Byndall. Bulky—Gerald Mansard Ulric Byndall—was an ex-major, a postwar settler; and, so far as Andy was concerned, he was a congenital pain in the neck. He appeared to be convinced that anyone of Kenyan birth was inferior in all respects to a native Briton, and he made no secret of his attitude: Frenchmen were frogs; Italians were spaghetti-bashers; Asians were bazaar-wallahs; and, naturally, native Africans were literally nothing.

"They're two of the best friends I've got!" Cicely was insisting. "And they'll come into my house wherever I happen to be. Why shouldn't they?"

"They and their kind are hand in glove with the Mau Mau," Bulky said, smiling down at her with wry contempt. "They haven't the guts of a louse."

"They come all this way, week after week. Whatever the weather or the trouble, they've never failed," Cicely said proudly.

"That's for profit," Bulky said, laughing. "The soul of the bazaar-wallah."

"Whoa!" Andy said, holding out his arm in protest. "This is a party—"

Everybody started talking then, and while Andy filled their glasses Cicely came out of the bedroom with Andy, Jr., wrapped up in a thin shawl, and Hilary Thew won a battle with Bradie Beck over who should hold him.

"This is the second Andrew Fowne I've toasted as a baby," he said, looking at Andy, Sr. "It seems only yesterday that I was with your father and mother toasting you, thirty—how many?—

years ago. As a Kenyan, I'm proud to hold a third-generation compatriot. But I'm very glad he's too young to know what a disgusting mess we've allowed this land to get into. Ladies and gentlemen, let us drink to the life and happier times of Andrew Fowne the Third, citizen of the country his grandparents helped to create, that they labored all their lives to keep green and smiling!"

Everyone tried to keep the unwritten law not to say a word about Mau Mau. Surprisingly, it was difficult; and in one of the silences, Hilary brought a laugh by wondering out loud what on earth they could have talked about before the start of the terror. Cicely helped by announcing that it was time to carve the turkey.

But as Micky Beck was cutting off the first drumstick, a thud splintered the wood of the back door and almost shook the lamp off its bracket.

In the second of silence that followed, they did not speak, but automatically reached for their pistols. Hilary Thew swung the pressure lamp inside the cupboard, and in darkness, Bulky Byndall and Micky Beck crept into the wash-house extension, toward the back door. Inspector Tigue and Sergeant Hurlen opened the front door and tiptoed out. Andy ran into the bedroom and unfastened the window screen, training a rifle over the wide, bare plowland toward the waste. Nothing moved out there. A long way off jackals were yelping.

"All right," Inspector Tigue called from the other side. "Nkondo's left his visiting card. Stand easy!"

Andy barred the window again, and went out to find Inspector Tigue working a warrior's spear from the split door panels. A cat's body, with the head cut off, had been impaled on the two-foot steel blade, and blood was dripping in a dark pool on the step. The group stood there for a moment, silent.

"Mau Mau," Sergeant Hurlen said. "Death warning."

"Dear Master Nkondo," Hilary whispered. "He takes a nasty risk—"

"You couldn't prove it was Nkondo," Andy said, but he felt sick.

PIETER VAN OES spat. "Dirty murdering scum," he said in his Afrikaans English. "Who else but him'd know you might have a party tonight? Who else knew the date? Ten to one we'll all have a chicken or a cat nailed on our doors tonight. Your great friend—"

"Careful what you're saying, Pieter," Andy said, wheeling on him. "Don't sling that Boer tripe at me!"

"You can't deny it! Boer tripe it may be, but it's three hundred years old, the warning you've never took any notice of. So your women and children get murdered, and it damn' near ruins you, makes you live like a common laborer—"

"Fancy having to take what we do from a crowd of natives," Bulky said. "They should all have been shot."

"A gun and a whip," Pieter said. "That's the language—"

"Just a minute," Hilary Thew said. He walked over and stood in front of Andy. "Look, Pieter, that South African stuff won't do any good here."

"We'd be a lot better off," Bulky began. "We've all been soft—"

"That's enough!" Hilary said coldly. "You haven't been in Kenya long enough to know. Knocking over Kikuyus is more blood sport than anything else for you. You're not interested in the country—only in profit."

"Blast it all, haven't I had to close my farm and almost ruin myself?" Bulky shouted.

"Don't blame it on Mau Mau," Hilary said in the same cool tone. "That's only an excuse for your own bone-idleness. We put up game laws here to protect the wildlife. It's time we had a few to protect human life, Kikuyu or not—"

"*You've* shot them!" Van Oes said.

"Certainly I've shot them," Hilary cried. "And if I ever catch you with a *panga* knife near my cattle, I'll shoot you, too!"

"This is supposed to be a birthday party," Andy said tiredly. "And here we are, arguing in the same old way."

Inspector Tigue lifted the cat on the spear tip. "I'll bury this," he said, "and then be off. I'll warn the patrol you might have visitors."

"I don't think Nkondo would dare," Andy said, looking across the waste.

"You've had a long time for thinking," Pieter said somberly. "It's high time you got practical-minded—"

Bradie Beck put her head around the corner, and the moon flashed in her spectacles, turning her into a grinning owl. "Are you men going to stand there arguing all night?" she whispered.

THE rest of the evening, though everyone tried to be cheerful, was strained. The thought of the headless cat, and its warning of death to all under that roof, made party conversation impossible. "The soiree's down the drain," Cicely whispered to Andy at one point. "I'll get the girls and Hilary and Micky to stay over. Hang Bulky and Pieter. I wish they'd stayed in camp!"

"This means I sleep out in the tractor shed?" Andy said. "Micky too?"

"I guess so," Cicely said. "Fran and Bradie in our bed, Andy, Jr., in the corner, me on the divan. Hilary's got the truck. Easy!"

They stood outside the shack together, arms about one another's waists, saying good night to Bulky and Pieter and the two policemen. "Strange," Hilary said, watching the truck drive off. "Nkondo's left his mark on this country. A former cabdriver!"

"He was a great deal more when he was given the right opportunity," Andy said. "I'd give anything to know why he threw it all away. I never found anything of the martyr in him—"

"He learned about martyrs at the mission," Hilary said. "That's irony!"

Andy felt Cicely's arm tighten around his waist. "I can't feel as understanding about him as you do," she said quietly. "Trusting him as we did, giving him everything—"

"Some of the other settlers called it pampering," Hilary said. "They blame you, there. Spoiling him—"

"They'll have to do a lot more spoiling when they start importing white labor," Andy said. "Then they'll have to pay real wages, and build new towns. Nkondo was worth all I paid him—"

"So he hangs dead cats on my door—" Cicely said, looking off toward Mount Kenya.

"There's no evidence it's Nkondo," Andy said.

"Setting fire to our pasture," Cicely went on as if she had not heard him. "Murdering our poor cattle—"

"Darling," Andy said, "it's unfair to put it all on him. I'd like to think he was one of the innocents they threatened into taking the oath."

Cicely sensed, as always, what was in his mind. "Don't worry, darling," she whispered. "Whether he did or not, we'll never quarrel about it."

Hilary took her arm. "Cicely," he said, "you could have pushed off with the other wives who couldn't take it here. You could be strolling in the sands in Monte Carlo; after all, you could afford it. Instead, here you are washing pots and wearing a gun, right out in the thick of it—"

"Now, Hilary," Cicely warned him. "How much do you want to borrow?"

"A little of your courage," Hilary said, bowing and holding the door open for her. "Permit an old curmudgeon the honor of drinking your health."

Fran Clate came in wearing an old white wrapper of Cicely's; Bradie had tied a sheet around her huge bulk.

"Too much gal," Bradie boomed, with a safety pin in her teeth. "Couldn't wear the nightie or the wrap. What I need's a tent. And a bludgeon for dear Bulky!"

"He was rude to Micky," Fran said. "All in good fun, of course."

"His manners seem to have vanished," Cicely said. "What did he say?"

It was privately understood by his friends that Micky, a bad stammerer, was included in any conversation without his having to join in unless he felt like it. Generally he said little, and stayed like a chick under Bradie's wing.

"Th-th-that B-" he began, smiling at Bradie.

"Bulky said I was afraid to go home tonight because I only had Micky to protect me," Bradie said.

"What are we coming to?" Fran said sharply. "Must we even make jokes about being nervous over going home! What in Heaven's name is going to stop all this killing?"

Hilary shrugged. "If you show a young Kikuyu that he can poke his tongue out at the elders of his own tribe, you've destroyed tribal authority," he said. "Mau Mau could only happen in a tribe without discipline."

"But we obey *our* law!" Cicely said angrily. "We should have been stricter with them—"

"Young lady," Hilary said, turning to her. "You respect the law because there are nearly two thousand years of civilization behind you. The Kikuyus never had constitutional law."

"L-l-legislate," Micky started to say.

"Get hold of the Kikuyus who want to work and pay them properly—" Andy began.

"There's the quarrel," Fran said quietly. "I don't think many whites will agree with you."

"Ah, hell!" Andy said. "Why can't somebody see that a Kikuyu's got just as much right to be called a citizen of the country as any Bulky Byndall? But the Kikuyus have never been treated like citizens. We've simply got to be plain Kenyans, all of us!"

"Sh-h, or you'll wake the leading citizen," Cicely said. "It's bedtime."

ANDY helped Hilary make his pallet in the truck, and they strolled over to the tractor shed to smoke a last cigarette. They could hear the women inside having a quiet laugh, making a bed for Micky on an old table.

"I used to love watching that when I was a youngster," Hilary said, nodding at Mount Kenya's gleaming peak. "It was a single candle on a mighty altar, my shining hope."

He sat on the plow, looking back at the shack. "Can't think what's happened to Bulky," he said. "Seems to have gone gun-crazy. Used to be rather a nice chap. Funny how colonials of his kind all dramatize this defender-of-the-far-flung-outposts business. But if you dare say a word against them,

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HERSELF ALONE

By

CHARLES MERGENDAHL

Lora had never known such boredom as she found in the isolated mining town in the Andes. She hunted for excitement, ready to pay any price they say you're on the natives' side and can't see the whole truth any longer."

"Snobbery," Andy said, looking toward Mount Kenya. "We've been shoved out of India and half shoved out of everywhere else for the same reason: no common sense and lots of snobbery."

"Andy," Hilary said thoughtfully, "I think you ought to be worried about Nkondo. A lot of people think you might be hiding him. They don't understand why you're living up here like a squatter. It's gossip, of course—"

"If I ever see Nkondo, I'll have to decide whether to kill him in cold blood," Andy said flatly. "This is the way my father and mother had to live, and I'm here as an example to the Kikuyus. I must prove I can work alone. This way's got to succeed; if it doesn't, my idea of Kenya is a myth."

"But your other place, Andy?" Hilary said. "Everyone wonders why you would shut up a new house and let thousands of acres of coffee go."

"Tell them that if they want to know my business to come and ask me," Andy said. "Tell them also, if they're suspicious of my views, that my friends are my friends—Asians, Africans, Arabs, whoever they are. They're Kenyans and so am I."

CICELY heard the whispers through the bedroom window. The night was cool, and a breeze blew among the thorn trees, making a sound like thousands of patient people waiting for something, whistling little tunes under their breath. The sound had plagued her mind since the moment she first heard it. It was the song of the land, Andy had said, but to her there was challenge in that endless and dreary humming. "Go away with your terror," it seemed to be saying, "hurry; get out while you can."

These thoughts that haunted Cicely's mind had begun more than a year ago. She recalled Nkondo's apparent delight that Andy and she were to have a child, and his promise of a great dance, with troupes brought from the Kikuyu Reserve. She had been so heavy then that she could barely walk, but she had made happy plans to house and feed Nkondo's friends.

Nkondo, the traitor, had shepherded the dancers in with masses of flowers, until the entire house bloomed with color. And he had brought the mission-school choir, in a tableau of the Adoration, to sing little chants around Andy, Jr.'s, cot. She remembered Andy, Sr.'s, deep pride in his son—and in his great friend Nkondo.

" 'Kondi," he had said, using the familiar diminutive, "we were born the same day. Why couldn't we have had sons the same day?"

"Oh, Andy!" Nkondo had replied in his precise English, "among so many delectables, why should a man tie himself down before the gray hairs come?"

Andy had laughed heartily and called his friend a rascal. But there were indeed "delectables" among the Kikuyu girls, and many of them eager for Nkondo—the handsome bachelor, who had his own stone house, tap water, electric lights and European furniture and many head of cattle on the land that Andy had given him, and who called himself Andy's half brother because they had grown up together.

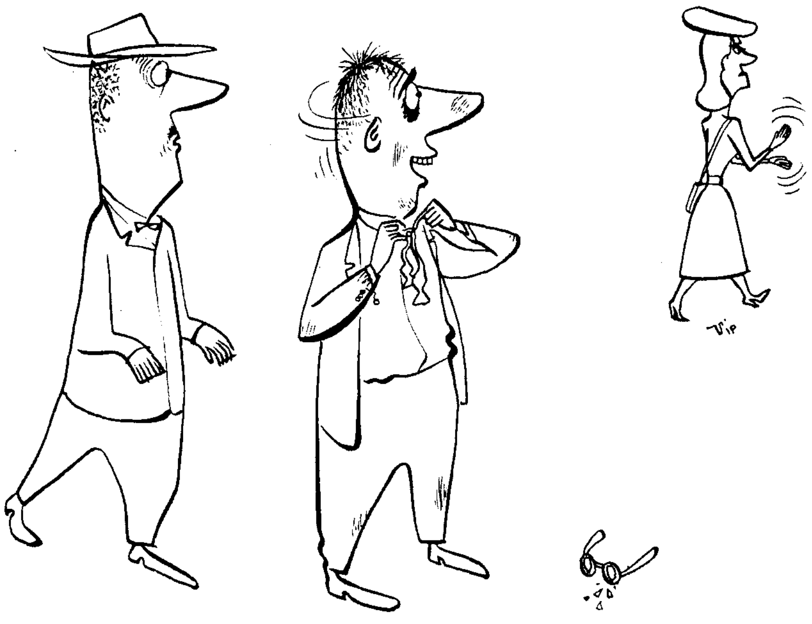
But Nkondo always shied from any mention of what he had done or where he had been during Andy's schooldays in Britain. That twelve years was a dark gap. When Andy had returned to Kenya after the war, Nkondo owned a taxicab in Nairobi, but he had immediately joined Andy as labor supervisor for the Fowne Estates. And without Nkondo's help, Andy acknowledged that he might never have made it. Even now he could not stop being grateful.

Cicely sat up and reached for her slippers and robe. If she could not sleep, she thought, she might just as well go out back and talk to Andy.

He saw her coming and got up to meet her. "Naughty girl!" he scolded. "You'll catch your death of cold."

"Nkondo," she said, sitting down close to him on the camp bed. "Why does he hate us? That cat tonight—"

"I wonder if he knew anything about it," he said in misery. "I've never been able to convince myself—" He saw a movement over by the shack, but he took it for moonlight playing tricks with blowing dust and leaves. He kept his eye on it for a moment, suddenly remembering that his rifle was in the shack and that Cicely was not carrying her automatic. Cicely was watching too, and he felt her shoulders go tense against his arm.



COLLIER'S "*Boy!* That dame *does* things to me" VIRGIL PARTCH

"It's nothing," he told her. "Try to get forty winks. You've got an early morning ahead."

"Six years of that horrible war we had to go through," she whispered, while he held her close. "Bombs and rations and God knows what. Then we come out here and slave for years to get our beautiful house. And the moment we've got it, it all starts all over again. Oh, Andy, I wish they'd leave us alone. It's—"

A LONG-DRAWN shriek rang out, shattering the silence and leaving them cold, unable to move. He heard Cicely's breath catch in her throat. She was up first, running barefoot toward the shack. He scrambled into boots and ran after her, seeing Hilary jumping out of the truck where he had been sleeping. Two shots were fired from inside the shack. He ran in and groped in the darkness for his rifle. Behind him, the moonlight cut a path from the open back door. Fran stood outside, aiming her pistol, firing once and then firing again. Micky Beck fired from around the corner of the shack, and from the truck came three successive shots from Hilary's automatic.

Andy ran out into the white moonlight. Three naked Kikuyus sprawled within yards of each other; light gleamed on the *panga* knives that had fallen among the furrows. A couple of hundred yards away, Andy saw two more men running. He sighted and shot. One man fell. Hilary fired then, and the second runner fell. Micky Beck aimed down toward the thornbrake and brought down another man.

There were faint shouts then, and flaming branches were waved down in the cattle yard. "Hassan may need help," Andy shouted to Hilary. "I'll go. Hang on here with Micky."

He ran down, stumbling through the furrows, passing the corpse of a naked Kikuyu, his grease-coated body glistening in the moonlight. But there was nothing wrong with the cattle. Hassan came out quickly from a hole in the thornbrake's screen. It was a Mau Mau gang, he said, starved out of their haunts, foraging for food. Two of his men were out chasing some more of them. As he spoke, one of the Arabs called a warning from inside the thorn. Andy whirled around and Hassan's hand reached for the dagger in his sash, and then stopped in mid-air.

A group of about a dozen Kikuyu women walked toward them. Their shaven heads looked polished, and their earrings jangled, and their hide skirts flapped about their ankles. Many carried babies, and a few were leading small children.

Hassan shouted to them. A tall woman, with the moon glinting in her eyes, told him that they were wives. In rapid Kikuyu speech, she told how they had watched their husbands die. None of the women showed any signs of grief; they stood silent, waiting.

"Bring them up to the house," Andy told Hassan. "If your men catch anybody else, bring them also. Soon the police will come."

As he approached the shack again, Andy thought he heard the call of wild dogs. He scanned the horizon anxiously but he could see nothing in the distorted shadows cast by the moon. Hilary had a light on in the truck. He saw Cicely outside, and he whistled.

She came slowly across the furrowed ground to meet him. "Bradie," she said faintly. "She was protecting the baby's crib. She's dead."

Andy gripped her arm. "Hilary's going to bring the police," he said. "Go with him. Stay with Fran in Nairobi until I come for you. Where's Micky?"

Cicely gestured toward the truck. "Micky says he can't see," she whispered. "He's crying like a little dog. I think he's—he's insane."

Fran came out, walking stiffly as if she were half paralyzed. Hilary helped her up into the cab of the truck, and Cicely climbed in beside her, holding Andy, Jr., in her arms. Andy stepped onto the running board and kissed them both. "Get the patrol here as soon as you can," he told Hilary.

ANDY watched the truck's headlights pass beyond the foot of the ridge. He walked into the shack. One unopened bottle of champagne sat in a bucket of thawed ice, and he could have laughed at it. Drink to me only with thy blood and aching grief, he thought. To Kenya, my dear country.

He heard the group of captives coming across the plowland, and Hassan's sharp commands, as if he drove cattle. Then Hassan stood in the doorway and salaamed, pointing outside. Two Arabs held a naked Kikuyu, bloodied about the head, too weak to stand alone. "Nkondo," Hassan said. "Thus we did not kill him."

The women and children stood a little way off, a dark group, waiting.

Andy nodded, and the Arabs dragged Nkondo into the shack and let him fall. The women came in noiselessly behind them. Andy stepped back, staring at his old friend, a rush of memories clouding his mind. Then, stiffly, he drew up his rifle, holding it steady at Nkondo's heart.

Nkondo's tall, skin-and-bones body was oiled with sheep fat; he wore a beard as a sign of rebellion against all law, and he wore the earrings of the circumcised Kikuyu tribesman. Blood covered his face from gashes over his eyes and in his cheeks; the Arabs had not been gentle. "Water," he pleaded.

"The river is dry," Andy replied. "You killer of woman, taste her blood and then your own—"

"I have not killed women," Nkondo interrupted.

"You are a brother of those who did," Andy said, steadying his finger on the trigger.

"You were my brother, and a sickness in my blood," Nkondo said. He dragged himself around on the floor so that his back was turned to Andy. "You were my eyes, and a maggot in my sight. You poisoned us with windows that bring the light and flies, and electric lights that burn the sleeping hours and make tired men—"

"For all those improvements you asked," Andy said carefully. "Is it not true that I offered you more? Did you not say that the more you were given, the more of your relatives would live on your riches, as is Kikuyu custom?"

"You gave me a hut, and built a mansion for yourself," Nkondo said. "Should I smile for a gift of five acres and ten cattle? You have the whole world."

"Let me hear what marvels brought you from a pleasant life to this—" Andy said "—owning nothing now except a place on the gallows. Why did you take the oath of Mau Mau?"

"We guide our brothers out of bondage," Nkondo said, staring into the fireplace. "We shall distribute the land, each according to his needs—"

"Stop your claptrap!" Andy cried. "Why did you join Mau Mau?"

"I would be a statesman to further our cause," Nkondo answered in English. "I would tell the whole world the pain of our lives. I would go to Paris and London—"

"So that's the attraction," Andy said

quietly. "The educated few of you getting a fat living—for your own personal benefit. Frightening the rest of them into it."

One of the Kikuyu women, tall and with an impassive face, put her hands together and bowed her head. "Give me his life," she said.

"His life is not a gift," Andy said. "He has turned good men into packs of animals."

"Consult your history," Nkondo shouted. "Everything you took by force. We do the same!"

"He would not kill again," she pleaded. "He killed for us."

Lights flashed, coming up the ridge. Andy heard the sound of a motor and Hassan's shouting. "The police," he said, looking at the group of women, remembering his father and mother and the old house and Nkondo's mother, the jolly woman of the wide grin. But he could hear Bradie Beck's laughter too, and see her—enormous and determined—shielding Andy, Jr., against the downward chop of a *panga* blade; and there was Micky, sitting in the back of the truck and staring at darkness.

The tall Kikuyu woman's huge eyes were watching the rifle in Andy's hands. She ran to crouch at Nkondo's side, but he shook her off, spitting into the fireplace. "I will stand trial," he said. "We have good lawyers. It matters nothing what they give me, or for how long."

The door slammed open, and the woman pulled herself around in front of Nkondo as if to shield him. Cicely stood there with Hilary and Pieter van Oes behind her, her hair blown back from her face. She was smiling at Andy and cradling Andy, Jr., in one arm. She looked at the Kikuyu woman and then back to Andy. She barely glanced at Nkondo.

"Cicely!" Andy said, going to her, "I thought you were on your way."

"So that you could talk to him?" she whispered fiercely. "This traitor?"

"Before the police come," Andy said. "I had to find out—"

"You are the people we must kill!" Nkondo shouted. "The kind people. You poison us. You make us smile at you." He pointed to Cicely and Andy, Jr. "The more you breed, the less land for us—"

ANDY saw the danger almost too late. A wood-chopping *panga* rested against the inside wall of the fireplace. The Kikuyu woman lay against Nkondo so that a shot at him would have killed her. But the short distance to the fireplace, barely a yard, was an easy reach for Nkondo's long arm; and suddenly the knife hilt was in his hand and he was on his feet, a bony scarecrow coated in oil, screeching a curse, lunging at Cicely.

Before Andy could fire, an automatic was whipped from its holster and Cicely shot, point blank, and shot twice more.

There was an outraged screech that dwindled to a long sigh; the *panga* clattered to the floor and Nkondo, holding himself across the chest, fell into the arms of the woman beside him. She lowered him slowly to the floor but she made no effort to straighten his limbs or close his eyes. She gave no sign of fear or hurry. She turned to Cicely and bowed her head and went out.

Andy, Jr.'s, loud wail seemed to bring Cicely out of a half daze. She put the automatic back in the holster, undid the buckle and let the belt fall off. She glanced at Nkondo's body and then turned and walked into the tiny bedroom and laid Andy, Jr., in his crib. Hilary Thew posted himself at the doorway as she went back to Andy.

"I ought to feel sick but I don't," she said quietly. "I never want to see a gun again, that's all."

Sergeant Hurlen and a group of native police ran along the path. Over their shoulders, the lights of more cars shone, coming up the slope. "Another job saved," Sergeant Hurlen said cheerfully, barely looking in at the door. "Nice bag tonight. Nobody else hurt, was there?"

"We're all right," Andy said.

He put his arm around Cicely and took her outside, into the cold air of early morning.

"I made Hilary pick up Pieter and then bring me back," Cicely said quietly. "One of Hassan's men reported you'd got some prisoners. Fran went on to the outpost to look after Micky."

HER face looked almost transparently white in the first blue of dawn, and in her eyes was a calm yet strangely fierce look that he had seen only once before, on the morning Andy, Jr., was born. "It's much harder to bear a child than to kill a man," she said. And then she was sobbing, her arms around him, her head against his chest.

He held her close and watched Mount Kenya's peak take on a fiery glow from the rising sun.

"I wish you'd gone on," he whispered. "Why didn't you?"

She pulled away from him, drying her eyes. "Bradie couldn't," she said. She blew her nose. "She can't leave now—and I won't either. They chased me out of my beautiful house and I let them. They're not going to frighten me out of an ugly little hole like this!"

He took her in his arms again, feeling her tremble.

The door of the shack opened and Pieter and Sergeant Hurlen came out, herding the silent group of Kikuyu women and children before them. "Can't get a word out of them," Sergeant Hurlen said. "Might as well be dumb."

"We'll look after them," Andy said. He turned to the tall woman. "You," he said to her in Kikuyu. "Woman of the right hand of Nkondo. You have a child?"

"A boy," she said and smiled, suddenly proud. "The first, and eldest."

"There shines the sun," Andy said. "I too have the sun upon me. My first and eldest boy shall grow with yours. We shall see them grow together."

The woman laughed happily and stooped to swing a small boy into her arms. "I shall build a hut, my hut," she said. "If there is work, I shall work—"

Andy saw Cicely watching him. A look of love was in her eyes, but there was something else, a sort of puzzlement. "They're as sick of all this as you are," he said. "They want to build their huts and settle down."

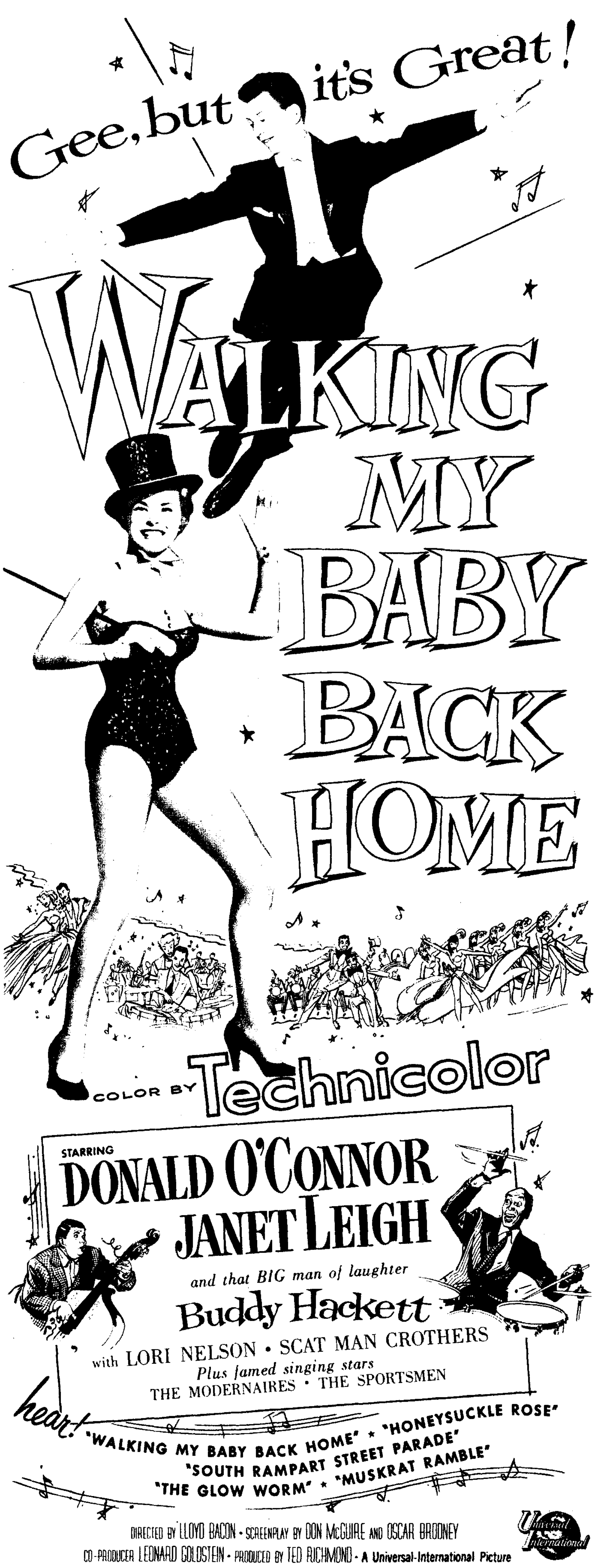
"Could we trust them?" she asked almost fearfully.

"We've got to decide," he said. "This is our chance and it will be our risk. But it's the best way—and perhaps the only way—to live in peace again."

She smiled at him, suddenly and beautifully, and all the tiredness was gone from her face. "Yes," she whispered, "it's the best way."

He drew her to him, in front of all of them, and kissed her, and he heard the women murmur, and saw them begin to smile.

—RICHARD LLEWELLYN



Gee, but it's Great!

WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME

COLOR BY Technicolor

STARRING
DONALD O'CONNOR
JANET LEIGH
and that BIG man of laughter
Buddy Hackett
with LORI NELSON • SCAT MAN CROTHERS
Plus famed singing stars
THE MODERNAIRES • THE SPORTSMEN

hear!
"WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME" * "HONEYSUCKLE ROSE"
"SOUTH RAMPART STREET PARADE"
"THE GLOW WORM" * "MUSKRAT RAMBLE"

DIRECTED BY LLOYD BACON • SCREENPLAY BY DON McGUIRE AND OSCAR BRODNEY
CO-PRODUCER LEONARD GOLDSTEIN • PRODUCED BY TED RICHMOND • A Universal-International Picture

Universal International

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

HERE'S YOUR SHARE

You would have quite a surplus of your own if the U.S. divided its surplus crops

EVERY year, the Commodity Credit Corporation of the Department of Agriculture buys and stores immense quantities of surplus crops, to keep farm prices from dropping too low. Recently, the Tax Foundation—a private organization which seeks to give the public a better understanding of government finances—decided to try an effective little trick with the surplus-buying figures.

What would happen, it wondered, if the government ever opened its huge country store and divided the stock among America's 41,000,000 families?

To show the surprising answer, Collier's assembled one family's share of the surpluses for the photograph on these pages.

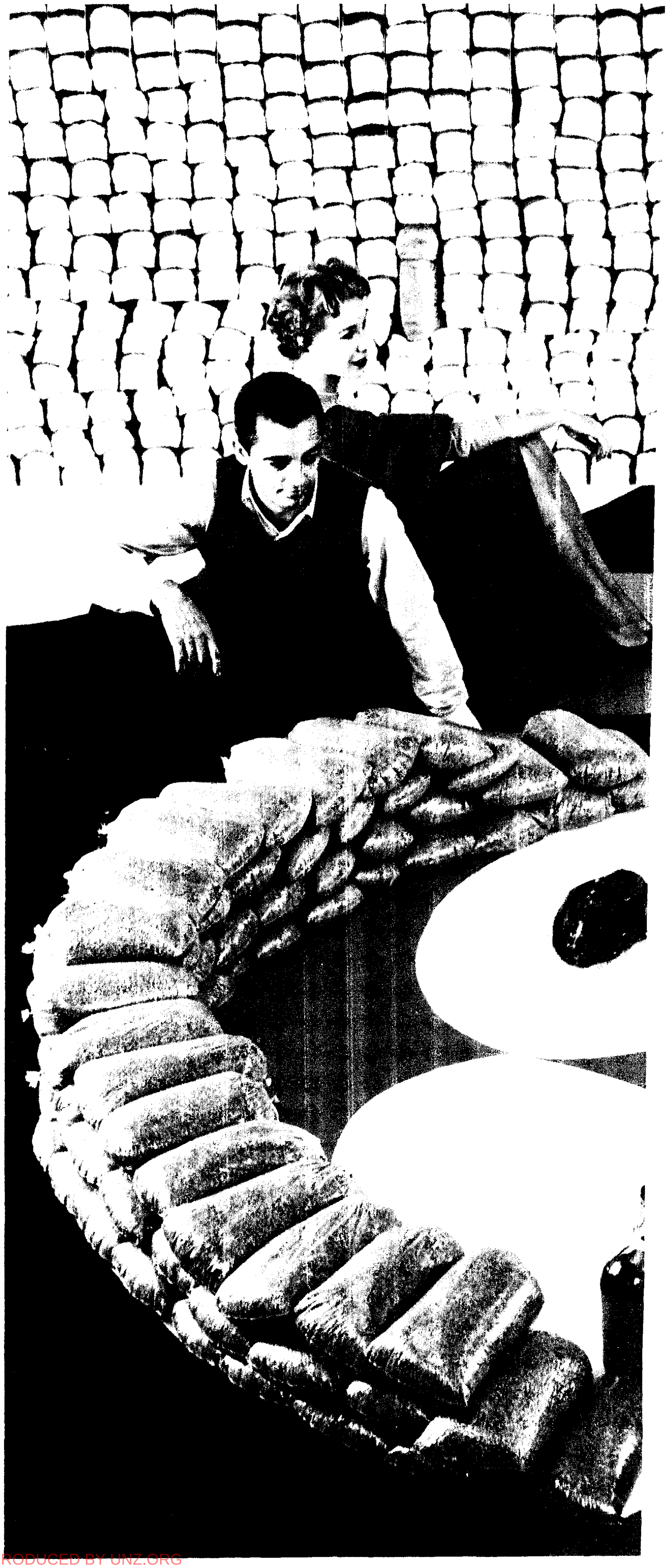
On the back wall are the family's 11½ bushels of wheat, represented by almost 800 loaves of top-quality bread. The woman has the family allotment of 2½ pounds of wool draped over her arm. In the long row of plastic bags in front of the couple are seven bushels of winter rye, and 22½ pounds of refined cottonseed oil are in the three large jars in the foreground.

At the right of the oil are six pounds of butter and four pounds of cheese. Farther right are six five-pound bags of cottonseed meal. There are nine pounds of powdered milk in the bottle and on the floor beside it. In the bags above the milk are, starting at the bottom, ⅓ bushel of oats, ¾ pound of grain sorghum, 1½ pounds of hay and pasture seeds, 3⅓ dry pints of barley, three dry pints of soybeans and eight dry pints of flax seed in two bags.

On the other side of the little girl are 5½ bushels (about 300 pounds) of feed corn in plastic bags, and three jars containing 12 pounds of linseed oil.

The boy is on a pillow filled with the family quota of 12½ pounds of cotton linters, and is munching from a pile of two pounds of peanuts. The orange block above his right hand is four pounds of gum resin.

The little mouse visiting at the bottom of the picture isn't surplus. He couldn't resist the cheese. ▲▲▲



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

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At last, here is step-by-easy-step advice for the "helpless!" For the rank amateur—the man or woman, who has been overlooked by most "Do-It-Yourself" experts—The American Magazine will publish a series of articles dealing with the simple, down-to-earth principles and practices of the "How-to-Do-It" craze now sweeping the nation.

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"A Series of Helpful Articles
You Will Want to Save"

THE American MAGAZINE

One Man Missing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

the motion-picture producer who had discovered and made famous this beautiful golden girl, had been aboard that small plane. Perhaps he was one of those walking down the mountain; perhaps he was not.

Then he told her about the other women waiting in the car. Mona Patton bit her lips. "I'll go with you too," she said quietly. She took his arm and then, remembering her fans still watched her, she lifted her chin. It was a nice exit, Si thought. He opened the car door for her, and Louise Mason moved over to make room for her.

Si walked around the car and got into the driver's seat. "This is Mrs. Mason, Miss Patton," he said. "The wife of the pilot."

MONA barely glanced at the slight young woman beside her. Louise Mason looked at the actress, but not with curiosity. She did not speak.

"And in the back seat are Mrs. Golovin, Mrs. Glebe and Mrs. Everett Dennis—Miss Patton," Si said quietly.

Mona spoke slowly: "Mrs. Everett Dennis—the minister's wife?"

"Yes," Si said.

Mona turned and looked back at the three women, trying to pick out Mrs. Dennis. She wanted to see the wife of the famous minister—how was she taking this? One of the women was big and very dark and she looked angry, but it might have been her heavy black eyebrows over her small, shining black eyes that made her look that way. She was wearing a cotton house dress and a worn coat; she took up much more than her third of the seat, and she was not making any attempt to keep from spreading and crowding the other two. Next to her, uncomfortable and disheveled, was a younger woman. She was almost a caricature of Mona Patton. Her hair was bleached, but not skillfully like Mona's; her eyes were grotesquely made up and her lipstick needed renewing. She was wrapped in a leopard coat, and a bracelet that Mona recognized as genuine gleamed from one wrist in the dim light. A show girl, Mona thought.

The third woman was gray-haired and frail, her face very white. "You are Mrs. Dennis?" Mona asked. The woman nodded and an uncertain smile flickered over her colorless lips. Mona smiled a little too, and turned away.

Si cleared his throat. "Jim Mason, the pilot, is the Korean war ace," he said. Beside him he felt Louise Mason stiffen. A flicker of interest lighted Mona's face.

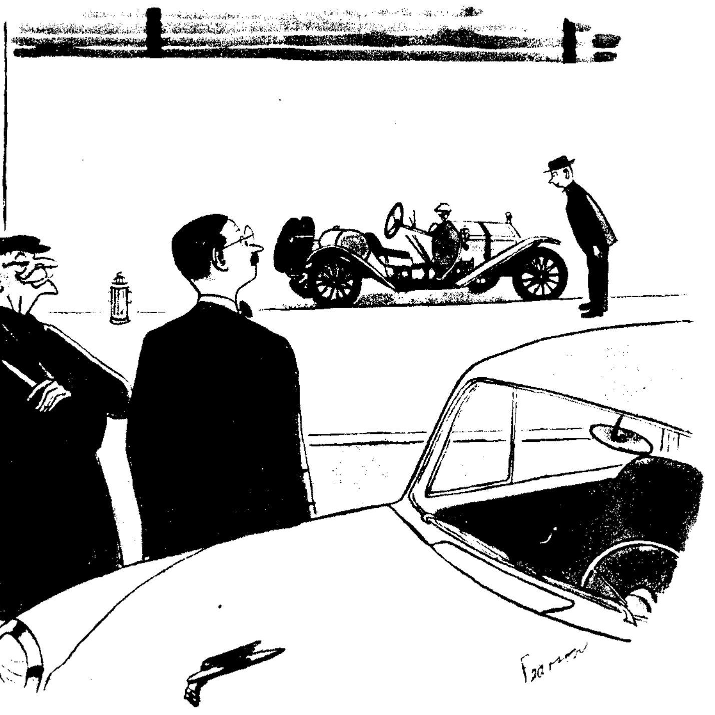
"Oh," she said. "I met him in Hollywood. I was photographed with him." Her voice came alive for the first time and she flashed her glorious smile at Louise. "He's very handsome," she said. Her eyes grew thoughtful, curious, regarding the flier's wife.

Louise Mason pushed the brown hair back from her plain little face. She was used to that curious regard, that whatever-did-he-see-in-her look. "Yes," she said. She did not need an actress to remind her, she thought, how handsome Jim was. She could see his face every instant of every day and every night, just by closing her eyes—as she had done during the long months of the war.

She'd been so desperately proud of him, her Jim, whom all the nation had honored. When he had at last come home, she had looked at his decorations reverently, and even when he held her she had been awed by the ribbons on his chest. He had laughed at that, but she knew what those decorations had cost him, in strength, in courage, in skill, in weariness and pain, and she had not been able to take them lightly. She'd flown every mission with him, in her heart.

It had always been a miracle to her, too, that Jim Mason had chosen her for his wife, but he had. And she had vowed never to fail him.

But she had failed him once, when he had been reported missing. His plane had disappeared over some nameless



COLLIER'S

"How much money and one of the new ones will you give me for my old car?"

CHARLES PEARSON

Korean hill—and for Louise, in that instant, life had ended.

She could not recall that time, even today, without a deep sense of shame. She had given way completely to hysteria. She had exhausted herself with nights of wild weeping, with long, aimless walks in chilling rain and snow; she had refused to eat or sleep or even hope. And finally her body had rebelled against the abuse and she had become actually, physically ill. When at last, weak and feverish, she was taken to a hospital she felt in some vague and virtuous way that her uncontrolled grief and her resulting illness were a tribute to Jim—evidence of her great love. How long she had lain in the hospital bed, wallowing in her fear and grief and extravagant self-pity, she did not know. But it was one of Jim's friends, Dan Stafford, also a flier, who had brought her out of it.

Dan had stood beside her bed, his hard brown hands clutching his cap. There was no pity on his face, only fury and disgust, and his voice was rough. "I never thought I'd see you here," he said bluntly. "I asked Jim once why he ever married you. I couldn't see that you had so much. He said, 'Well, for one thing, Louise will never hit the panic button.' I'm glad he can't see you now."

Louise had lain, frozen with shock, staring at Dan's dark face. He said nothing more, no word of sympathy. He simply turned on his heel and left, and his broad back was straight and defiant. It had a strange resemblance to Jim's hard back, and Louise had pulled herself up, to stare after him. Yes, that is what Jim would have said; he had a way of cloaking the most serious statements in light words: "She'll never hit the panic button!" He had believed her steadfast and strong. Wherever he was, he was spared the agony of worrying about his wife's breaking down, confident in the knowledge she was strong enough to take it.

She had never told Jim, after his return, of her weakness. He was proud of her still. She had no right to destroy that pride and confidence for the comforting release that confession might give her.

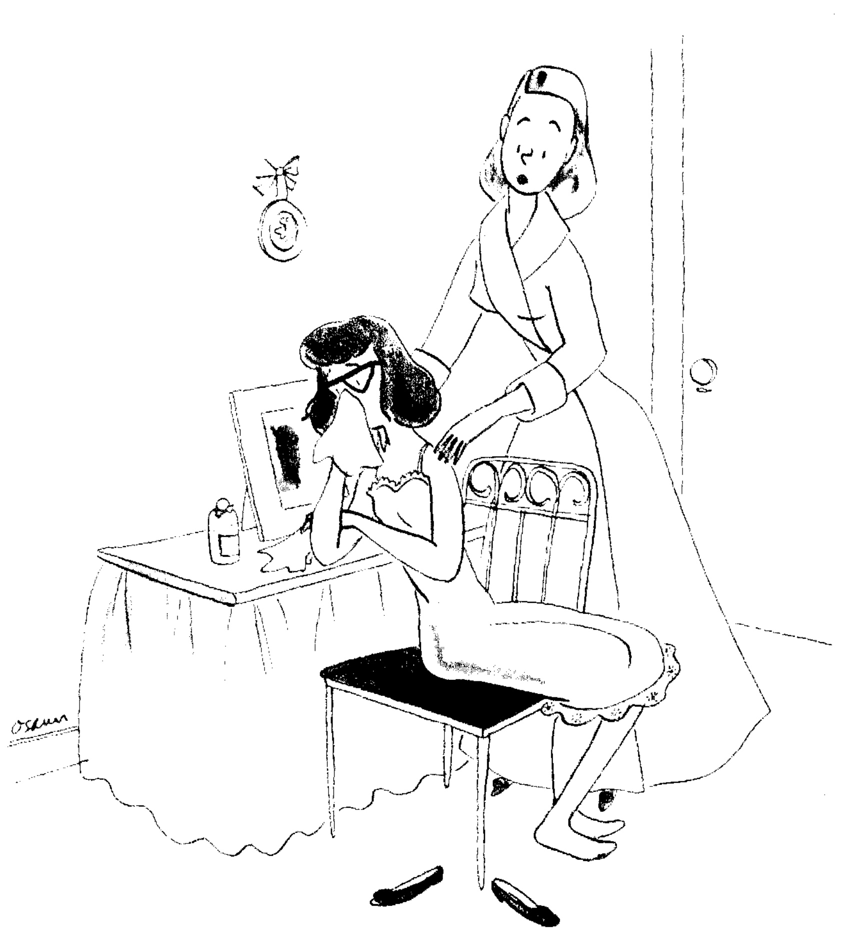
REMEMBERING all this, Louise straightened now and took a deep breath. This was what Jim called "sweating it out." Well, she'd sweated it out before—and she wouldn't hit the panic button now.

Nevertheless, she wanted to raise her hand to her mouth and bite her knuckle hard. Sometimes, waiting in the night during those endless war years, she had done that, and in the morning her fingers had been bruised. But it had stopped the tears and eased the ache in her throat. She would not do it now, of course, because she must not be afraid, and because of course it wasn't Jim up there on the mountain alone.

Forcibly, she pushed panic aside. Jim would need her understanding and strength now more than ever. He would feel keenly, bitterly, the loss of a life in his care. And he had lost his plane. She must ready herself to stand by.

Louise stared out at the road ahead of them. She must not let the other women know she was afraid. She must look at it sensibly. Jim was young and husky; he could stand hardship. But take Reverend Dennis, now, he was old and frail. Physically, he could not stand the shock of an air crash, perhaps. It was probably Reverend Dennis who was up there on the mountain alone. . . .

TIZZY



"He saved enough money on his dates with me to take Gladys to the Junior Prom"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

Esther Dennis looked out the side window of the car and saw only the dim reflection of light against the snow. The snow was deeper now and up on the mountain, where a man lay dead, it would be heavy and cold. It would soon obliterate the scars left by the plane crash, but the grief in the heart of one of these women in this car would be fresh and raw.

Strange, she thought, how all of us should be here together; the plain, young wife of the pilot; the sophisticated motion-picture actress; the pathetic, hardened girl sitting next to me; and Mrs. Golovin, her face hidden in the darkness, thinking her own secret thoughts. They were all on a strange journey, a journey to end in great relief and thankfulness for four of them, in tragedy for the fifth.

Which one was it? It wouldn't be the most likely one at all, probably. God's will moved in strange ways sometimes. If it were the good who die, then surely—not saying the rest weren't good, of course—but of all of them, Everett must be best prepared. But he was needed here! He had brought so much comfort, so much spiritual help to so many.

Esther Dennis prayed a little: Please save him, for me and all of us who need his strength and wisdom. Then she drew herself up short. Praying that her husband might be spared, knowing one was gone, was like praying that one of these other women would be stricken, wasn't it? She must ask Everett about that. Maybe it was wicked to pray so—she felt confused. Well, she could pray for strength and acceptance, not only for herself but for these other women too.

Everett had told women during the war: "You must have faith." But who could have perfect faith, with death so close at hand?

She began to wonder about that perfect faith. Was there a woman in this car who had it—or a woman in all the world, when she was put to the actual test? It was so easy to say, "Have faith, don't worry," but who could actually follow that advice?

She must prepare herself. But what would she do without Everett? He was her life. She was not a strong woman; she was timid and frail and gentle. Any other of these women, she thought a little wildly, could stand it better than I; surely none of them loves and needs a man so much! The young ones are probably thinking that it should be Everett, because we've already had so many years together. They're probably thinking: His life is almost over anyway. But it isn't true that it's easier to lose your husband as you grow older! She wanted to cry out to them that it isn't only in the first exciting, romantic years of marriage that the heart breaks over a parting! The more years you share, the more nearly you become one. But youth was resilient and strong; young people could overcome tragedy, build new lives. Panic welled within her, and anger at the younger women, and she felt ashamed.

She began to pray then, and peace came to her and she relaxed. It was not Everett up there on the mountain, of course. In the morning she would admit to him that she had prayed for him to be saved, indirectly asking God to make one of these other women the victim. It was wrong, perhaps, but it was just because she loved him so. . . .

Beside her Mrs. Glebe stirred. She was trying to push the weight of Mrs. Golovin off her. The poor girl must be weary, Esther Dennis thought, with Mrs. Golovin leaning against her all that way.

But Breezy Glebe wasn't tired. Her day usually started about the time these folks were going to bed. She was just scared.

What am I doing here, she thought, in the back of a state car, mashed between a minister's wife and someone's fat mother—and me with nothing under this leopard coat but a few rhinestones? And in the front seat is a hero's wife and Mona Patton, of all people. You've been in some peculiar places in your life, kiddo, she reflected, but believe me, this does take the cake. Maybe I'm asleep, having a bad dream, she said to herself.

But she wasn't asleep. A small core of fear in the pit of her stomach told her that. She'd had that feeling before—when Foxy had been up for investigation as a gambler and had nearly been convicted. It would sure be queer, Breezy thought, if after all the close calls Foxy had had he was the one lying up there on the mountain.

THESE four other women probably wouldn't understand it, she thought sickly. They're probably hoping it *is* Foxy up there. They're probably figuring it would be better that way—as if the minister and the pilot and the movie producer and this Mrs. Fatso's son have a better right to live than Foxy. The trouble was, people didn't understand him like she did. He'd been a Dead End kid; he looked tough and he acted tough, but not to her. She swallowed hard.

They're probably praying that it's Foxy, she decided, and she welcomed the resentment she began to feel. If she could get mad, she thought vaguely, she wouldn't be so scared. But it was always hard for her to get truly mad at anybody. She set her jaw belligerently. Let them pray! If a guy's number is up, then it's up—that's what Foxy always said—and praying wouldn't help now because the man up there on the mountain was already dead. When somebody you love dies you have to accept it, she told herself, like you do the other hard breaks that come, and you don't cry about it. But there her reasoning stopped, and hope took over and grew into conviction. Not yet—not yet, she thought; it isn't Foxy, because he's not ready to die yet. He's tougher than any of them. And he's certainly going to laugh in the morning when he sees me dressed this way up here on the mountain.

Breezy coughed and lifted her chin. Now that she'd figured it all out and knew it wasn't Foxy, she felt better. But she wondered if she was getting a sore throat from being outside undressed like this. When the cop had come to the dressing room, she'd just grabbed her coat and left. But it would be okay. Tomorrow she and Foxy would go home—together—and they'd tell the story over and over again. The girls at the club would say: You know what Breezy's been through, poor kid. If it'd been me I'd of died. Everything happens to Breezy, they'd say—leave it to that Breezy.

They'd ask her about Mona Patton. If things were fair, she reflected, trying again to whip up the resentment that strengthened her, it should be Mona who gets it on the chin this time. She's had everything. David Creston, her husband, always had everything he wanted too—money, race horses, fame, Mona. If there's any justice it should be him who's gone. Mona should be the one to lose something for once, not those of us who've had to fight every step of the way, who are still trying to climb up there where the Mona Pattons and the David Crestons are.

Well, Breezy thought, her anger dying as suddenly as it had come, more power to her. She hasn't taken anything away from me—and someday maybe I'll be up there, too. Foxy and me. Her spirits rose.

MONA suddenly turned and leaned her head against the cold glass of the window beside her. She felt as if she were going to scream at the top of her lungs. That was what diet and work did to you, and having to be on your toes every second, scintillating, putting up a front. But when she said she couldn't go on for another second, David would do nothing but smile that cold, impersonal smile of his. She had screamed at him more than once: "I can't go on! I'll collapse, I tell you!" and all he ever said was, "Oh, no, you won't, Mona." And she hadn't. She didn't dare.

Only this morning she had told Matt, her manager, that she couldn't stand another personal appearance. She would not go on the stage in Seattle that night. Matt had got David on the telephone and David—she had heard his voice crackle over the telephone even though she'd stood several feet away—had said, "Oh, yes, she will. I'll be there, Matt, if I can charter a plane." He'd gone to Portland by regular airline, and then he'd got Jim Mason to fly him on to Seattle with some other men—and they'd crashed.

Maybe there was something in the power of thought after all. She had often wished David were dead, so she would be free. She had prayed for it. If her wishing had made it so—if David actually were dead, up there on the mountain—she would have to live the rest of her life with the knowledge that she had murdered him. She pressed her hands against her forehead. What had happened to her? She must get control of herself. It was not David up on the mountain—David would not permit it! He would be all right—he was always all right, suave, self-assured, immovable—and no one must ever know that she had wished it were he. Do any of these other women know what agony is? They think I have everything. They're hoping I'm the one who will have the loss. Ha! The loss! How I despise him! But I can't shout it, can I—I hope it is David, I hope it is David! I wonder if I've killed him.

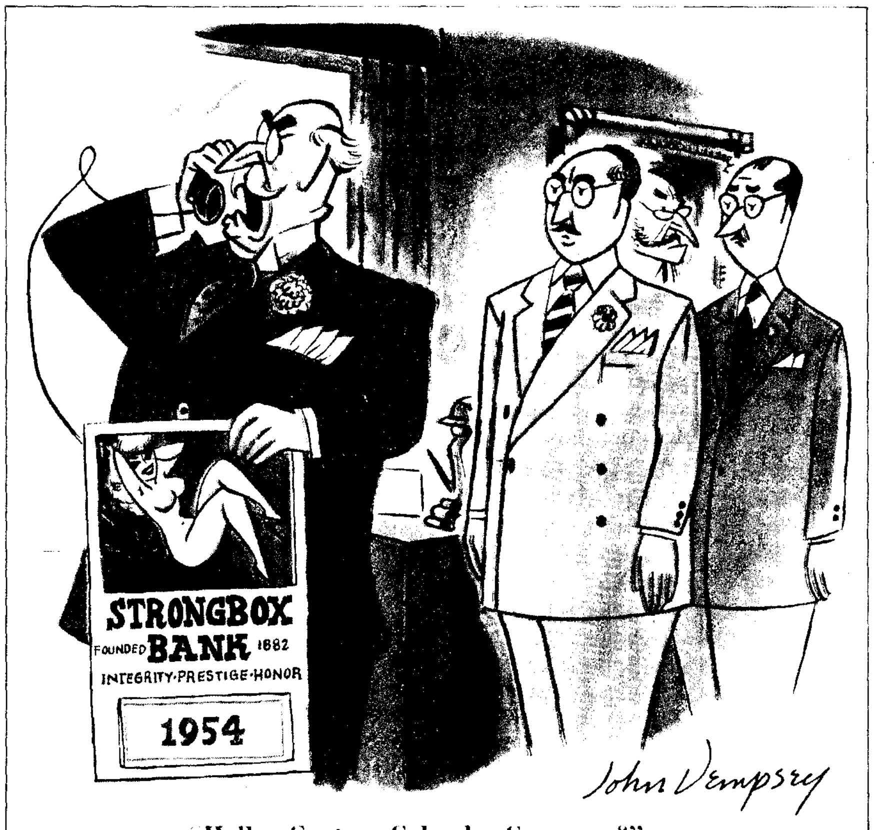
Mona shuddered, and then she felt a hand, strong and steady, over her own; she turned and looked at Louise. Louise's hand tightened, reassuringly, and Mona found herself clinging to it. I've never had a woman friend, she thought suddenly, almost hysterically. She stared at Louise, studying her. She's not pretty, Mona thought. She's something else—intelligent, I guess, and sound, not eaten away by cancerous hate and guilt as I am. I don't think this girl, this Louise Mason, would let David dominate her. I think she would stand up to him, she really would. How funny it would be to see Mrs. Mason stare David down with those level eyes of hers. I'm getting hysterical, Mona thought. I'm inclined to hysterics, as David always says, in that nasty way of his. I hope he's dead.

There was a light up ahead. All of the women saw it at the same time and leaned forward. The headlights shone on a station wagon and a big snowplow, both heavily coated with snow. There was a small cabin and light streamed from its two small windows. Another car, with only a little snow on it, stood near the entrance. A card on the windshield said: PRESS.

"We're here," Si said. "The halfway house."

They climbed out stiffly. Mona's sandals sank into the snow but she did not notice. She walked toward the cabin, in the lead, center stage as always. Louise followed. She wore a flannel skirt, and a leather jacket much too big for her—Jim's jacket, which she had grabbed from the closet nearest the front door.

Then Louise remembered the other woman, and she paused and held out her hand to Mrs. Dennis. The little woman caught it gratefully. Breezy Glebe, behind her, coughed deeply. Behind them came Mrs. Golovin, silent, alone. Si stepped around the women and opened the cabin door for them.



COLLIER'S "Hello. Century Calendar Company?" JOHN DEMPSEY

A forest ranger was there, kneeling before the fireplace, putting a big log on the flames. A pot of coffee steamed on the hearth. A newspaper reporter whom Si knew, Paul Foster, and a press photographer, Orin Spaulding, stood up as the group entered, and Spaulding reached for his camera. The cabin was sparsely furnished; there were four bunks in two tiers in opposite corners, a table with benches, and a few rustic stools. But the room was warm and the fire blazed brightly.

Si nodded to the two newspapermen. The ranger looked over his shoulder and nodded, his eyes regarding the women curiously.

Foster was looking them over, too. "Hello, Mona," he said. "Hi, Breezy. Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Mason." He knew them all, except Mrs. Golovin. The big dark woman waited near the door. Foster walked over to her.

"You are Mrs. Golovin, aren't you?" She nodded, looking at him suspiciously, her heavy dark brows drawn together. Foster pulled some paper out of his coat pocket. "I've heard a lot about your son," he said gently. "He was in a Red prison camp, wasn't he?"

You never could tell, Foster was thinking. He had to go easy or she might suddenly go hysterical on him. Time enough to talk to the others later, and he knew their stories anyway. The newspaper morgue had clippings by the ream about Jim Mason, and several about Foxy and Breezy Glebe. Mona was always news—big news—and it was really for her that he had brought the photographer. If it did turn out to be Creston who was not coming down the mountain, there would be some good shots of Mona when she got the word. And Mona, in that sparkling evening gown, sitting here in this plain little cabin with these other women, sharing their anxiety—what a story: *Women Who Wait.* It would be syndicated nationally—Mona Patton, personifying all waiting, anxious women everywhere.

Foster motioned Mrs. Golovin to one of the benches. Mona sat down beside the table, leaned her arms upon the tabletop, and gracefully, dramatically, buried her beautiful face in her hands.

Spaulding was setting up his camera. Mona knew from experience just how long it would take him. As he raised the flash globe and focused his camera on her, she dropped her hands and turned her face at three-quarter angle, her best. David will be angry if these pictures don't turn out well, she thought.

Si asked about the rescue party. The ranger explained that the men had gone up the trail as far as they dared in the dim light of evening, and had camped to wait for dawn. Mrs. Dennis went toward the fire and held her hands toward the blaze. Breezy Glebe walked to a bunk and sat down and pushed her coat back. Her stage make-up looked weird in the firelight. Her cheeks were very red and she felt burning hot all over. Louise went to the fire and stood in the shadows near Mrs. Dennis. The firelight played on her face, and Spaulding took his eyes from Mona long enough to watch her speculatively. He whistled softly between his teeth. In that light, she didn't look so mousy.

Mrs. Golovin settled herself on the bench with a sigh. "Yes," she said in answer to Foster. "Most people forget that by now. He had a hard time in that prison camp. Those Reds do not feed him good."

Foster sat down beside her. He'd been a newspaperman for a long time; he thought nothing much could move him any more. But this cabin was unnaturally quiet. The drama and the tragedy of it struck him. Most women's lives, he thought, are just one long wait for something or other; wait for their men to come home, wait nine months for a baby to be born, wait for the kids to come home from school, wondering, if they are late, what's happened to them. Wait, watch the clock, don't get scared, don't imagine things, keep control of yourself, everything's going to be all right. Lord, it must be awful to be a woman, he thought.

"But he came out of it all right," he said, and smiled at Mrs. Golovin. Surprisingly, she smiled back at him.

"Why, sure," she said simply.

Mrs. Dennis looked up, surprise on her delicate, tortured face. She walked over to Mrs. Golovin.

"Your son was in Korea," she said hesitatingly, "in a prison camp, and you didn't doubt for an instant that he'd come back?"

Mrs. Golovin regarded the minister's wife thoughtfully. "No," she said. "He has been in a hospital since he got back to this country. Now he comes home. Of course. I pray every night."

A worried little frown appeared between Mrs. Dennis' pale brows. She bent forward in eagerness. Foster moved away a few inches, out of the camera's eye, but neither of the women noticed when the bulb flashed.

"Did you sleep, Mrs. Golovin, knowing your boy was a prisoner?"

"Sometimes, no. I thought about John in the prison. I hurt with him. He is my baby. I have eight more children. But John is my baby."

"And you—you think he will come in the morning?" Mrs. Dennis was almost afraid to put the question. Could it be that in this big, awkward, placid woman she had actually found perfect faith?

"Sure, he will." There was genuine surprise in the woman's voice. "I come here to wait for him. He be glad his old mother is here, I think."

"Of course he will," Mrs. Dennis said and put her hand on the woman's big arm, as though she sought some of her strength. "It must be wonderful to be able not to worry." She walked back to the fire.

MRS. GOLOVIN looked after her for a minute and then she stated flatly: "Worry is not having faith."

Mrs. Dennis heard her clearly. She sat on the stool by the fire and her shoulders shook with sobs. She had betrayed Everett; she had lost her faith. It had taken Mrs. Golovin to show her. Worry is lack of faith, of course it is. And she, of all those who should be brave, was weak. It was only that Mrs. Dennis loved Everett so much and that she was old and weak. She would ask forgiveness.

Louise Mason put her hand on the older woman's shoulder, comfortingly. "You are strong," Mrs. Dennis said finally, looking up. "Your generation has been chosen for great sacrifice, Mrs. Mason. You have done your job so well. Youth bears the burden of this century. It takes your youth and your strength. We older ones—I am ashamed."

Louise shook her head and smiled. "We're afraid, too, Mrs. Dennis—and rebellious," she said. "But I do believe Mrs. Golovin's faith is great. If her strength brought her boy out of a prison camp, it will bring him back to her tomorrow."

Mona raised her head and her face was ravished with strain. "Do you really believe that strongly in the power of thought?" she demanded almost fiercely.

Breezy could stand it no longer. She jumped up. Her coat flew open, revealing her shapely legs, her scanty clothing. She strode across to the fireplace, to Si. Her voice was hoarse. "This place gives me the screaming meemies," she said. "All of us are sure it's the other guy. We can't all win. Have you got a cigarette?"

THE night passed. Daylight grayed the windows and someone finally blew out the gasoline lantern. The women drank coffee, talked and became silent. The rescuers would be on their way now; a signal system had been arranged to let those in the cabin below know who the survivors were and what help was needed.

Foster had made good use of his time. He had talked with each of the women, but he talked longest to Louise. From time to time she had moved among the women, controlled, careful, saying the right words. She was unobtrusive, almost impersonal, like a well-trained stewardess on an endangered plane, Foster thought. She was easy to talk with; Foster discovered they had a mutual acquaintance in Jim's friend Dan Stafford. They both knew that Dan, loyal and crusty, would get here as soon as he could.

Cars began to arrive: more newspapermen; an ambulance, doctors, nurses; Mona's manager, press agent, a secretary; photographers by the dozens; Dan and another flier friend of Jim's; tearful brothers and sisters of John Golovin; Mrs. Dennis' brother; the manager of Foxy's club along with two excited dancers.

The five women drew apart, each surrounded by her own friends. They had nothing in common throughout the night but fear. They did not want to look at one another now, still not knowing, but soon to know.

People swarmed over the area, tramping in the snow. The sun came up, and the ranger started up the faint trail. He left orders that no one was to follow—they had enough trouble without having to take care of others who might be injured or lost in treacherous snow slides. Si was instructed to enforce the ruling.

And then the message was coming at last. The ranger was returning and the newsmen flocked to meet him. The women stood watching, waiting. Louise's hands were held in tight fists inside the pockets of Jim's coat. She wanted to run, to shout: Who is it? Who is it? Don't keep us waiting any longer! But she stood waiting, numbly. Mona's exquisite face was drawn; her sandals were sodden and the hem of her dress was soaked. Breezy coughed regularly. Mrs. Golovin was stolid, unwearied. Mrs. Dennis stood clutching her brother's arm, knowing that at any moment she might collapse.

As the ranger approached, Mona suddenly disengaged herself from the group surrounding her and came to stand close to Louise. If it's David, I must have strength, Mona thought hazily; I have to be near to her.

The ranger came toward them, looking at Louise. He didn't say anything. Louise stepped forward, her eyes searching his face. Then slowly she turned, as if for confirmation, to Dan. The group was very still but the reporters, who had gone up the path to get the news, turned toward Louise, and the photographers raised their cameras, focusing them on her, and the reporters whispered to them urgently: "Get this—get this shot. It's Mason."

Louise nodded. "It's Jim up there, isn't it?" she said, quite clearly.

The ranger said, "Yes, it's Jim."

The cameras clicked. There was a muffled sob and Mrs. Dennis collapsed against her brother, and his arms supported her. Mrs. Golovin silently, swiftly fingered a rosary. Breezy swallowed hard and her throat hurt worse than ever: she began to whimper. A man beside her pulled a flask from his pocket and unscrewed the cap and handed it to her, but she slapped it aside angrily.

Louise took her hand from her pocket and clamped her teeth on her knuckle, and then turned and walked blindly toward Dan's car. Dan walked close beside her, but he did not touch her, and the second airman wordlessly took his place at her left. She did not reach out for support, and the men at her side paid her the silent compliment of not volunteering it. But they were there, understanding, caring for her.

Foster and Si watched her go. Foster lighted a cigarette and flicked the match out into the snow. He swore softly, eloquently. "Why did it have to be her, Si?" he asked. "Damn it, she didn't deserve it! Isn't there any rhyme or reason to this world?"

Si turned and looked up at the mountain. He could still hear the sobs of the women who had been spared. Relief had claimed them now, but the past night would leave its heavy mark on them. It would be a milestone and would perhaps prepare them for what would someday, inevitably, come to them. For four of them, this cabin would always be the halfway house. For Louise Mason it had been the end of the trail.

MONA stood watching, with sympathy and yearning and a great respect in her heart. It isn't the beauties nor the weaklings like me, she thought sickly, who win the protection and the love of good men. It's the women like Louise, who are worthy. There will always be love about her and true admiration, not merely applause. But I don't have to go on being weak. . . . Mona raised her head.

Watching her, Si thought: For the first time she looks human, like a real woman. She is truly beautiful now.

Breezy, her long red-nailed hands over her painted face, was crying, really crying, as she had never in her life cried for herself. Mrs. Dennis was turning, uncertainly and pleadingly, to Mrs. Golovin.

"I don't know, Foster," Si said slowly. "I guess people have been wondering why for a long time." And then, suddenly, he knew the answer. It burst upon him like a light, and he wondered why he'd never seen the simple truth before. Louise Mason had passed her halfway house long ago, when Jim had been lost over Korea. She was tempered now, by the white-hot heat of suffering. Nature never puts more on a person than he can actually bear, Si thought suddenly.

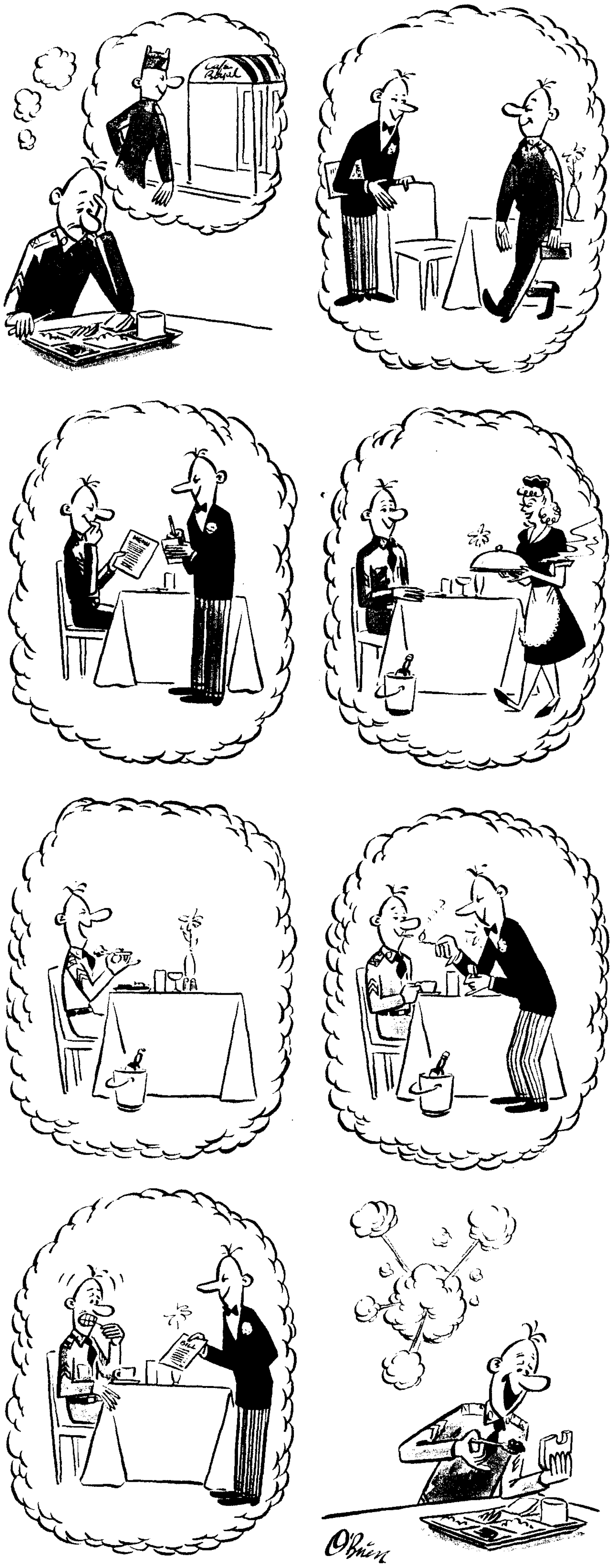
"I guess," he said haltingly to Foster, "it's because, of all of them here, Louise was the only one ready—the only one Nature had prepared. The only one strong enough to take it and go on."

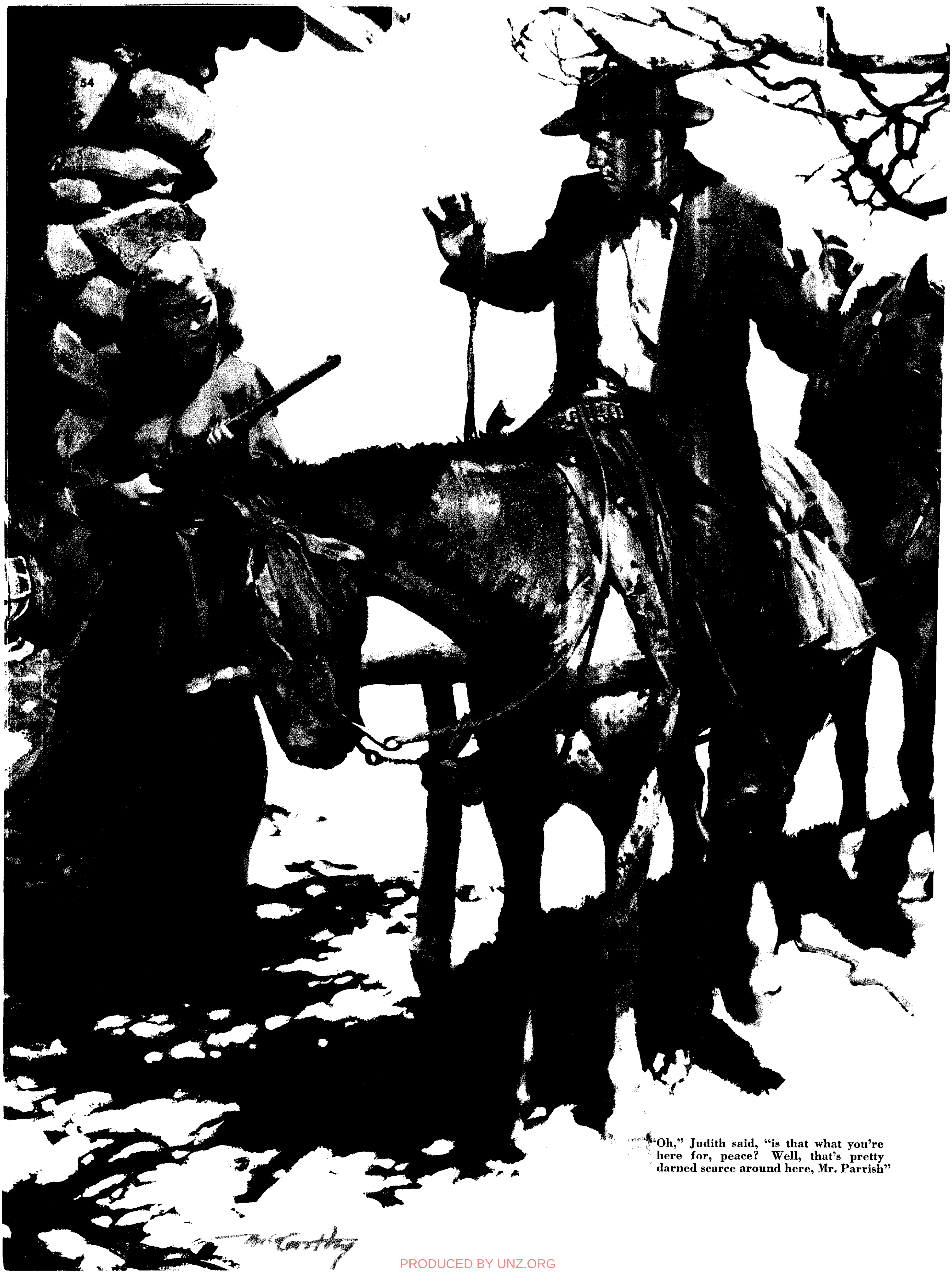
Foster studied him thoughtfully and then he nodded slowly. Si's explanation seemed to fit—this time, anyway.

—MILDRED MASTERSON MCNEILLY

CHOW

By JACK O'BRIEN





"Oh," Judith said, "is that what you're here for, peace? Well, that's pretty darned scarce around here, Mr. Parrish"

Smoky Valley

By DONALD HAMILTON

The Anchor crowd had killed one of Parrish's men; now he was forced to take action. And he meant to fight on their terms—a life for a life

The Story: *In his search for health following a Civil War wound,* John Parrish *became a rancher in the Colorado Territory. He wanted no more violence in his life and, though it meant he appeared a weakling and coward, for three years he held himself aloof from the local feud created by* Lew Wilkison, *owner of the big Anchor Ranch, who was trying to buy up all the valley land on his own terms. But just when Parrish was ready to sell the Rafter H and go back East,* The Pecos Kid, *the Anchor foreman, murdered Sheriff* Martin Coe, *and he went free. In addition,* Judith Wilkison, *Lew's younger daughter, informed Parrish her father was ready to buy him out, and* Caroline Vail, *Parrish's fiancée, made him promise to accept whatever terms were offered. However, there was also opposition to his selling.* Jim McCloud, *his foreman, was spokesman for his own crew, and* Silas Purdue *complained on behalf of his neighbors, but Parrish was determind. When he arrived at the Anchor Ranch, he met* Cole Hansen, *onetime foreman and now married to Lew's elder daughter,* Martha. *Lew, an invalid, had turned the management of his ranch over to Hansen, who gave Parrish twenty-four hours to decide whether he'd sell at Anchor's price. That night Parrish decided to accept Anchor's terms—but then* Bud Hinkleman, *a boy in Parrish's crew, arrived from his range post, wounded and dying. He lived just long enough to name his murderers: the Anchor riders led by The Pecos Kid.*

III

ACTING SHERIFF MAGRUDER was a big man who was beginning to get fat. The most prominent feature of his face was a great, straggling black mustache, and his eyes had a sunken, permanently squinting look. He walked across the uneven floor of Gosnell's undertaking establishment with a deliberate gait, and stood for a moment before the body on the table, removing his hat as an afterthought.

Turning, he said, "You'll be Parrish, out to Rafter H, I take it. That's one of your men?"

"That's right, Sheriff."

"Kind of young, ain't he? Name's Hinkleman, you say? There's a nester family named Hinkleman down near the south meadows, as I recall. Since when have cattlemen been hiring nester brats to do their riding for them?"

Jim McCloud started forward angrily, but Parrish said quickly, "Isn't that beside the point, Sheriff? Frankly, I didn't know where the boy came from, and I doubt that my foreman did either, when he hired him. But he worked hard and was willing to learn. Now he's dead. We expect the law to take care of his murderer."

"Well, Mr. Parrish," the sheriff said, "we've got what you might call a peculiar situation here. You see, after listening to the feller you sent across the street to fetch me, I went on up to Pat Morgan's place, which is why I'm a little late getting here. Happens I'd seen this Kid feller in there a little earlier in the evening. Well, I tell you, Mr. Parrish, now I don't rightly know *what* to do." Magruder scratched his head, as if to emphasize his perplexity.

"What seems to be the difficulty?" Parrish asked.

Magruder said, "Well, here's you and half a dozen of your hands telling me this Pecos feller's guilty of murder—leastways I suppose you've all got the same story. But the trouble is, over at Morgan's there's twice as many Anchor hands that will take their oath The Kid never stepped out of the place since four this afternoon, and Pat Morgan and his housemen will back up that statement. So it looks to me, Mr. Parrish, like this dead boy must have made a mistake about who shot him, or you and your men misheard what he was trying to tell you."

"I see," Parrish said softly. He knew his crew was watching him, waiting to see what he would do about this. "In other words, Sheriff, you don't feel justified in making an arrest?"

Magruder made a helpless gesture. "Now, Mr. Parrish, with over a dozen people willing to take their oath that this feller was in town when the murder was committed, how can I arrest him just on the strength of what somebody tells me a dying man's supposed to have said? It isn't like I had a written deathbed statement to go on!"

Parrish said, "I could swear out a warrant."

"I reckon you could do that," the sheriff agreed pleasantly. "Judge French will fix one up for you, if you really want it." He saw the look on Parrish's face and said, "Oh,

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MCCARTHY

I'd serve it, all right. As an officer of the law, I'd be bound to, wouldn't I? I'd put the boy in jail and see that he got to trial the way the law provides. But just between you and me, Mr. Parrish, I've got a hunch he'd be acquitted. A man can't be two places at once. He can't be committing murder and arson out in the Hills while he's having a friendly game of poker in Logasa. I reckon a jury wouldn't take long to turn him loose, after they'd heard the testimony. I'd think it over real careful before I started making out warrants for people's arrest, Mr. Parrish."

"All right, Sheriff," Parrish said without emphasis. "Thank you for the advice. I see what you mean."

MAGRUDER started toward the door, then turned back to squint at Parrish suspiciously. "Just one more thing, Mr. Parrish. There'll be no lynchings in my jurisdiction, do you understand? Get your men out of town or see that they behave peacefully, or I'll throw the lot of them in jail."

The Rafter H crew watched him turn and walk out through the open door. Then there was a restless scuffing of feet. Parrish took three steps forward and turned, blocking the door. "All right, where the hell do you think you're going?" he asked.

Parrish's ability to command had never left him, and the tone of his voice stopped the men. The savagery in the faces confronting him helped Parrish to control his own anger against Magruder. Someone had to use some common sense here, and the job was clearly his.

Yet instinct told him that he had already failed in the role of leader. The men had listened to him once. Wanting to ride against Anchor immediately, they had let him persuade them to bring the body into town first and report the matter to the law. It had been a gamble and he had lost it. The law had not only refused to act; it had, ironically, let them know that the man they wanted was right here, close at hand. He frowned as it occurred to him that the sheriff had talked very stupidly for a man who wanted to keep the peace; and he was not a stupid man.

Joe DeRosa stepped forward and said, "Get out of the way, Mr. Parrish. We're through listening to you!"

McCloud put his hand on the rider's arm, restraining him. He spoke softly to Parrish: "Captain, coming from the East you wouldn't understand this. If you'll kindly step aside—"

Parrish studied the men for a moment longer. All six of his hands were here and they were all armed. As Parrish studied each man in turn, he found that an old habit, so well-learned that it could not be forgotten, made him regard each one not as a man but as an effective fighting unit. Though he knew they were good men, for a moment he was impatient with them. He saw them as a scratch, undisciplined lot who would let anger and grief cloud their thinking. Anyone with an elementary sense of strategy could trap them and wipe them out. Yet it was clear that nothing he could say would deter them.

"I'll have nothing to do with it," he said loudly. "You heard what the sheriff said. You can't take the law into your own hands."

DeRosa started for the door. "You just watch us, Mr. Parrish!" he said.

Parrish laughed grimly, and said, "Watch you get killed, you mean."

The men hesitated, and DeRosa said impatiently, "Don't listen to him!"

"What's on your mind, Captain?" McCloud asked.

"Why, nothing," Parrish said. "I'm washing my hands of it; and your lives are your own. I'll interfere with no man who's bent on suicide."

"Mr. Parrish," DeRosa said harshly, "we're going over to Morgan's and take that feller out. Don't try to stop us!"

"Go ahead," Parrish said. "Of course, you know there'll be more than a dozen men waiting for you inside, and that the sheriff will throw a screen of deputies across the street the minute you come out into the open. Obviously he came here for nothing but to goad us into taking action. Anchor would naturally prefer to wipe us out in a legal manner."

McCloud frowned, thinking this over; even DeRosa was silent. "What would you suggest, Captain?" the foreman asked at last.

Parrish said, "Don't ask me, Jim. I'll have no part in it— Of course, if I was doing it, I suppose I'd ride out of town peacefully to let them think I was giving up the idea. Then I'd wait for them at some suitable point on the road to Anchor. That way I'd have just the Anchor bunch to deal with, instead of having to take on Morgan and his housemen and all the law in the valley as well." He cleared his throat abruptly. "Of course, that's just a manner of speaking. I've no intention of sharing in such highhanded and illegal proceedings, and I want to make it clear that those who persist in this action are no longer working for Rafter H." He picked up his hat and started toward the door. "Well, I am going up to the Vails' now to spend the night," he said, "but I'll head back to the ranch in the morning. If you change your minds, I'll be glad to see you there; if not, I'll have your pay ready for you."

He turned and went back to the table where the dead boy lay, paused there for a moment, and then turned toward the door again. The men moved aside to let him go. Outside, the moon was high; it was so late at night that even Front Street was growing quiet.

Parrish wearily got up on the small, white-footed mare he had ridden to town; it had been a long day of riding, taxing the limits of his new-found strength. He let the mare start up the street at a walk, and then he turned left on Hill Street, and stopped there, waiting in the shadows. Presently he saw McCloud come striding out of the undertaking parlor, followed by the rest of the crew. Parrish watched them all ride away from him, the dust silvery in the moonlight.

When they were out of sight, he allowed himself a long breath of relief. Only then did he look at the gun he had taken from the table by Bud Hinkleman's body and hidden under his coat. Parrish took the boy's gun from the holster, loaded the gun, and buckled the belt about him. He felt some regret for what he was about to do; but not as much as he had expected. A man could waste his life regretting the inevitable.

RIDING up to the hitching rack in front of Morgan's saloon, he felt no fear or any other emotion whatever. It was always that way, he remembered; the fear came later, or earlier. When you were moving into action there was no time for it. He dismounted and gave the reins a turn about the worn rail and looked about him uneasily as a frightened man might. He rubbed his hands along his thighs, as if to dry them. A man stood by the swinging doors of the saloon, idly watching him. Another leaned against the corner of the building, smoking a cigarette. Both men were armed.

Parrish thought: He will be at least a little drunk, and he will be thinking himself a big and dangerous man who has killed two here, perhaps more elsewhere. Because I'm a dude he'll have no respect for me at all.

There was no mercy in him at all, only a flicker of returning anger, and a grim bitterness. They could not wait, he thought. They would have had the ranch at their own price tomorrow, but they couldn't even wait out their own time limit! Parrish ducked beneath the rail and stepped up to the boardwalk in front of the place. The man by the door, a lean, sandy-haired fellow, watched him and said nothing.

Parrish pushed the doors open and stepped inside. The man turned and followed him in; and Parrish felt something touch his back gently.

"Right there's far enough, Mr. Parrish," the man said.

Saturday nights usually were the busy ones at Morgan's, but this was the tail end of the evening and there were not more than twenty customers in the long room; half a dozen women kept them company. As Parrish stood there, the room gradually became silent, and the women, one after another, got up and left, as if the situation was one they recognized from past experience. Then one of the batwing doors that led to the side alley crashed open, and a man stumbled in, breathless.

"They rode out of town, Pecos," he said. "They'll be laying for us on the road: old Gosnell, the undertaker, heard them talking. That dude owner of theirs backed out of the deal and went to see—"

HE SAW Parrish then and stopped. Somebody snickered. At the bar that ran along the right-hand wall of the room, The Pecos Kid turned, shoving his black hat back from his forehead. His face and figure looked very young—the wide, ornate gun belt with its heavy, matched revolvers seemed an unfair burden for his slender body—but there was evil in his eyes and cruelty in the set of his mouth; this was a boy to whom killing had become a pleasure. Parrish knew the signs.

The Kid made a show of being slow to become aware of Parrish's presence. Parrish did not speak. The boy looked him up and down for a space of time.

"Looking for somebody, buster?" he asked at last, softly.

"Why, I guess so," Parrish said uncertainly. "I guess I'm looking for a fellow who calls himself The Pecos Kid. The sheriff said he was in here."

"You're looking at him," the boy at the bar said. The men on either side of him had moved away now, leaving him alone. "What do you want with The Pecos Kid, buster?"

"Well," Parrish said, and licked his lips. "You see, I own a ranch out in the Basin—my name's Parrish—and one of my men was killed this evening. . . . Is it all right if I move?"

"What the hell are you talking about?" The Kid asked.

"Well, this gentleman behind me, he seems to have a gun against my back. At least I presume it's a gun. I"— Parrish removed his hat and drew a sleeve across his forehead —"I think I would like a drink, if you don't mind."

He heard them laughing at him now; it was a good sound—it meant he was succeeding. At The Kid's nod, the gun in his back was withdrawn; he walked forward, the men smiling and making way for him. Closer, he thought as the distance shortened, closer, much closer, you can't be too close for this. When he was face to face with The Kid, he stopped. They were alone at the bar now. The Kid pushed a shot glass toward him.

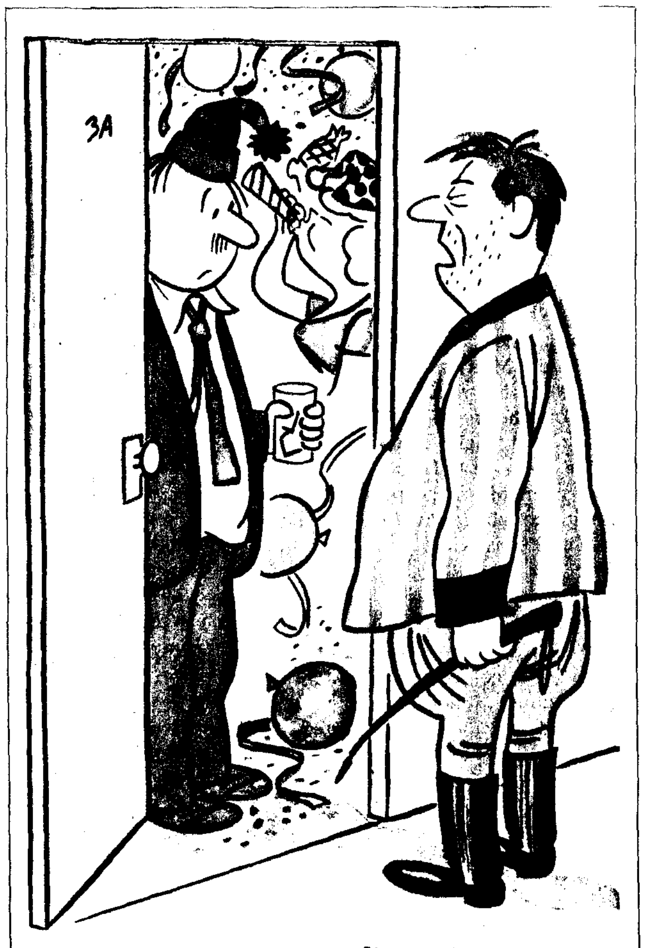
"There's your drink, buster. Toss it down like a little man."

Parrish took the small, heavy glass and managed to let half the liquor spill out of it as he raised it; then he swallowed and coughed. There was more laughter in the room. He looked at The Kid and saw the scene in sharp detail: the boy was leaning against the bar lazily, putting his left hand out of action, which simplified matters.

"Have another," The Kid said.

"No, thanks," Parrish said. "I mean, one is my limit. Doctor's orders."

"Buster, your doctor should see you now." There was a sneering tone in the boy's voice, and his eyes, mean and bloodshot, lighted with satisfaction as the men laughed again. He said, "So



"This comes as quite a disappointment. I could have sworn I heard horses"

COLLIER'S BOB SCHROETER

one of your men was killed this evening. You wouldn't be hinting I did it, would you, buster?"

"Well, he *said* you did it."

"You shouldn't believe everything you hear, buster."

"Why, I don't," Parrish said eagerly. "I certainly don't, Mr. Pecos. I mean, that's why I came here to talk to you. I mean, the men seemed to think we ought to—to punish you ourselves, but I certainly wouldn't countenance anything of the kind. I mean, one can't take the law into one's own hands, can one? But I thought if I could talk to you and persuade you to give yourself up and stand trial—"

It went like clockwork. The Kid stared at him for a moment unbelievingly, then threw back his head in a joyous whoop of laughter that was echoed throughout the room. In that moment Parrish, left-handed, reached up and pulled the black hat down over The Kid's eyes. He felt no scruples at all, remembering an old man dead in the street and a boy dying in the bunkhouse at Rafter H. His left hand slashed down between their bodies, knocking aside the long barrel of the gun that had seemed to leap into The Kid's hand. The heavy revolver discharged, the flash scorching Parrish's wrist as he made a desperate grab for the weapon; then his own gun was clear and he felt the smash of the recoil as it fired, the muzzle almost touching the body of the youth in front of him. He let the weapon's throw raise it a little for each subsequent shot.

His ears rang with the crash of firearms and his nose was filled with the smell of black powder. His marksman's instinct made him keep count of the shots from his own weapon and he stopped at five, saving the last bullet. Suddenly there was silence. He stepped back. In his left hand, he discovered, he was holding an ivory-handled revolver by the barrel, as one might hold a bottle by the neck. Then the figure in front of him slumped to the floor.

As HE rode away, Parrish heard the silence in the saloon break into a tumult. He thought he heard the sheriff's voice behind him, calling to him to stop; but he paid no attention to this, and no one shot at him. As he reached the edge of town, a group of riders came at him around a curve in the road. He reined in, about to seek a new direction for flight, but at that moment he recognized the approaching horsemen as his own crew.

They stopped around him. McCloud said, "Everything all right, Captain? We heard shooting in town."

"Everything's fine, Jim," Parrish answered.

The old foreman studied him, then his glance fell to the wide, carved, double gun belt that was slung from his employer's saddle horn. "You damn' young fool," he said softly.

Parrish said, "Let's go. They'll be along any minute. Where did you leave Tony and the buckboard?"

McCloud did not move at once. There was anger in his voice when he spoke again. "You sent us away and walked into that place alone," he said. "All that fancy talk you gave us was nothing but fool bait to get us out of town. Son, I'm downright provoked—"

Parrish said impatiently, "One man could do it. Six couldn't. You wanted a man dead. Well, he's dead. What the hell are you complaining about, Jim?" After a moment he added, in a different tone: "Bud was working for me, not you, Jim. I paid his wages and I was responsible for him. Now let's get moving."

COLLIER'S "I'd say that's pretty good for beginners—three games in ten minutes!" BARNEY TOBEY

"Ah, hell—" McCloud checked himself, and nudged his horse around. After a moment, the rest of the crew followed suit, riding behind Parrish.

Presently they turned up a wagon track to fetch the cook, who was waiting in a sheltered place with the buckboard. While the cook hitched his team to the wagon, they heard the Anchor crew go by on the main road. The dust of their passing was still in the air when Parrish and his men turned into the road again, heading in the same direction, but at a pace governed by the cook's team. Riding beside McCloud, Parrish could hear the men beginning to talk in low tones behind him; and he did not doubt that he was the subject of their conversation. The thought gave him no pleasure at all.

There was a terrible burden upon him at this moment. He was thinking that if his relationship with Caroline Vail had been the kind that should have existed between a man and a woman about to be married, he would have turned back and gone to her now, because he needed her help. But he knew there would be no help for him there, only recriminations. His reaction to having killed a man would not concern her; she would care only about the fact that he had hopelessly involved himself in the affairs of this place that she wanted so desperately to leave.

Caroline would see, as he did, that what had happened tonight was just a beginning of something that could grow and spread to engulf the whole Basin, and that he was a part of it now, whether he wanted to be or not. Now? he thought. Why, I've been a part of it for three years! You could not find your health in a country, and even something that resembled love, without giving the country something of yourself in return.

He made the startling discovery that to him the East had, without his realizing it, become a shadowy place peopled only by remembered names, not actual persons. The thought of spending the rest of his life in an office was repellent; the thought of leaving Rafter H in other hands, no matter whose, was unbearable. He had not yet started to learn all the facts about ranching he needed to know; he had not begun a fraction of the projects he wanted to carry out.

He stopped his horse where the road branched off to the left, toward Anchor, and sat for a moment in thought, aware of the crew watching him curiously. Presently he turned to McCloud. "Take the boys on home, Jim," he said.

The old foreman asked irritably, "Captain, what kind of a rabbit-brained idea have you got in your head now?"

"I'm going to Anchor," Parrish said. "Maybe some strong talk can put a stop to this killing right now."

"You won't do much talking with a bullet through you. Are you crazy, son? You ought to know what will happen to you if you show up there tonight."

Parrish said, "Nothing will happen to me. The Pecos Kid wasn't the kind who'd have friends after he was dead. If you don't get the wild notion of trailing after me and protecting me, I'll be all right. Just ride along home, Jim." He waited, and nothing happened. Then, in the old tone of command, he said, "That's an order, McCloud!"

The older man cleared his throat and spat, unimpressed. "Yes, sir, Captain Parrish," he said dryly.

It was ten miles to Anchor from the fork in the road, and weariness pressed down on Parrish as the little mare carried him onward through the fading moonlight. There was something terribly familiar about this, and it seemed strange to be riding alone. He found himself remembering the smell and taste and sound of a cavalry movement.

He roused abruptly when he saw the lights of Anchor ahead of him. Riders had closed in on him from either side; he looked into the muzzle of a rifle in the hands of a man he did not know. The second rider, however, was no stranger; it was the lean, sandy-haired man who had put a gun into his back when he had walked into Morgan's.

The first man said, "I'll be damned, it's the dude himself! What the hell do you think you're doing here, Red?"

"I want to talk to Hansen and Mr. Wilkison," Parrish said.

"Reckon they'll be glad to oblige you," the spokesman said. "Take him up to the house, Phil. I'll stay here."

The man named Phil had taken his carbine from the scabbard. He motioned for Parrish to move on and Parrish kicked the mare into motion again.

The two men rode up the long drive, between the trees, to the big veranda of the fieldstone house. A rather tall, quite slender figure came forward to meet them, and Parrish recognized Judith Wilkison, in a blue robe that was faded from long wear. Her light-brown hair hung loose about her shoulders, making her seem more feminine than he remembered her. She looked at him for a moment, clearly startled.

"This is a strange place for you to come tonight, cowboy," she said, and glanced at Phil, who had dismounted and was waiting for Parrish to do the same. Judith held out her hand. "Give me your rifle, Phil, I'll watch him. You get Dad and Cole; they're in the study."

WHEN Phil had gone into the house, Judith Wilkison turned back to Parrish, aiming the rifle at him. "Light down," she said.

"I'm comfortable," Parrish said.

"Raise your hands then," she said, and then shrugged and added, "I suppose I owe you an apology."

"How so?"

"I accused you once of being a clever and careful man. It seems you've proved me wrong."

A perverse honesty made Parrish say, "There was no great risk, Miss Wilkison. The boy was drunk and overconfident; and his companions expected no trouble from a tenderfoot. They were too surprised to take action. I counted on that."

She smiled and said, "You make it sound as if you shot him down in cold blood."

"I pulled his hat over his eyes and put five bullets through his body," Parrish said. "I'm not a gentleman where guns are concerned, Miss Wilkison. Dueling has always seemed to me a remarkably stupid business."

"And coming here?" the girl said, seeming oddly amused. "You don't consider that risky?"

Parrish said, "It's a gamble but I'm counting on your father's pride to keep me alive until I'm off the premises. I doubt that he'd countenance the open shooting of a man who had come here on a mission of peace."

"Oh," she said dryly, "is that what you're here for, peace?"

"It's something for which I've been searching a long time," Parrish said. "It seems to be difficult to find."

"It's pretty darned scarce around here, Mr. Parrish," Judith Wilkison said. "You've picked a poor lode to mine. But I wish you luck."

She turned to watch her father in his wheel chair as he was pushed through the front door by Cole Hansen, whose figure loomed black and tall against the light. Phil, following them out, took his rifle from Judith, and Parrish lowered his hands. Mr. Wilkison, with an impatient gesture, had himself halted at the edge of the veranda. He wore a dressing gown and his white hair was rumpled as if he had been in bed. His blue eyes stared fiercely up at Parrish, and for a moment the two men stared at each other. Abruptly Parrish reached down, took the ornate gun belt from his saddle horn, and threw it clattering onto the porch.

"There's your hired murderer, Mr. Wilkison," he said softly. "The one you claimed you had booted off your ranch with a sore tail."

Even in the poor light, Parrish could see that the old man was uncomfortable. Mr. Wilkison glanced resentfully toward Cole Hansen, as if blaming his son-in-law for putting him in an intolerable position. He cleared his throat. "All right, son," he said, in a surprisingly gentle voice, "now that you've got the play acting off your chest, maybe you can tell me what you've got to say that's worth staying up at tnis hour to listen to."

Parrish said, "Early this afternoon you made me an offer for my ranch; you gave me twenty-four hours to think it over. I'm bringing you the answer: Rafter H is not for sale." He shifted in the saddle and pitched his voice so that the men who had quietly gathered around could all hear him. "I've decided to stay here, Mr. Wilkison," he said. "You haven't got enough money to buy me out, or enough men to drive me out. I don't mean that as a challenge; I'm simply stating a fact. I can hold Rafter H against anything you can throw at me. Don't think otherwise, Mr. Wilkison, or you either, Hansen."

The younger man stirred, and Parrish looked at him for a moment, but Hansen did not speak. Parrish looked back at Lew Wilkison and he said, "We're going to be neighbors for a long time, Mr. Wilkison. It's up to you whether we live together peaceably, or throw the whole Basin into open conflict." He drew a long breath. "This is what I came here to say: please don't make the mistake of underestimating me again, as your tame killer did tonight. I know I have a way of riding that seems funny to you, and I'm not a big man, and I don't know much about cattle; but don't let that fool you into thinking you can hit me without getting hit back. You can't. There's nothing you can do on my range that I can't do on yours; and you have more to lose than I have. Don't make me fight; I assure you that you won't like my way of fighting. Stay on your own range. We can get along, but it's up to you."

ON THE following morning, the events of the night seemed remote and indistinct to Parrish, as if they had happened to another person. He was startled to discover the soreness of his left wrist, scorched and pitted by the discharge of The Pecos Kid's gun. At breakfast he was aware of the men watching him curiously; he knew that this was because they did not quite know what to expect of him now.

Toward noon, George Menefee, the young lawyer, drove up to the ranch in a rented buggy. Parrish went out onto the porch to meet him, and they shook hands politely.

"Good morning, John," Menefee said. "Or is it 'Lightning Red' Parrish these days? In town they say you took on the whole Anchor crew last night, singlehanded."

"The report's a little exaggerated," Parrish said. "Come in and have some coffee."

"Thanks," Menefee said, "but you'd better go down there." He nodded his head toward the buggy in the yard. "Caroline wants to see you."

Parrish felt reluctant to see Caroline, but he said, "All right."

"You'd better approach cautiously," Menefee said cheerfully. "She's not pleased with you. I'll wait up here."

The sun was bright and hot as Parrish walked down the steep path from the house. The buggy stood by the gate. Caroline looked around quickly as he stopped beside it.

"Oh, there you are!" she said.

He studied her for a moment in silence. She was wearing a neat blue suit with a matching bonnet; her gloves and shirtwaist were white. He had seldom seen her dressed in this fashionable manner, and he felt pity for her as he noted that the heat of the day and the dust of the long drive had spoiled the perfection of the picture she had intended for him to see—a fact of which she was clearly aware and which did not improve her disposition.

"Well?" she said sharply; and when he did not speak, she said, "It seems to me I'm entitled to an explanation, honey! It's the first time I've found myself engaged to a murderer, and I declare I don't know how to behave!"

HEARING himself called a murderer shocked him. "Is that what they say in town? That it was murder?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "No, indeed. They think it's very funny. A man is dead and it's a great big joke. Everybody thinks it's simply hilarious. I hate this bloodthirsty country! Well, aren't you going to say something?"

Parrish said softly, "If this is the way you feel, Caroline, there's nothing much to say, is there? If you believe I'd kill a man just for—"

"And what about your promise to me?" she said. "The other night you promised me faithfully that you'd ride to Anchor the next morning and tell Mr. Wilkison you'd sell at his price? What happened to that promise?"

He said, "Caroline, I regret—"

"Regret!" she said. "Now there's a real nice word, honey, *regret!* You told me you were going to sell this ranch and take me out of this horrible country, and I believed you and let you—and now you *regret!"* His silence seemed to infuriate her; she pulled off her glove and then removed the ring from her finger. It made a glinting arc in the sunlight, and landed in the dust at his feet. "There! That's what you want, isn't it?" she cried.

Parrish did not speak, and she began to cry. He looked down at the ring, shining dully in the dust, and he knew that, had he loved this girl, he would have picked it up and walked away, regretting each step, because a man could not allow the woman he loved to use that love as a club against him. But now he did not know what to do.

Caroline glanced at him furtively, and he saw the quick fear in her eyes as he made no move toward the ring on the ground. He felt shame for both of them, for her because she had made this cheap and melodramatic gesture, and for himself because he had turned it against her. He knew suddenly that he could not leave her like this. She had been strength and comfort and courage to him during the long hard months of his convalescence. If he had once seen qualities in her that were not there, that was his fault and not hers.

He bent down and picked up the ring and replaced it on the proper finger. After a moment her hand closed over his and she looked up at him, smiling and blinking the tears quickly from her eyes. Suddenly she leaned forward and let him kiss her.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, clinging to him. "You know I'd love you anywhere, don't you?" It was a victory, but he was not proud of it. He felt the quick, warm pressure of her lips again, and the touch of her hand. Then she drew back quickly, touching her bonnet and her hair. "I declare, I must look a sight! You run up and talk to George while I fix myself up. Johnny?"

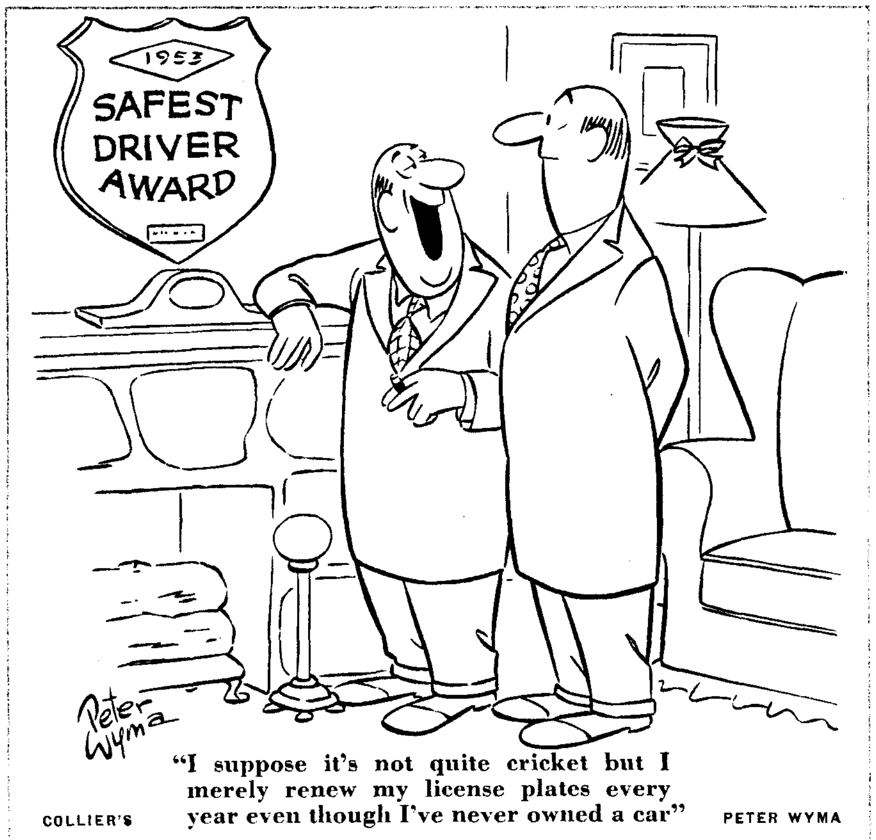
"Yes?"

"When will I see you again?" she whispered.

He hesitated. "I don't know, Caroline. None of us are riding anywhere alone until we see what Anchor's going to do," he said. "I hope Wilkison will let the situation ride along as it is now, but I'm taking no chances for a while."

"Well," she said, "be careful, honey, but come as soon as you can." Her eyes, that had hated him so recently, held an invitation and a promise now.

WHEN Parrish came into the house, George Menefee was sitting in the largest chair in the living room, reading the latest copy of the New York newspaper Parrish received regularly in the mail. Unobserved for the moment, Parrish studied the large, dark, quite handsome young man thoughtfully, finding something illuminating in Menefee's hungry interest in stale news from the East. There were rumors that the lawyer's well-to-do parents had shipped their son out here because of scandals involving gambling and women. This was the kind of rumor the Basin would be apt to produce about any personable young man from the East with an unexplained income—Menefee certainly did not live and drink and gamble on the proceeds from his tiny law practice—but in this case the story had a ring of plausibility.



"I suppose it's not quite cricket but I merely renew my license plates every year even though I've never owned a car"

COLLIER'S PETER WYMA

Presently Menefee looked up, and put the newspaper hastily aside, as if aware that his interest in it had betrayed him in some way. "Your cook makes a fine cup of coffee," he said, getting up. "Much obliged. Did you settle your differences with Caroline?"

"I think everything's straightened out," Parrish said. "You take a great interest in my relationship with Caroline, don't you, George?"

"I take a great interest in Caroline," Menefee said, with undeniable dignity. "I did before you came along. There's no secret about it. I'd take her away from you if I could." He grinned. "Well, I have to run over to Box Seven and see Silas Purdue."

A FEW minutes later, John Parrish watched the buggy drive away. And then he turned to speak to McCloud, and saw a queer, cold look on the older man's face. He realized that his foreman had no use at all for the girl he was going to marry. It was an annoying and unnecessary complication in an already tangled set of human relationships, and, instead of speaking, Parrish turned and went into the house. He was working on the ranch accounts when a wagon came into the yard. Sighing, he got his hat, and went down the path to where McCloud was talking to a large, heavily bearded man wearing overalls.

"This is Bud Hinkleman's dad, Mr. Parrish," McCloud said. "He's come to get his boy's gear."

Parrish looked at the stranger, not knowing what greeting to expect; but Mr. Hinkleman held out a large, callused hand.

"I'm sorry," Parrish said.

The bearded man shook his head quickly. "Don't blame yourself for something that wasn't your doing, Mr. Parrish," he said. "We all know where the responsibility lies—for this and for most of the bad things that happen in this valley." He was silent for a moment, and then he went on, "The lad was bound he was going to be a cowboy. I reckon a farmer's life looked kind of dull to him . . . Well, I won't keep you any longer, Mr. Parrish."

"We haven't had a chance yet to ride up to the line cabin where it happened," Parrish said. "Bud had most of his gear up there with him. The place was burned, but if we find anything we'll send it to you."

"I'd take it as a favor," Mr. Hinkleman said.

"And you'll want this," Parrish said. He unbuckled the gun belt he was wearing about his waist. "I took the liberty of borrowing it, having none of my own, but it belonged to your son."

The farmer looked at the weapon but made no move to take it. "Yes, I remember now; he saved up his money to buy it—" Mr. Hinkleman stopped, and then said, "Keep it, Mr. Parrish. I think Bud would have liked you to have it. He always spoke well of you."

Parrish was silent for a moment. "Thank you," he said, and fastened the belt around his hips again.

The older man hesitated, seeming to want to say something more. "We're farmers, Mr. Parrish," he said at last. "We're not accustomed to violence; we resort to it only when we're forced to."

"I'm hardly a professional gunman myself," Parrish said. "I'm not even much of a cattleman, I'm afraid."

"That's why I can speak to you," Mr. Hinkleman said. "Your neighbor Mr. Purdue wouldn't let me set foot on his place. Even Mr. McCloud here has a prejudice against any man who wears a bib on his overalls. But, Mr. Parrish, I still have four sons left to me, and there are seven other families settled in the south meadows, each with at least one able-bodied man. If the time should come when a few extra men with guns—well, you might remember that I spoke to you. Of course we would want some assurances that after this trouble was settled, we would be allowed to raise our crops in peace. This valley is big enough for all of us, if people would only deal reasonably with one another."

"I've never questioned that," Parrish said. "I'm as averse to violence as you, Mr. Hinkleman. I certainly hope there'll be no further need for it. But if there should be, I'll keep in mind what you've told me."

Mr. Hinkleman nodded slowly; then he held out his hand again. "Well, it's been pleasant making your acquaintance, Mr. Parrish," he said. "If you should have occasion to ride down our way, my wife and I would take it kindly if you would pay us a visit."

THE following morning, Parrish, McCloud and DeRosa rode up to the line cabin where Bud Hinkleman had lost his life, but there was nothing to be salvaged from the charred foundations. Riding homeward again, they followed the trail down Nelly's Canyon —actually a shallow and thinly forested valley—until the distant sound of a shot to the south made them all stop their horses simultaneously, as if at a command. They sat silent, listening. The single report was followed by a quick string of shots from a gun lighter than the one that had fired first.

McCloud, ahead of Parrish on the trail, turned and said, "That last fellow's just pumping lead; he ain't even hitting the ground."

Parrish nodded in agreement, but the sound of the first shot, never repeated, disturbed him. He said, "Sounds like trouble over on Box Seven."

Joe DeRosa said, "What are we waiting for?"

"Hold it, Joe," Parrish said. Ignoring DeRosa's impatience, he turned to the foreman. "Jim, if you were traveling from Box Seven to Anchor, which way would you go?"

"Why, it depends, Captain," McCloud said after some thought. "Nighttime I'd take the road, unless I was in a big hurry and didn't want to meet anybody, in which case I'd cut across to our place and pick up the trail at Hard Creek. Daytime I'd do the same, unless I was feeling real shy about being seen, in which case I'd keep to the Hills until I was north of Boundary Creek, then I'd cut west across the Basin to Anchor."

Parrish said, "That's about the way I figured it."

"Of course," the older man said, "this shooting may have nothing to do with Anchor at all. One of Silas Purdue's hands maybe jumped a stranger making off with a couple of steers, and there's no telling which way he'd run for it."

Parrish said, "If it's nothing to do with Anchor, it's nothing to do with us. Silas can take care of any stray rustlers without our help. But let's just make a guess that it's some Wilkison riders and take a chance on their feeling shy enough to stick to the Hills. Maybe we can cut them off back up the canyon and find out what's going on. I didn't like the sound of that first shot."

"It sure wasn't any saddle gun," McCloud said. "Buffalo rifle, I'd guess."

Parrish said, "They used them on other targets besides buffalo, where I heard them."

They heard no more shots as they followed the trail back up through the timber and passed the burned shell of the line cabin. At last McCloud stopped his horse and indicated a faint path that crossed the trail they were following.

"Old Indian trail," he said. "It'd be my guess, Captain, if I had to guess."

"We'll gamble on it," Parrish said, and looked around. "We can wait up there in the pines."

They found shelter for the horses behind a shoulder of rock, which was beginning to show bare here and there at this altitude; and then they settled down among the trees to wait, watching the place where the two trails crossed. From where he lay, Parrish could see naked summits rising above timber line.

"And they call them hills!" he said softly.

McCloud laughed softly and whispered, "You should pay a visit to the Big Guns over to the other side of the Basin, if you want to see real mountains. There's peaks over there no man's ever climbed, and lakes nobody's fished. There's creeks with gold nuggets as big as your fist, so they say. Personally, I never managed to locate one, but I sure tried when I first come to this country, before I learned that cattle was an easier living."

"It's a fine country," Parrish said. "A man's got room to breathe."

"No matter how much room some people have, they always want more, Captain."

"I hope you're wrong," Parrish said. "I certainly hope you're wrong, Jim."

It was very quiet and peaceful where he lay, but he could not get rid of the feeling that this was the uneasy peace of tomorrow's battlefield.

Presently DeRosa said to nobody in particular, "This makes no sense. They could have headed anywhere in the Basin."

McCloud said, "Son, I've got a lot more meat still-hunting than I ever did wearing out my rear end riding after it. Picking a likely-looking game trail and waiting for something to come along is a damn' sight better than crashing through the brush scaring everything within five miles. Right, Captain?"

PARRISH nodded and started to speak, but the sound of another shot cut him off. They all looked up, surprised by the closeness of the report; it seemed to come from just across the ridge to the south.

"There's your buffalo gun again, Jim," Parrish said. As he spoke, a lighter weapon fired three times very rapidly, and was answered not only by the heavy rifle, but by at least two other guns as well. There were a few seconds of ringing silence, and then the big rifle fired once. There was no answer. Half a minute later, it fired again. Parrish got to his feet, his gun in his hand. "Let's go," he said. "That marksman's got somebody pinned down, and he's holding them while his friends work in close for the kill. We'd better get over there."

The report of the big rifle came to them at varying intervals as they climbed the faint trail—winding back and forth up the face of the canyon wall —as fast as the horses could manage. Reaching the crest, they looked down into the next valley. It was heavily timbered directly below them, but the head of it, to the left, was an open, grassy, bowl-shaped meadow dotted with bushes and large granite boulders. Studying the scene, Parrish noticed the dead horse first, lying some hundred yards beyond the edge of the timber. Then he saw movement among a cluster of rocks nearby and finally made out the figure of a man crouching there, surrounded by open meadow.

"That lad's got himself into a pretty mess," Parrish said softly to McCloud. "Looks like he let one bunch lure him out into the open and then had his horse shot out from under him."

AS HE spoke, a white point of smoke appeared beside a boulder near the head of the meadow; seconds later the sound of the shot reached them.

"There he is," McCloud said. "If we sneak up along the ridge here, we can get behind him, Captain."

Parrish shook his head. "There's no time," he said. "Look in the woods; there's a man working into position below, and judging by the shooting a while back there ought to be another one somewhere around. They'll drive our friend out from behind the rocks and they'll finish him off before we can get there, if we try anything fancy. The only thing we can do now is break it up."

He pulled his carbine from the scabbard, cocked it, and fired into the air as he urged his horse down the slope. A second later he heard McCloud and DeRosa following him, yelling and shooting. Then he saw the man who was trapped in the rocks look around quickly, his face showing white beneath his hat. The man in the timber stood up, turned and ran into the pines. On the near side of the meadow a man suddenly appeared out of a small gully; he fired once, wildly, at the approaching riders and and ran for the head of the meadow. The man trapped in the rocks fired three times; on the third shot the running man fell forward and lay still.

The rifleman at the head of the meadow was shooting steadily. Parrish heard a heavy bullet pass him close by, although the range seemed incredible; another bullet kicked up dust directly in front of him, causing his horse to swerve violently. Parrish felt a sudden anger with himself; he did not like being under fire again. Then the heavy gun was silent, and Parrish saw a small man in a fringed buckskin shirt dart from the shelter of the boulder and disappear among the rocks above. A moment later he was followed by the man who had been in the timber.

As Parrish and his men rode past the dead horse, its former rider came out from his shelter to greet them. Parrish recognized Silas Purdue's foreman, a spare, balding, middle-aged man with a look of strain on his face. His name was Lenhart.

"Thanks," he said. "Reckon I owe you boys considerable. That damn' sharpshooter had me pinned down here like a chicken on a spit. It was my own fault though; I was careless. I reckon I kind of lost my head while I was chasing them." He looked off in the direction his attackers had gone. "They got the old man," he said.

"Mr. Purdue?" Parrish asked.

Lenhart nodded. "One bullet right through the heart; he never knew what hit him. He's back there a ways. I'd be obliged if you'd lend me a hand with bringing him in." He looked again at the ridge over which the little man in buckskin had fled. "I'll meet up with that fellow later," he said, "someday when he hasn't got the range on me by three hundred yards."

—DONALD HAMILTON

(This is the third of four parts.)

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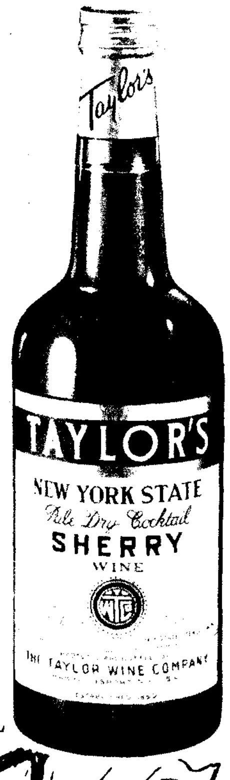

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Hazel can hardly wait to quit working and keep house. But on my salary I can't support Hazel, my mother and my mother's birds—not at retail

Yours in Song

There can be any number of reasons why two people in love can't get married—but we've never heard of a funnier reason than this

By HANNIBAL COONS

PARIS BIRDSEED COMPANY
Muncie, Indiana
"America's Oldest Friend of Birds"

November 12, 1953

Mr. Arthur Hale, Jr.
823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas

Dear Mr. Hale:

We are in receipt of your letter inquiring about wholesale rates on the famous line of Paris Birdseed. And I want to thank you for your interest.

Unfortunately, however, it would do little good to quote you our dealer rates at present, as we already have an extremely active dealer in Pikeville—Peterson's Pet Shop. For a community of your size, Peterson's has been moving a most splendid amount of birdseed, and it would be contrary to company policy to allow a second dealer to enter the Pikeville field at this time.

Hoping that we will have the opportunity of serving you in the future, I remain,

Yours in song,
T. Searles Tyrrel
Sales Manager

---

823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas
November 15, 1953

Mr. T. Searles Tyrrel
Sales Manager
Paris Birdseed Company
Muncie, Indiana

Dear Mr. Tyrrel:

Well, Mr. Tyrrel, I just don't know when I've seen a man miss anything farther. All I asked was how much was your birdseed wholesale, so where you got this idea that I wanted to be a dealer beats me. Imagine anybody trying to make a living selling birdseed. Wow.

Anyway, that is sure not what I had in mind. My whole problem is that I have got about one million birds to feed, plus Hazel, and (I will try it again) all I want is your best rate on some sort of plain, nourishing birdseed in wholesale lots, four or five good big sacks at a time—for reasons there is no need to go into.

What I am really interested in, I might as well tell you, is whatever I could

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD STECKLER

feed the most birds on for the least money. If you don't have any ideas, I'll try oats. Please rush me your best rate. And please hurry.

Yours very truly,
Arthur Hale, Jr.

PARIS BIRDSEED COMPANY
Muncie, Indiana
"America's Oldest Friend of Birds"

November 18, 1953

Mr. Arthur Hale, Jr.
823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas

Dear Mr. Hale:

Much as we would like to, it is impossible for us to enter into correspondence with the thousands of individual bird lovers throughout America. I am sure that you will understand.

Sincerely yours,
Agnes Doubleday
Asst. to Mr. Tyrrel

823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas
November 22, 1953

Mrs. Agnes Doubleday
Asst. to Mr. Tyrrel
Paris Birdseed Company
Muncie, Indiana

Dear Mrs. Doubleday:

Well, gosh, yes, I understand. If you started writing to every Tom, Dick and Harry in this country that likes birds, you wouldn't get anything else done. But you can sure go right on writing to me, because I am not by any stretch of the imagination a bird lover. It even makes me a little sick to talk about it.

But I'm going to have to talk about it, at least part of it, because I can see that you still don't understand my problem.

In the first place, I want to make it clear that the sole and only reason I am not a bird lover is due to the fact that for going on six years now I have spent a good part of my salary feeding birds. What a drain.

It started about six years ago, as I say, the day the canary broke loose; I was eighteen at the time. We'd always had a canary, feeding him your stuff, and I must say he got along fine on it. Then you know how everything always happens at once. Well, in one week there my father died, and the canary died, and I graduated from high school and got my job at the post office, and let me tell you I hope I never see another week like that.

But you've no doubt got your own worries, everybody has, so the only part of it I need to go into is that the next week my mother, sick at heart but trying to get herself together, went down to Peterson's Pet Shop and bought another canary, a very pretty one. She named him Nelson Eddy again, after the first one, and all in all she felt a lot perked up. But the very next morning when she opened the cage to clean it, out flew the canary. She'd forgot it wasn't the old one, and I happened to be just going out the kitchen door at the time, and right on out he went, flying up to sit on a limb and looking real surprised.

Well, my mother naturally just about had a heart attack. Do something, Arthur, she yelled, do something. Okay, I said, what? So we both rushed outside and yelled, Here, canary, here, canary, scaring him so bad that he took off and disappeared right over the top of Hendersons' house. Oh, said my mother, and she rushed back in and grabbed the telephone and called everybody in town including Mrs. Peterson, and they all said, quick, open all the doors and set dishes of canary mix in the doorways, also a little outside to start him on. Then hide.

Which we did, but my mother being a generous woman and naturally worried at the time, I think she overdid the outside part of it a little. She put about a dozen bowlfuls of canary mix in the back yard, using up her whole new five-pound sack. And while we didn't see the canary again, in about half an hour we were feeding every able-bodied bird in Arkansas. That whole back yard looked like one big aquarium, or is that for fish?

Anyway, it had a funny effect on my mother. Look, she said, standing there hiding at the bedroom window with her arm around my shoulder, they're eating our food. Yes, they sure are, I said, not bothering to add that it cost just about fifteen cents a dish. Those big ungrateful birds were not only chomping away on it as though they owned the restaurant, but kicking it every which way without giving one thought to the cost.

Well, as I say, we never did see the canary again—I think Mrs. Peterson recaptured him and sold him to somebody else—but my mother suddenly had this new interest, her outside birds. She'd stand there at the kitchen door watching them all eat just as though she were at a movie, and three times a day she would set out straight canary mix, thirty cents a pound. Now, Arthur, she'd say, Nelson Eddy may come back any day, and besides how much can a bird eat, even at the best?

Well, one bird naturally can't eat very much; he hasn't got a very big gullet. But you take a whole back yard full of birds, they can nibble you broke—especially when you're setting out nothing but the best, except for sunflower seeds which are for parrots. My mother would no doubt have added a dish or two of sunflower seeds, except that very few parrots ever fly by here.

[illegible]

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Springfield, Ohio

MICHAEL BERRY

COLLIER'S "Margaret, did you know that I'm a positive doll?" MICHAEL BERRY

But what the heck? My mother had a good new interest, I had a good job at the post office, and the fact is that we rocked along like that for the next six years, until now—my mother just feeding those blasted birds, no offense, and me working away at the post office and going out with Hazel Wednesday nights and week ends.

Oh, Hazel. That's the whole point of this, and I nearly forgot to tell you. Boy, in this life you're always just one jump ahead of a complication. And about three months ago when Hazel and I decided to quit talking about it and get married, I had, so help me, hardly finished proposing before she brought up the budget. Arthur, I accept, she said, but the budget will just not stand your mother's birds. I should add that Hazel is assistant bookkeeper at the strawberry plant and thinks she's a whiz-bang on budgets, and let me tell you we've had quite a few talks about it in these last three months.

Hazel is a wonderful girl, the most wonderful girl I've ever met; but if she thinks she's going to put the quietus on the only pleasure in this world my mother's got to live for, she's just got another think coming, believe you me. We're not going to start off that way; it's no way to start. My mother is going to go right ahead feeding those blasted birds, and don't you forget it.

But it's true I have got to work out something somehow, because Hazel can hardly wait to quit at the strawberry plant and keep house, and on government pay I just can't support Hazel, my mother and my mother's birds. Not at retail.

Oh, about Peterson's Pet Shop. That place. That old Mrs. Peterson wouldn't give you a drop of water if she had the only spigot in the desert. Sure she does a good business—my mother is her best customer. I've asked that Mrs. Peterson for a better rate I guess a thousand times, but you might just as well ask a bank for a better rate on nickels. She weighs out that birdseed as if it were gold nuggets, and she'll take out two seeds if it weighs over. What a skinflint. All she's got in the whole place are these big lard cans of your birdseed, most of which my mother buys, and a few canaries, and a couple of goldfish, and she always of course has a good stock of kittens, and an old monkey that they've been trying to sell for ten years that I know of. If you ask me, she is never going to sell that monkey, because everybody in this town knows that the main reason nice old Mr. Peterson died is that that monkey bit him about three times a day. He's bit me too. He's bit everybody, but for some reason Mrs. Peterson likes him.

But there's no use going into that. The point is, I have simply got to get a rate on birdseed, and I can't get it at Peterson's, so tell Mr. Tyrrel to do his best if he's any friend of these birds.

And please hurry. Hazel is positively beginning to make an issue of it.

Yours very truly,
Arthur Hale, Jr.

PARIS BIRDSEED COMPANY
Muncie, Indiana
"America's Oldest Friend of Birds"

November 25, 1953

Mr. Arthur Hale, Jr.
823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas

Dear Mr. Hale:

Shortly after reading your letter this morning, Mr. Tyrrel went home with a sick headache. But he said to tell you that he will write in a few days, just as soon as he feels that he has strength enough to return to the office.

Sincerely yours,
Agnes Doubleday,
Asst. to Mr. Tyrrel

P.S. For your information, it is *Miss* Doubleday.

823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas
November 28, 1953

Miss Agnes Doubleday
Asst. to Mr. Tyrrel
Paris Birdseed Company
Muncie, Indiana

Dear Miss Doubleday:

Well, gosh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry about everything. I'm sorry you're still Miss Doubleday, and I'm sorry Mr. Tyrrel got sick. What do you suppose could have caused it?

But I know those sick headaches: it doesn't take much. My mother has them all the time, sometimes just bang on one of her best days. And when she gets a bad one, all that helps is to lie down in a dark room with a wrung-out washrag. Also, Mr. Tyrrel may need new glasses.

Anyway, please call up Mrs. Tyrrel and tell her about the wrung-out washrag, and to try both hot and cold, because those sick headaches sometimes last a week, and in a week I could be completely unengaged. Hazel is a lovely girl, but just last night she gave me an ultimatum. I'd walked her home, and on the porch I'd just kissed her, a real tender kiss, when all of a sudden without any provocation whatever she suddenly said, Arthur, I love your mother, she's a fine woman, but it's either me or those birds. I can't stand it much longer. And she busted into tears and went in banging the door.

Well, not knowing what else to do I went home. And this noon I went down and gave Mrs. Peterson an ultimatum. I was in to get twenty more pounds, and when I paid her for it I said, Mrs. Peterson, I just want to tell you that this is the last of it. When these two bags are gone I'm either going to get a rate or buy direct, and that's final.

And you know what she said? She said, hah. And on the way out the monkey bit me. What a place!

Anyway, tell Mr. Tyrrel I can't accomplish anything at Peterson's. That's definitely out.

So tell him to please hurry.

Yours very truly,
Arthur Hale, Jr.

P.S. Oh, one other item. Tell Mr. Tyrrel that selling me direct isn't going to affect Peterson's business one bit. No matter what happens, he can look for a sharp drop in sales there, because I'm not going in again. I'll drive to Little Rock and get it first. Mrs. Peterson and that monkey have bit me for the last time.

PARIS BIRDSEED COMPANY
Muncie, Indiana
"America's Oldest Friend of Birds"

December 1, 1953

Mr. Arthur Hale, Jr.
823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas

Dear Mr. Hale:

Miss Doubleday has already informed you, I believe, that your problem has proved extremely upsetting to me personally. It has indeed, because it has placed me squarely between the Scylla of my loyalty to the company, and the Charybdis of my deep loyalty to birds in general. As founder and president of the Charter Road Bird Club of Muncie, it is a struggle that I have had many times before, but never has it been brought into such sharp focus.

The fact is, Mr. Hale, that your entire problem is utterly unnecessary. For your mother to continue in the glorious task of feeding our native songbirds it is not necessary for you to buy five cents' worth of commercial birdseed, from us or from anyone else. (Mr. Hale, please treat this in the strictest confidence.) For years I have set an excellent table for birds in my own back yard here in Muncie, without spending a penny for birdseed. I, of course, occasionally bring home samples of new crops or shipments, and use a few dishes of it in certain back-yard field experiments, but this is in no sense an essential part of the birds' diet.

Mr. Hale, there is enough stale bread thrown away every day in this country to feed every wild songbird in the land. When you add a chunk of suet, any beef or lamb bones you have, a little peanut butter on the bread bits, and some steamed raisins, you have bird food fit for a king—at a cost of practically nothing.

It's more trouble than merely dipping a dish into a sack of commercial birdseed, I grant you, and in that regard we are doing a fine service. Breaking up even two or three slices of bread into bird bits takes an astonishing amount of time, and most people simply won't take the trouble. But for a real bird lover, it's time so well spent—as is the baking of a little crumbly shortcake for them, the careful saving of all doughnut and cheese crumbs, and of course the grinding of all your melon seeds.

A songbird, Mr. Hale, is Nature's noblest achievement. He gives us the deathless gift of song, and what does he ask in return? Nothing. Nothing but decent shelter, proper bathing facilities, good drinking water and a balanced diet—plus, of course, gravel for his little craw.

So please tell your good mother that the day is saved. With nothing but the leftovers from her own kitchen and a little ingenuity, plus the merest sprinkle of birdseed for sauce, if you have it, she can go right ahead keeping her little fellows alive and well, at practically no cost to anyone. And tell her not to forget the steamed raisins. The little fellows love them so.

Hoping that this solves your problem, Mr. Hale, I remain,

Yours in song,
T. Searles Tyrrel
Sales Manager

823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas
December 4, 1953

Mr. T. Searles Tyrrel, Sales Manager
Paris Birdseed Company
Muncie, Indiana

Dear Mr. Tyrrel:

Well, boy, I'll say it solves the problem. Thanks a lot. We always have stale bread and peanut butter and good bones and raisins around. And there's a sprinkle of birdseed in practically every drawer in this house. If that's all they need, why, boy, we're in. Thanks a lot. Wow, just think of all the money that people waste buying birdseed, eh, Mr. Tyrrel? Wow.

Your friend,
Arthur Hale, Jr.

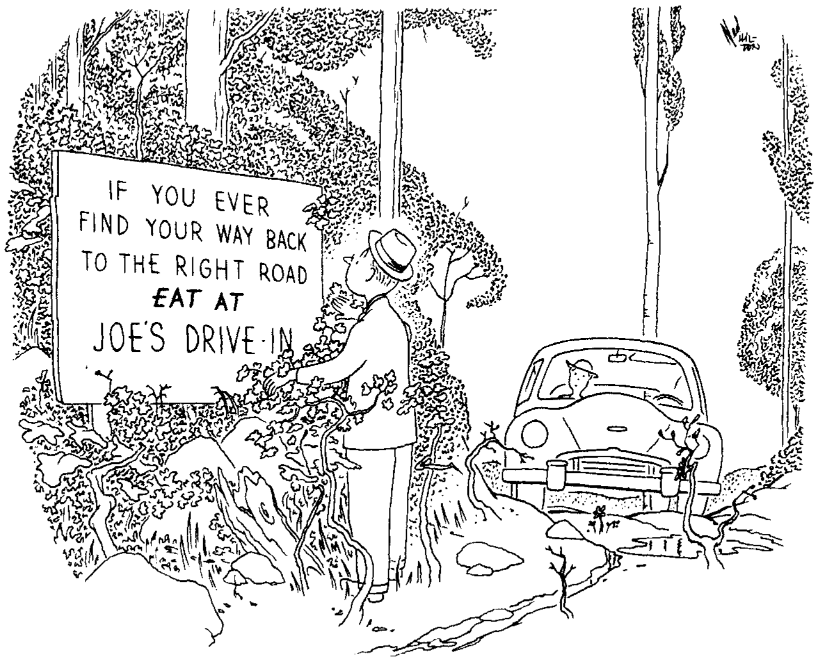
823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas
December 7, 1953

Mr. T. Searles Tyrrel, Sales Manager
Paris Birdseed Company
Muncie, Indiana

Dear Mr. Tyrrel:

Well, you can just cancel that last letter. I spoke too soon. I didn't think it was possible, but the situation here is worse than ever. Your great idea just didn't work out at all.

You see, Mr. Tyrrel, there's one problem you evidently didn't consider. My mother uses feeders. She makes them herself out of lard or coffee cans and old curtain rods. The reason she does it is because when we first started feeding birds, just with dishes set on the ground, the Hendersons' cat sneaked in one morning and ate one bird before he could even get out of the dish and take off. And my mother said, no more of that. So she worked out these feeders, eight-sided, with a little porch rail for the birds to sit on while they eat the stuff that comes down the little chutes. We've got them mounted on short poles all over the back yard. The place looks like it's full

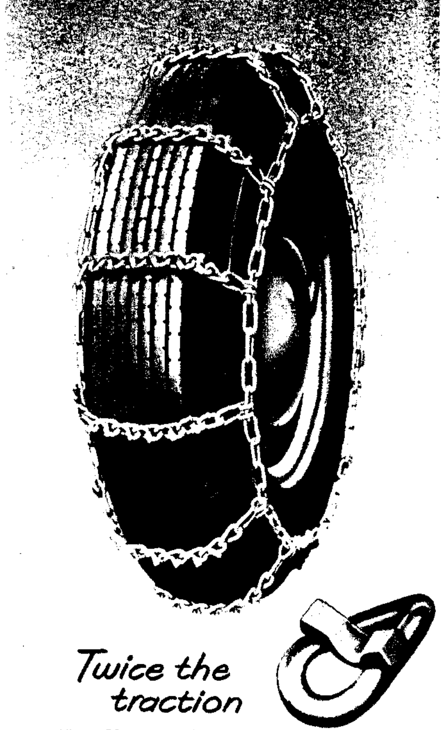


COLLIER'S NED HILTON

TM V-BAR CHAINS

STOP
FASTER, STRAIGHTER!

START
QUICKER, EASIER!
than any tire, or ordinary chain!



Twice the traction

TM V-Bars bite the ice—stop you quicker with *less swerving* than any tire or conventional chain. Rugged V-Bars give you positive control—*every time!*

Easy to put on

TM Quick-On Appliers revolutionize application! Just connect Quick-Ons to end of chain . . . slip on tires . . . turn wheels once . . . lock side chain fasteners . . . and you're ready to go!

Longer life New TM V-Bar Chains are built for rugged use—give up to twice the life of ordinary chains! Buy now—be prepared to play it safe!

S. G. TAYLOR CHAIN COMPANY
Hammond, Indiana
Makers of famous Taylor Made Alloy Steel Chain for industry.

TAYLOR MADE
A GREAT NAME IN
Chain SINCE 1873

Have you noticed

Recipe for Bang-up Picnic Eatin'

ON THE BEACH — IN THE WOODS — AT HOME!

BIRDS EYE FROSTED FOODS

Another Birds Eye sure-to-please!

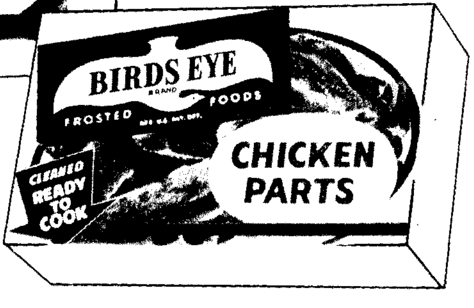
1. **Super chicken!** Fed a super diet and kept quiet to produce juicy, tender meat. *Yes, ma'am!* Birds Eye Chicken is the eatingest chicken ever fried up and passed around at *any* picnic!

2. **So handy for outdoor cooking!** Birds Eye does all the work for you—the birds are cleaned to perfection, all cut up, ready to cook. *You* pop the meaty, waste-free pieces into the pan!

3. **Guaranteed!** If Birds Eye isn't the tastiest, tenderest, finest-quality frying chicken you ever sank your teeth into—your money back! *That guarantee goes for Birds Eye Chicken Parts, too!*

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FRYING CHICKEN
CLEANED READY TO COOK

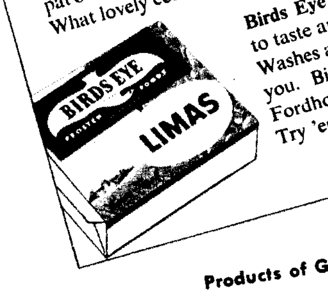
BETTER BUY BIRDS EYE — *you just can't beat Birds Eye Quality!*


BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CHICKEN PARTS
CLEANED READY TO COOK

Recipe for dewy-fresh Lima Bean Eatin'!

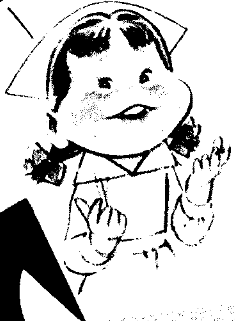
Cook big, thin-skinned *Birds Eye* Fordhook Lima Beans as directed on the package. Add a pat or two of butter; serve. What luscious flavor! What lovely color!

Birds Eye grows its Limas to taste and look that way. Washes and shells them for you. Birds Eye tops any Fordhooks you ever tasted. Try 'em *today!*


BIRDS EYE
FROSTED FOODS
LIMAS

Products of General Foods

CALLING ALL GIRLS!



America needs nurses *desperately*—in the armed forces, in local hospitals, in industry. YOU can help in this emergency—and equip yourself for a proud profession, too. Enroll NOW as a student nurse. The Director of Nurses at any hospital will gladly supply details. See her TODAY!

Copyright 1952, General Foods Corp.

the new style in ads?

Public-spirited companies by the dozens have enlisted their advertising in the country's service.

Something significant has happened.

More and more American companies are now using part of their advertising to bring you vital public service messages.

A food company points out the desperate need for nurses. A hotel chain reminds you that blood will save lives. An automobile equipment company helps to lessen the toll of highway accidents. A drug concern donates space to U. S. Savings Bonds.

To these, and other patriotic and public causes, American business gives away over 100 million dollars worth of advertising yearly. These constant reminders, over the past ten years, have accomplished much.

For instance:

In 1940 (before World War II) deaths due to traffic accidents occurred at the rate of 11.4 per 100 million passenger-miles. Through August of 1953, the rate was knocked down to 6.5 – the lowest death rate ever recorded.

A ten-year campaign against forest fires has, on the average, saved enough timber yearly to build homes for a city the size of Grand Rapids, Michigan, plus countless lives.

Last year you and your fellow citizens, reminded of the need by advertising, gave the staggering total of over 4,775,000 pints of blood.

This huge, systemized public service by American business and American advertising is a source of amazement to visitors from abroad.

Why is it done?

It is done because American businessmen believe deeply in their country and feel, as you do, that it is better to get important things done the voluntary way than by compulsion.

And the voluntary way is solving many of the country's problems, one by one.

THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL
...for public service

The Council thanks COLLIER'S *for generously making this space available.*

LATOUR LINGERIE CORP.
CASHIER
Ray Helle

COLLIER'S "If this outfit doesn't do better soon, a lot more of us will be getting pink slips" RAY HELLE

of tall toadstools, but they're good bird feeders, I must say.

The only trouble is, I can't make peanut-buttered bread and steamed raisins come down those infernal little chutes. My mother said, when I first told her about it, Arthur, she said, I don't think it'll work, but I'll try it. And she did, the whole week end, and she was right, as usual. All we did was get all the feeders as stuck up as a fly-papered dog, and we finally had to wash them all out with the hose, and start off fresh with the last of the final two sacks of canary mix. Hazel sat on the back porch all day Sunday, watching, not talking but looking ominous.

And when I called her up at the strawberry plant this morning they said she hadn't come to work—she'd called in sick—and when I called her at home, her mother, whom I've known for fifteen years, said Hazel had gone over to Bender to visit her aunt for a few days. And she sounded real cool.

So, Mr. Tyrrel, if you have any other ideas at all, for Heaven's sakes let me know what to do. The situation here is approaching a crisis.

Yours very truly,
Arthur Hale, Jr.

PARIS BIRDSEED COMPANY
Muncie, Indiana
"America's Oldest Friend of Birds"

December 10,1953
Air Mail

Mr. Arthur Hale, Jr.
823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas

Dear Mr. Hale:

After reading your last letter this morning, Mr. Tyrrel was seized with another headache and had to go home.

But I am sure that he will answer you just as soon as he can. In the meantime, please do not write any more until you hear from him, because while he is out of the office there is always the chance that one of your letters might be referred to another executive for reply, and if this matter should come to the attention of the wrong person it could prove most embarrassing.

Yours sincerely,
Agnes Doubleday,
Asst. to Mr. Tyrrel

823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas
December 12, 1953

Miss Agnes Doubleday
Asst. to Mr. Tyrrel
Paris Birdseed Company
Muncie, Indiana

Dear Miss Doubleday:

Okay, sure, shush is the word. We don't want any outsiders in on this, not after the way we've been knocking the birdseed business. Wow. What they'd do to Mr. Tyrrel.

Which is why I'm addressing this one to you, and marking it *Personal.* And the only reason I'm writing at all is that I just have to tell you something. This morning I wrapped up and mailed to you one of my mother's bird feeders. But don't worry. I have addressed it to you and marked it *Miss Doubleday's Love Letters. Do Not Open.* Nobody can connect that with Mr. Tyrrel. Say, have you checked his glasses?

Anyway, the point is I just couldn't wait. If Hazel spends very many more days in Bender with that cynical aunt of hers I can just kiss her good-by. So the minute ths feeder arrives, if Mr. Tyrrel isn't back yet, please show it to one of your other birdseed men. Tell him it's something your little brother made—he's a Boy Scout—and ask him if there's any way to make peanut butter go down those chutes. As soon as he tells you, air-mail me how.

There's no hurry to send the feeder back, as it's Mother's standard model and we've got a dozen still unused ones stacked in the garage waiting for space in the yard. She makes a new one any time she isn't busy. She's made all sorts of different models through the years, but this is now her standard one and the one we have got to work with because we have quite a few on hand. If you ask me, the little chutes are just too small. If anybody can make this contraption work without buying birdseed, I'll put in with him. But I thought maybe if I sent one on so you could really see it, somebody there could tell me how to work it on this bread and raisins and stuff. It's my last straw. So mum's the word, Miss Doubleday. But please hurry.

Yours in haste,
Arthur Hale, Jr.

1820
COMPANY
INC.
NOTI
JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S "Nice going, Miss Hamlin. You certainly put in a full day's work this week!" JEFF KEATE

PARIS BIRDSEED COMPANY
Muncie, Indiana
"America's Oldest Friend of Birds"

December 16, 1953

Mr. Arthur Hale, Jr.
823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas

Dear Mr. Hale:

Well, Mr. Hale, I can only inform you that you have persisted until you have ruined everything, not only for Mr. Tyrrel but for me. And we both tried so hard to do everything possible for you.

The first I knew of what you had done was a few minutes ago, when I returned to the office from a late lunch. As I came through the outer office, I noticed quite a group of the girls at the water cooler, giggling, but thought nothing of it.

It was just now that I learned the reason. Just as I feared, your last letter came in while I also was out of the office, and Miss Piper, the mail girl, not noticing the *Personal,* opened it with the rest of the sales-department letters and placed it in full view on my desk, together with your package labeled as my love letters. What a cruel jest, Mr. Hale.

A few minutes later Miss Hendershot, a very jealous young person, came into my office to leave some memos for Mr. Tyrrel. Knowing that I was out to lunch, she seized upon the package and shortly had the girls gathered at the water cooler. And in the midst of their peals of laughter over this large package containing my "love letters," who should walk in but Mr. Gaines, the head of the Paris Birdseed Company, with two very important customers from Cleveland.

He was naturally extremely annoyed and demanded instantly to know what was taking place. The girls could only mutely turn over the package to him, together with your letter which Miss Piper remembered having placed on my desk. He took them and went into his private office.

And as soon as he finishes with the men from Cleveland, he will undoubtedly summon me, demand the rest of the file covering the case, and Mr. Tyrrel and I will both very probably be given our dismissal—after fifteen years with Paris.

I just can't write any more about this. Mr. Tyrrel is such a kindly man, and it's all such a shame.

Yours sincerely,
Agnes Doubleday,
Asst. to Mr. Tyrrel

PARIS BIRDSEED COMPANY
Muncie, Indiana
"America's Oldest Friend of Birds"

December 17, 1953
Air Mail

Mr. Arthur Hale, Jr.
823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas

Dear Mr. Hale:

I am so sorry that I couldn't catch my last letter before it went out. Please disregard it, because everything here is changed.

Not over twenty minutes after it had gone out, Mr. Gaines did summon me into his private office, and just as I feared he demanded the Hale file. I got it for him with quaking knees, and he leafed through it like a police officer reading a bad accident report, going back to read carefully Mr. Tyrrel's selfless letter on home feeding.

Finally Mr. Gaines looked up at me and said, "Just what does this mean, Miss Doubleday?"

I was petrified. I saw Mr. Tyrrel's entire world crashing down around his ears—at the very moment when he was home with a sick headache.

But then suddenly the words came tumbling out. I really have no idea from where. Why, Mr. Tyrrel had undercover scouts all over the country, I said, always on the lookout for any information of value to the company in the birdseed field. And some time ago he had had a report on this new feeder which had been developed by a Mrs. Hale at Pikeville, Arkansas. He immediately set about getting more complete reports, and when her son chanced to write in, he saw instantly that here was the perfect opportunity to give the feeder a full and unbiased test, under actual field conditions. I think, Mr. Gaines, I concluded, that considering the results shown, you can only agree that Mr. Tyrrel has finally found our feeder.

At which Mr. Gaines unwrapped your mother's feeder, studied its construction with great interest, reread your last two letters, then suddenly looked up, to my intense relief, with a broad smile.

"By George, Miss Doubleday," he said, "I think he has. And in Pikeville, Arkansas. That took real digging. Get old Tyrrel on the telephone, and after I discuss a little matter of a bonus with him, maybe he'll get over that fool headache."

You see, Mr. Hale, for some time now we have been looking for just the right feeder to feature in a new nationwide sales campaign. Since most of the bird feeders on the market are both cumbersome and expensive, we decided to put out a feeder of our own—at very little cost to the customer but emblazoned with our sales message. What possible better place for our advertising than on the feeder itself? Every time you go out to fill the feeder, there will be our message reminding you that America's best birdseed is Paris. Frankly, we expect to rock the birdseed field.

And the wonderful feature of your mother's feeder is that it is constructed in such an odd way that, as you say, absolutely nothing will work in it *but* birdseed. We are going to call it Mother Hale's Home Feeder, and manufacture it by the tens of thousands for bird lovers everywhere. We will pay your mother a royalty of ten cents per feeder, for all rights to the design and the name. Enclosed are the contracts for her to sign and return, and our advance royalty check for one thousand dollars.

Since your mother will now be part of the firm, we can of course supply her with any quantity of birdseed for her own needs, at cost.

Hoping that these terms are entirely satisfactory, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
Agnes Doubleday
Asst. to Mr. Tyrrel

P.S. I feel that I should add a personal note. There is no Mrs. Tyrrel, at least not yet. Mr. Tyrrel has always given himself fully to his birds. But he was so overjoyed at how I handled the difficult situation you caused that the wonderful truth is that we are announcing our engagement at the company party this Sunday. You have certainly done Mr. Tyrrel and me, as well as the birds of America, a great favor. Thank you so much, Arthur, if I may call you Arthur.

823 Peach Street
Pikeville, Arkansas
December 21, 1953

Miss Agnes Doubleday
Asst. to Mr. Tyrrel
Paris Birdseed Company
Muncie, Indiana

Dear Miss Doubleday:

Well, you sure can, any time. And as for the birds of America, think nothing of it. Glad to do it. The fact is that the birds of America have done me a great favor.

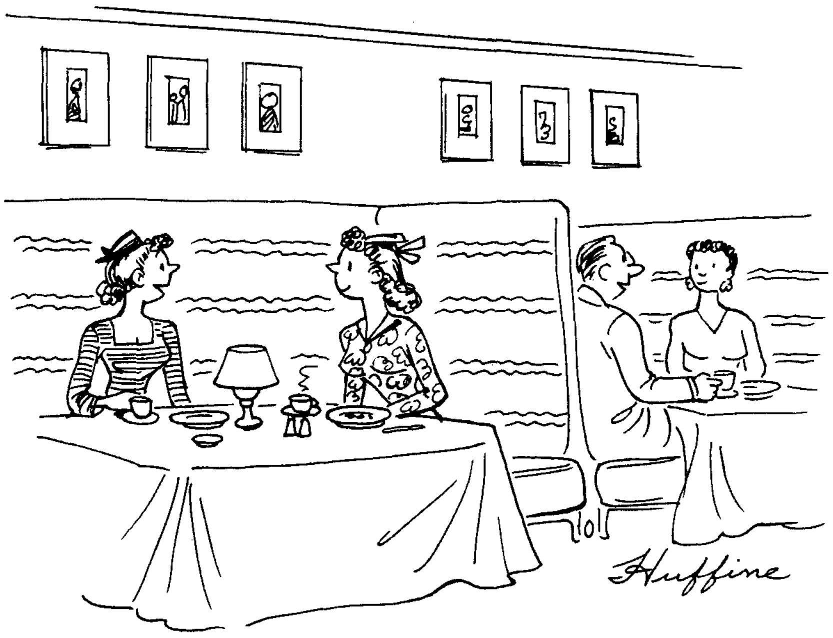
Because out of the feeder money my mother now can not only feed every bird in Arkansas but she's also treating Hazel and me to an unforgettable three-day honeymoon in Little Rock.

Oh boy, eh, Miss Doubleday? I mean Mrs. Tyrrel. And give my best to Mr. Tyrrel.

Oh, I didn't tell you the best of it. With what's left of the feeder money, my mother is buying out Peterson's Pet Shop. Mrs. Peterson was very happy to sell; she's going to live with some relatives in El Paso—taking the monkey with her, thank goodness. My mother is going to specialize almost entirely in birds. And she'll be good at it.

As ever,
Arthur

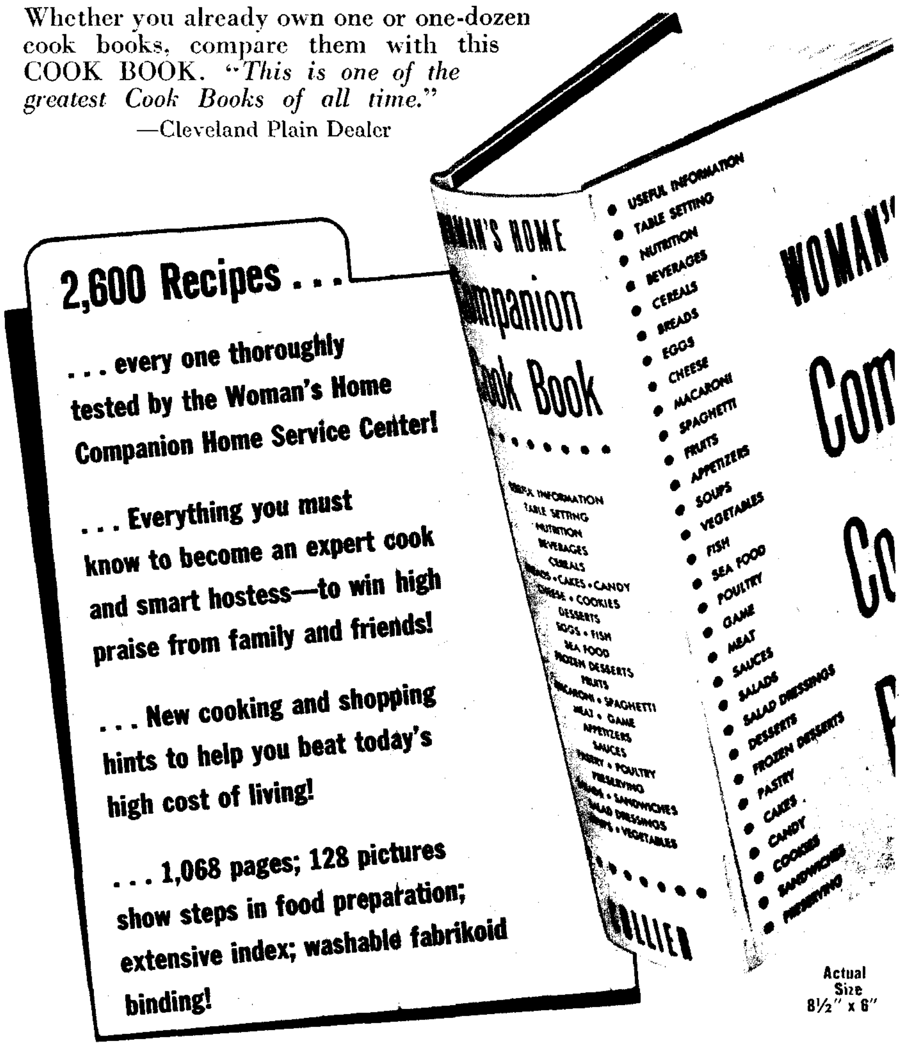
—HANNIBAL COONS



COLLIER'S "Jim's the sort of fellow who tries to date you after the first kiss" DAVID HUFFINE

"...just about TOPS in its field ...a beautifully prepared volume that should be on the shelf of every kitchen library."—Washington Star

Whether you already own one or one-dozen cook books, compare them with this COOK BOOK. "*This is one of the greatest Cook Books of all time.*"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer



2,600 Recipes...

...every one thoroughly tested by the Woman's Home Companion Home Service Center!

...Everything you must know to become an expert cook and smart hostess—to win high praise from family and friends!

...New cooking and shopping hints to help you beat today's high cost of living!

...1,068 pages; 128 pictures show steps in food preparation; extensive index; washable fabrikoid binding!

Actual Size 8½" x 6"

"*. . . contains everything—with so many pictures you couldn't possibly go wrong.*"

Never before has a cook book furnished so complete an answer to every cooking problem in the home. Here you will find a wealth of thoroughly tested recipes for every taste—standard American fare and also hundreds of new and different dishes. Among the many valuable features of this wonderful cook book are new and practical chapters that tell you all about the preparation of foods for home freezing, pressure cooking (with time-table charts), feeding children, and weight control. All recipes calling for yeast have been revised to include the use of the new dry yeast.

COSTS YOU NOTHING TO SEE IT

MAIL COUPON TODAY

FIVE DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

Companion Cook Book C-74
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send a copy of the Woman's Home Companion Cook Book on your Free Trial offer. After five days' examination—after I have had a chance to look into it and actually test it for myself— I will pay only $1.95 plus postage, and Sales Tax if required, and $2.00 the next month as my final payment. Or I will return it and owe nothing.

Name____________________ (Print Please)

Address____________________

City__________ Zone_____ State________

SAVE: Send $3.95 now. We will pay postage. Same return privilege.

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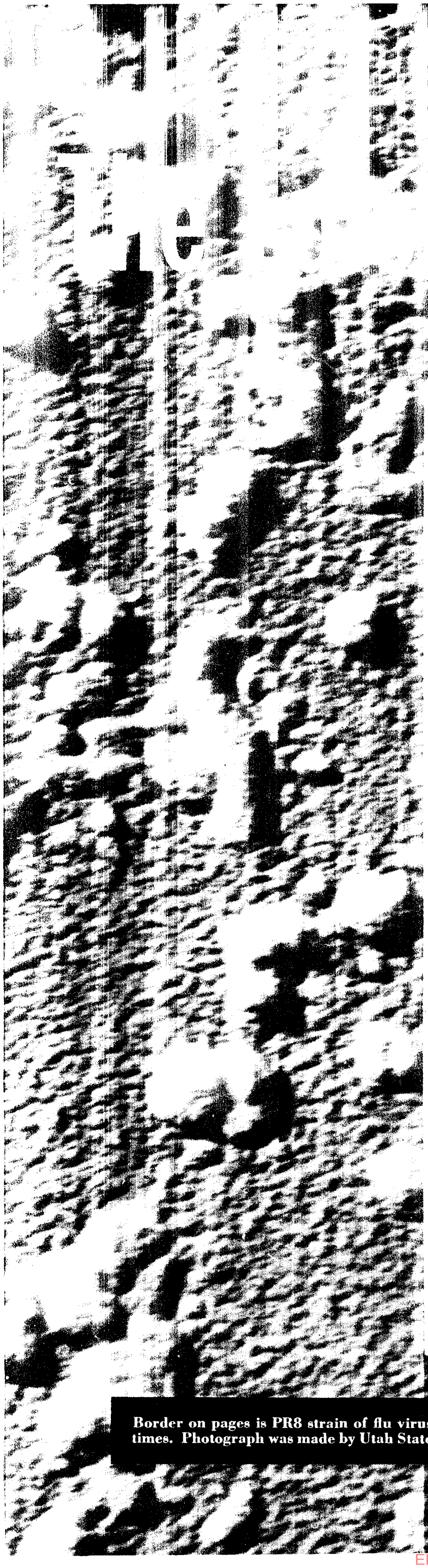
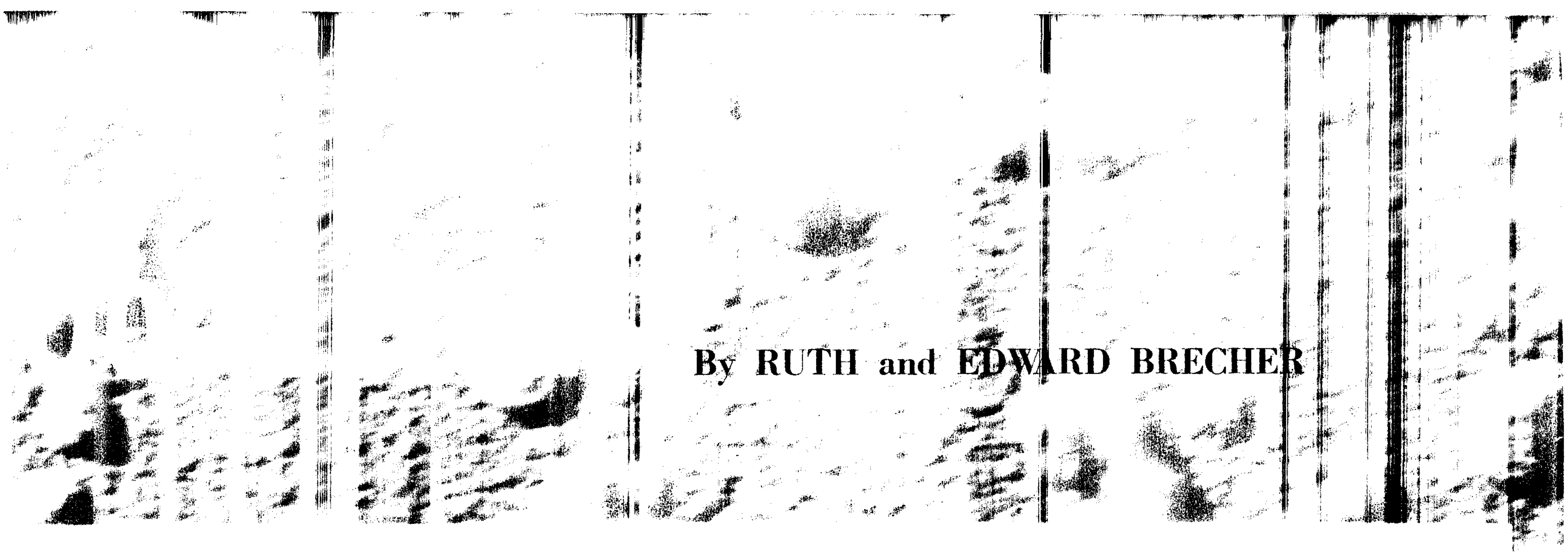


You still may have your bout with influenza this year, but scientists are slowly winning their battle with the disease. Now they've come up with a vaccine that looks like the best weapon yet against the misery-provoking virus

EDWARD BURKS

Dr. Dorland Davis heads U.S. flu information network of World Health Organization

Border on pages is PR8 strain of flu virus type A magnified 180,000 times. Photograph was made by Utah State professor George Cochran



By RUTH and EDWARD BRECHER

CIENTISTS are at last catching up with one of man's most treacherous foes—the virus which causes influenza epidemics—and this winter they almost have it cornered.

The small but far-flung fraternity of flu hunters has been busy on a number of fronts. Some have been exhuming the corpses of Eskimos frozen in the Alaskan permafrost since 1918; others have been digging up Iowa earthworms to feed to New Jersey hogs; still others have been compounding the blood of unborn chickens with nasal secretions from flu-stricken ferrets or the garglings of human flu victims.

Medical students, Army recruits and hundreds of average families also have been helping—trying out a promising new vaccine against flu.

Here is a progress report on the flu hunters—what they've been up to, and where they stand today.

From the start, one of the major tasks of the influenza researchers has been to spot each new strain of flu virus as soon as possible after it lays low its first victim, and to map its course as it hopscotches continents and oceans, claims victims on a Gargantuan scale, then vanishes—as suddenly and mysteriously as it arose.

Consider that bout of general misery, aches, coughs, sneezes and mild fever which you may have shared with millions of other Americans about a year ago, during January and February of 1953. You also shared it with millions of Japanese and Europeans; careful matching of influenza viruses from the throats of victims showed that the same virus strain was responsible for the 1953 flu explosions everywhere.

What are these elusive flu viruses, anyway?

Scientists recognize two main types, Influenza A and Influenza B, which produce the same symptoms and look very much alike under the electron microscope, but which lab tests can readily tell apart. Within types A and B are many strains and groups of strains, which reveal more or less close relationships to one another by their behavior in test tubes.

There is also a poor relation, Influenza C, which has been described as "a virus in search of a disease." C is found only rarely. It seems to produce milder symptoms than A and B, and has not yet been implicated in any major epidemic.

To complicate matters further, there's another disease with symptoms almost indistinguishable from influenza's, called ARD (acute respiratory disease). Sometimes it appears alone, sometimes with flu; in some epidemics, as many as two thirds of the so-called flu cases are actually ARD. Doctors don't know what causes it.

Influenza A epidemics recur every two or three years; important B epidemics have been spotted only in 1936, 1940, 1945 and 1952. One subgroup of A strains caused all the world's A-type epidemics from 1935 to 1946. Then these strains almost vanished; you can hardly find them now except in laboratories where they are kept alive for study. Their role has been usurped by the "A-prime" strains, of which the 1953 virus is an example.

Quite possibly the most important flu virus of all—the strain which caused the great 1918 influenza pandemic (a pandemic is a near-universal epidemic)—was also an A virus. Medical historians still pore over the records of that pandemic, the greatest disaster of modern times—not excluding wars. Like recent viruses, the pandemic strain turned up suddenly and unexpectedly in 1918. But it differed from more recent strains in one terrible respect—it killed a far higher proportion of its victims. This lethal virus rocketed around the world two or three times, penetrating every inhabited cranny of our planet (except, for reasons unknown, the islands of St. Helena and Samoa). Then it faded away, leaving an estimated 15 to 20 million dead, including 548,000 Americans.

There is a definite possibility that the 1918 virus may someday return.

Sir Macfarlane Burnet of Australia, one of the most brilliant flu researchers, recently said: "I should define the essential objective of influenza virus research as the understanding of the conditions responsible for pandemic influenza of 1918 type—and the establishment of the conditions necessary to prevent its reappearance."

No Viruses From the 1918 Epidemic

One way to arm for a return of the 1918 flu would be to prepare a vaccine against it. Laboratory men are confident that today this would be relatively easy—if they only had on hand some viruses of the 1918 strain. But, unluckily, the first flu virus wasn't isolated until 1931, and no infected material from 1918 was ever preserved for study.

A team of flu hunters headed by Professor Albert P. McKee of the State University of Iowa, recalling that viruses can be preserved for long periods at low temperatures, flew to Alaska in the summer of 1951 in search of Eskimo cemeteries where victims of the 1918 flu were buried. After a perilous journey in an Eskimo skin boat, Professor McKee and his associates found a remote graveyard which met their specifications. The bodies there had been buried six feet deep, in soil which never thawed. Tissues from the permafrost were exhumed, flown back to Iowa, still frozen, and carefully examined by every applicable virus technique. It was a brilliant undertaking—but no 1918 viruses were found.

Another ingenious search for the 1918 virus was reviewed by Dr. Richard E. Shope of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, at an international virus symposium held last October at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. Dr. Shope was the first man ever to isolate an influenza virus, back in 1931—and he got it not from a human flu patient, but from a sneezing, feverish, flu-stricken hog. He has been studying swine influenza ever since, with notable results.

Swine flu, Dr. Shope reports, breaks out in epizootics—animal epidemics—all through the Midwest each October or November. The symptoms resemble human-flu symptoms, and the flu virus which causes them belongs to the Influenza A family. Moreover, swine flu is a relatively new disease. It first appeared in the Midwest, so far as anyone knows, in October, 1918—at the height of the human-flu pandemic.

Could it be, Dr. Shope asked himself, that the swine-flu viruses of the Midwest are the direct descendants of the 1918 human-flu viruses? But how had the 1918 virus managed to survive in hogs for so many years after it had died out in humans? The story of how Dr. Shope found the answer is a medical detective classic.

In addition to flu, it seems, hogs suffer from a mysterious virus disease known as hog cholera. No one knows how hog-cholera epizootics get started. But farmers had a superstition that it had something to do with eating angleworms. Dr. Shope was disposed to take the superstition seriously. He knew that back in 1929 researchers had learned an odd fact about hogs and worms.

These researchers had reported that a tiny parasite, called the lungworm, lays its eggs in the lung of the hog. Eventually the eggs are excreted and are thereupon eaten by earthworms. Later, perhaps long afterward, the earthworm is rooted up and devoured by another hog—whereupon the waiting lungworms are liberated and proceed to mature, mate and lay eggs in their turn.

Could those lungworms be cholera carriers?

Dr. Shope took microscopic lungworm eggs from hogs dying of hog cholera, fed them to earth-

One famous researcher thinks he's closing in on a vaccine that will give one-shot

Dr. George Hirst found cheap method of detecting flu virus

Dr. Thomas Francis discovered one of the two main kinds of flu—Influenza B

Dr. Jonas Salk has led in development of promising new water-in-oil vaccine

Professor A. P. McKee scoured the arctic for virulent 1918 virus

worms, and fed the earthworms to other hogs. Then, as a scientific control for the experiment, he did the same with eggs laid by lungworms in flu-stricken hogs—figuring that, if the hogs in the cholera experiment fell ill and the hogs in the flu experiment didn't, the old superstition about hog cholera and earthworms might be confirmed. But that wasn't what happened. Instead, the cholera hogs stayed well, while the others came down with flu!

A Unique Experiment with Hogs

Alerted by this accidental discovery, Dr. Shope proceeded to feed lungworm-infested earthworms dug up from flu-stricken Iowa farms to experimental hogs reared in careful isolation. These experiments showed that *the influenza virus survives between Midwestern epizootics by hitchhiking a ride in lungworm eggs and earthworms from one generation of hogs to the next.* And the virus which depends on this strange means of survival, Dr. Shope reminded the virologists assembled in Detroit, is in his opinion the strain which caused the influenza pandemic of 1918, unchanged except that it has lost its virulence for mankind.

At the University of Michigan virus laboratory of Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., we learned of confirming evidence, based on human rather than porcine research. Dr. Francis is a distinguished flu hunter, the discoverer of Influenza B and director of the important Commission on Influenza of the Armed Forces Epidemiological Board.

Dr. Francis and two associates, seeking evidence of prior influenza infections in 1,250 Americans of assorted ages, made a remarkable discovery with respect to a flu virus known as Strain No. 1,976. Pooled blood samples from a group of children and young adults showed no signs of infection with this strain; but pooled blood samples from a group of older adults —especially those who were children during the crucial year 1918—had obviously been infected with Strain No. 1,976 or a closely related virus.

One of the people most pleased with this discovery was Dr. Shope. Strain No. 1,976 is precisely the strain he isolated back in 1931 from those sneezing, feverish, flu-stricken hogs!

Even more important than Dr. Shope's hogs, perhaps, was an unborn chicken that suffered a hemorrhage in 1941 in the laboratory of Dr. George K. Hirst, former Rockefeller Institute researcher who now heads the Division of Infectious Diseases at New York City's Public Health Research Institute.

Dr. Hirst was growing influenza viruses in eggs in which chick embryos were also growing. As occasionally happens, one chick embryo suffered a hemorrhage, and its blood flowed into the part of the egg where the flu virus was growing. Such accidents had often been seen before—but Dr. Hirst was first to appreciate the significance of what happened next. His discovery laid the foundation for most laboratory research on flu from that day on.

When the chick's red blood cells came in contact with the influenza viruses, Dr. Hirst noted, the cells were somehow glued together into small clumps. This clumping, or hemagglutination, was precisely what researchers had long needed—a simple, quick, economical way to determine the presence of flu virus. The clumping phenomenon also provided a convenient method for estimating the number of virus particles present. And that was only the beginning.

When you are infected with a virus or other invader, your body responds by producing protective chemical substances known as antibodies. They may help you recover and may also protect you from reinfection. A particular antibody is rarely effective except against the invader which originally provoked its manufacture; that is, the antibody produced by an attack of Influenza A is powerless against the B virus, and vice versa. Dr. Hirst found that an antibody prevents its matching virus—but not distantly related flu viruses—from clumping red blood cells together. This discovery led to improved lab tests for identifying unknown strains of virus by checking them against known antibodies, and for identifying unknown antibodies by checking them against known strains of virus.

Dr. Hirst modestly shrugs aside his role as discoverer of flu-virus hemagglutination. The important point, he told us, is not that the flu virus glues red blood cells together, but that after a few hours the cells come unstuck again. Careful study of this loosening process has led to other far-reaching discoveries.

It seems that the surfaces of living cells are studded with tiny electrochemical hooks, called receptors. The flu viruses hitch red blood cells together by attaching themselves to these receptors. But the viruses have on their surfaces a chemical substance—an enzyme—which destroys the receptors. This enzyme action lets the red blood cells come unstuck again.

The flu viruses cannot get inside the red blood cells, but when they hook themselves onto the receptors of cells vulnerable to them—such as the cells which line your nose and throat passages—this same enzyme helps the submicroscopic virus to pierce the cell's tough outer wall.

Much has also been learned about how the virus reproduces itself. Scientists have deduced that the virus lacks reproductive machinery of its own; it survives, they believe, by capturing the machinery of the living cell it invades and forcing this machinery to produce duplicates of the virus rather than additional copies of itself.

Seeking More Data on Viruses

Much of this winter's lab work on the influenza virus will be devoted to further investigation of these events. Scientists are seeking to discover, for example, what happens when two viruses of different types enter the same cell at the same time, or one after the other. They are checking the effect of various chemicals in preventing the virus from entering (or multiplying in) the cells where they do their damage. And they are searching out the mechanisms by which a virus of one strain can give rise to viruses of a different strain.

Recent research casts doubt on the belief that new strains of flu virus spread rapidly around the world. It is at least equally possible, some researchers now hold, that the influenza virus undergoes parallel changes in different parts of the world. If this view is right, the 1953 American, European and Japanese flu viruses didn't resemble one another because they were descended from a common parent. Instead—and equally amazing—they may be alike because the previous American, European and Japanese strains underwent parallel changes, independently and at the same time.

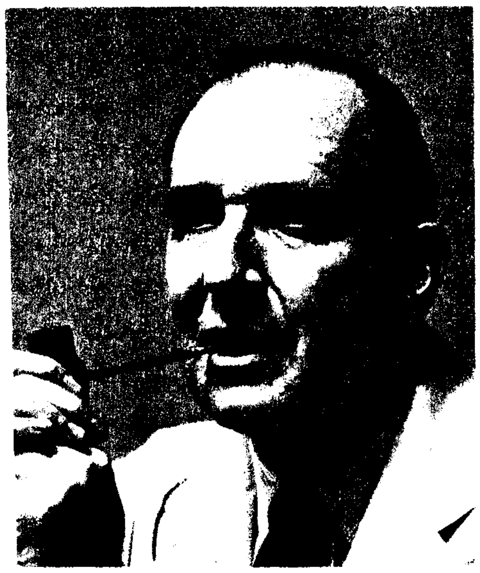
What practical results are likely to flow from current lab studies? One possibility is a new drug effective against influenza. Present-day antibiotics are very useful in fighting influenza complications, but powerless against the flu virus itself. There has been some progress on the chemical front, but most flu experts agree that a vaccine—which achieves its effect by provoking the human body to produce antibodies—is a more promising development at the moment.

The first practical anti-flu vaccine was made of Influenza A and Influenza B viruses, killed by a formaldehyde solution and then suspended in salt water. The killed viruses wouldn't give people flu, but might provoke their bodies to produce antibodies. In 1943 this vaccine was given to 6,263 men enrolled in Army units at nine American colleges; as a check, a similar solution without the killed viruses was given to 6,211 others. A major epidemic of Influenza A swept the country shortly afterward. Far fewer cases of flu occurred among the men vaccinated than among those who got only virus-less injections.

The salt-water vaccine appeared to be even more effective during the 1945 epidemic of Influenza B. But then, in 1947, came the A-prime viruses—and the vaccine proved powerless against them.

The 1947 experience produced serious disagreement among flu researchers. Flu vaccines had failed, one group concluded, and there was no use trying to improve them: flu viruses are always changing their spots, and you can't expect last year's vaccine to protect against this year's flu. Moreover, they pointed out, even an actual attack of flu gives only a partial, temporary immunity from further attacks. How can you expect a vaccine to give better protection than the disease itself?

Fortunately, this pessimism was not universal. Dr. Francis and his associates have continued their intensive vaccine-testing programs. Today they seem on the verge of snatching victory from the 1947 defeat.



Dr. Richard Shope was first person ever to isolate an influenza virus

They began by adding killed A-prime viruses of the 1947 type to the earlier salt-water vaccine. The resulting vaccine proved reasonably effective in 1952 and again in 1953. The Army several weeks ago inoculated troops stationed in Alaska, Europe and the Far East with the vaccine, and seven pharmaceutical houses are licensed by the National Institutes of Health to produce and distribute it commercially.

A World-Wide Chain of Labs

There's always the possibility, however, that at any moment, at any spot on the globe, the flu virus will undergo one of its periodic transmutations, and appear in a form unaffected by the current vaccine. If so, scientists want to know of the change at the earliest possible moment. To meet this urgent need, the World Health Organization has recruited virus laboratories in 44 countries into a single network which maintains a continuous watch for new flu strains and for new outbreaks of older strains.

World headquarters for this flu-surveillance organization is Dr. Christopher H. Andrewes' laboratory in London. The Strain Study Center for the Americas is located in Brooklyn, N.Y., and a World Health Organization Influenza Information Center is maintained at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland.

Dr. Dorland J. Davis, director of the Information Center, explained to us how the surveillance network operates.

"Suppose," he told us, "that a brand-new family of influenza strains should turn up next fall in Australia, just as the A-prime strains turned up there in 1946. Medical authorities and vaccine producers here would be informed of it immediately, and could then decide whether to add the new strain to next winter's vaccine. If the international network had been in full operation in 1946, we in the United States might have had ample time to add A-prime virus to our vaccines and might have avoided the failure of 1947."

The flu hunters are still trying to improve the vaccine; even when it contains the right virus strains, it has numerous shortcomings. Recently they came up with a remarkable new water-in-oil vaccine which may solve the major remaining problems.

Many scientists helped lay the foundation for this vaccine, but the man responsible for bringing it to the verge of general acceptance is Dr. Jonas E. Salk of the University of Pittsburgh, who made recent front-page headlines with his announcement that a polio vaccine is just about ready for testing in the field.

Dr. Salk begins with killed flu viruses in salt water, very much resembling the conventional flu vaccines. But he disperses this salt-water preparation in very tiny droplets through a specially prepared mineral oil. Instead of injecting this vaccine under the skin, as is customarily done with flu vaccines, Dr. Salk injects it directly into a muscle. There it forms what Dr. Salk calls an "antibody-producing organ," which goes on manufacturing antibodies for at least two years.

Far higher levels of protective antibody are produced with this water-in-oil flu vaccine than with any of the vaccines in general use, and the high levels are maintained for a much longer time. In fact, the new vaccine produces more protective antibodies in the blood than an actual influenza attack.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the water-in-oil vaccine is that it requires very little of the killed virus to be effective; protection against a large number of virus strains can be concentrated in a single shot of vaccine.

Dr. Salk hopes a single shot will be able to contain all possible strains of flu virus—future as well as past. Indeed, he doesn't think that the "new" flu strains are really new at all, or that the old strains have really disappeared. It's more likely, he declares, that each supposedly new strain contains components of an earlier strain which may have flourished decades or even generations ago. If so, we need only adjust our vaccines as the components appear; ultimately, the wheel will come full circle and the returning flu strains will come up against a vaccine forearmed against them. In accordance with this theory, Dr. Salk includes Dr. Shope's swine-flu virus and as many other old-time strains as possible in his new vaccine.

What are the scientists waiting for? Why don't they give us all shots of the new water-in-oil vaccine tomorrow and tell us to forget about flu thereafter?

Scientists Are Publicity-Shy

The answer may be in the old adage, "once burned, twice shy." All the flu hunters vividly remember the vaccine failure of 1947, and they're determined not to publicize a new vaccine prematurely. In any event, they are waiting for more evidence on these points:

Is the new vaccine safe? To date 30,000 human vaccinations have been performed, using many variations of the basic preparation. Local irritations which sometimes occurred in the very earliest studies have been eliminated and additional tests are being made. Researchers and other medical authorities are convinced of the vaccine's safety.

Will the high level of antibodies produced in the blood by the new vaccine prove a sure protection under actual epidemic conditions? The Army is investigating this question by large-scale vaccine trials on inductees at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and Fort Ord, California; the National Microbiological Institute is checking by vaccinating families in Norfolk and Arlington, Virginia, and Montgomery County, Maryland.

Which strains of flu virus should be included in the new vaccine to make it effective against future influenza epidemics? At the November, 1953, meetings of the American Public Health Association, Dr. Keith E. Jensen, of Dr. Francis' laboratory at Ann Arbor, reported major progress on this issue.

The Function of the Antigens

Flu virus strains vary, Dr. Jensen and Dr. Francis have learned, in having greater or smaller amounts—or none at all—of 18 or more different chemical components known as antigens. Out of 42 Influenza A strains, they have been able to select seven particularly rich in various kinds of antigenic units. A combination of these seven highly efficient strains in a vaccine will contain all 18 of the known flu-virus antigens, and should, therefore, produce antibodies against all or almost all of the other A strains.

More lab work and field tests will be needed before the flu vaccine is perfected. But once in a while, a cautious flu researcher dares dream of the future out loud, unhampered by fears of premature publicity.

"Over in London," one of them recently told us, "Dr. Andrewes has just announced a method of growing outside the human body the virus that causes common colds. At the California Institute of Technology, Professor Renato Dulbecco has developed a new method of studying viruses which is likely to revolutionize research into all virus diseases.

"As these research efforts bear fruit, more and more virus strains will be available for inclusion in the new water-in-oil vaccine. There may even be room in a single shot for protection from the common cold and from many obscure nose-throat-and-lung infections, as well as for all the flu strains."

That's all very well for the future, you may say, but how about *my* flu *this* winter?

One epidemiologist to whom we put that question pointed out that the United States had its last big Influenza A epidemic early in 1953, and that such epidemics recur at two- or three-year intervals. We had an Influenza B epidemic in 1952, and it's probably too soon for another. This scientist is ready to bet a new hat that there is no major epidemic of either A or B in the United States this winter.

But another flu hunter is less reassuring. "Those big two-year or three-year epidemics make headlines and look impressive on charts," he told us, "but my experience has been that there's flu around *every* winter.

"Maybe this winter's epidemic won't be big enough to make headlines—but for the folks who cough, sneeze and ache all over, that will be pretty poor comfort."

You pay your money, take your choice—and keep your fingers crossed. But if you can stick it out a while longer, you *may* see the time when you no longer have to worry about the misery of influenza. ▲▲▲

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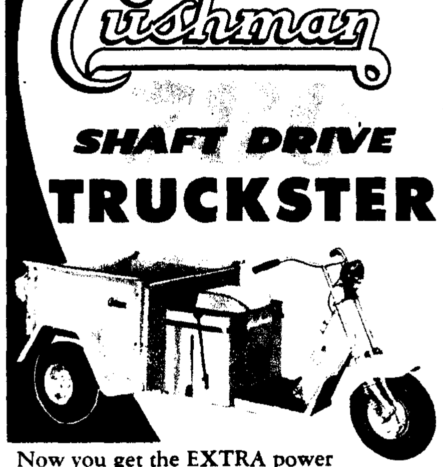

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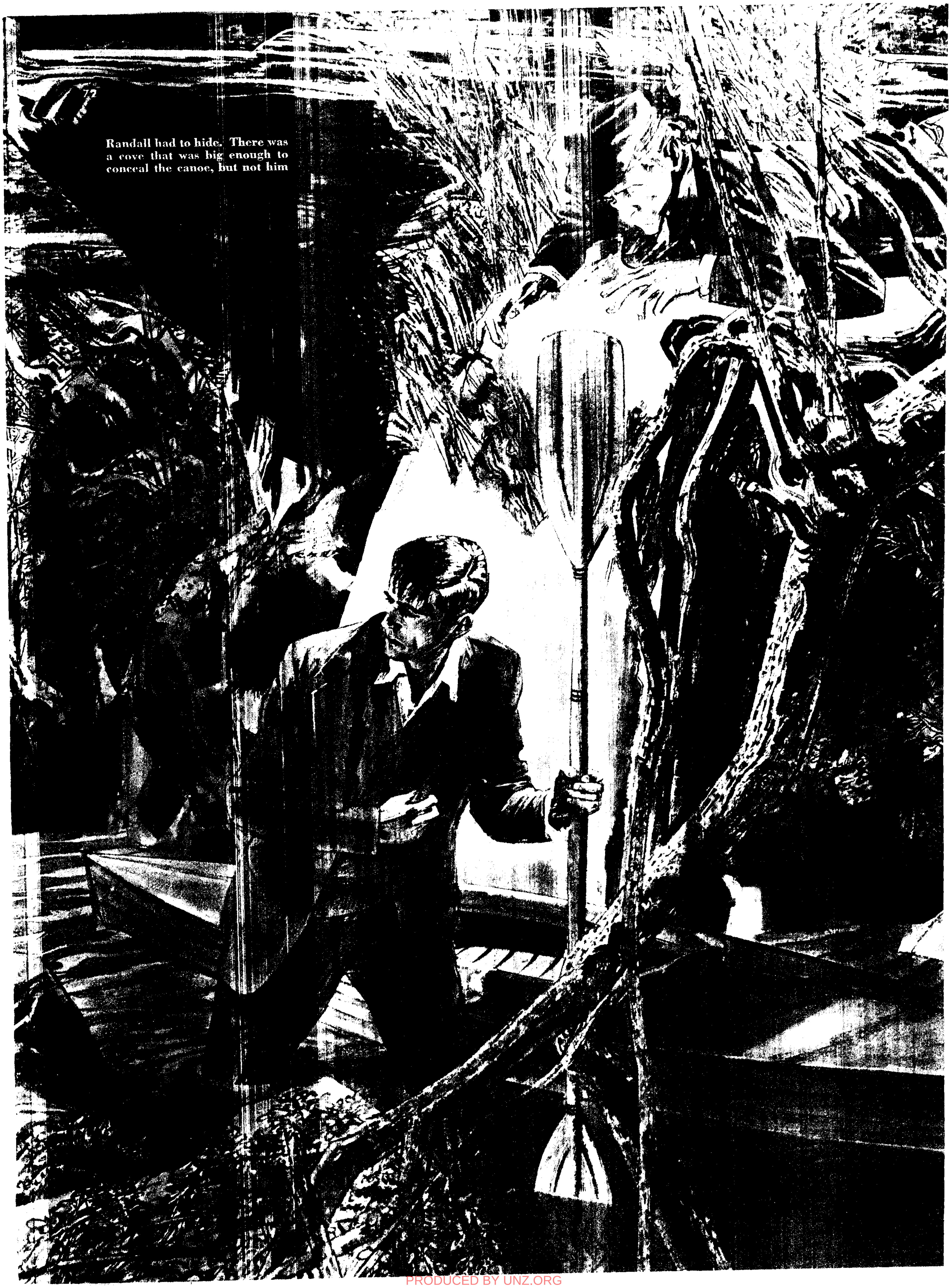


Randall had to hide. There was a cove that was big enough to conceal the canoe, but not him

Randall was terrified. He didn't know why the strangers had chased him up into the hills. Then they shot at him—and he knew they wanted his life

THE DEAD RUN

A First Short Story By W. J. WALLACE

A COLLIER'S DISCOVERY

RANDALL pressed himself down against the rock, breathing hard. A bullet snicked above him somewhere, and then the gun that had shot it banged far below. There was a pause, during which he listened to the sound of his breathing and the cry of a bird nearby; and then another snick came off the rock above and a bang from below. He knew that one of the men was keeping him pinned here while the rest came up to get him. The muscles of his thighs twitched with fatigue and his chest hurt where the camera pressed into him. He breathed heavily with terror.

Twenty feet farther up, the gully turned to the left; there the rocks glistened a bright red in the evening sun, but to someone down below, the place where he lay must seem deep in shadow. If he did not move now, he would probably never move again. He began to scramble toward the red spot above him. The stones his feet and hands dislodged clattered down; the clatter echoed in the dry watercourse until it sounded as if bullets were striking all around him. From below came the steady bang of the gun. Surely he would be hit. Surely he would not make it. As he crawled over the lip of the gully, the sun blinded him. He was running on nearly level ground now. He was out of the sniper's range and safe for a moment.

The sun was setting behind a range of mountains that stretched across the Highlands of Scotland. On his right he could see Ben Lawers, one of the highest of them all, towering bright green in the last sunlight. He was running north; they were driving him straight away from civilization, into the wilds. The country below Ben Lawers was in darkness, but he could see a strip of bright blue water which must be Loch Tay. He turned that way, and ran with the sun behind him. The ground sloped downward; heather caught at his legs, and croppings of rocks hurt his feet. He didn't think he could go much farther. His ankle turned and he pitched forward, landing in a washout that slanted away into darkness. He let himself roll, over and over on loose rock. Pain possessed him entirely. Finally he stopped and he lay, deep in a patch of heather, gasping and moaning softly. Let them come for him. . . .

Three hours before, Randall had stood on the terrace of a hotel beside Loch Awe, feeling pleased with himself for having arranged the job he was doing. In his suitcase upstairs was the contract with the airline back home in the States for color pictures of Scotland, a real plum for any free-lance photographer to get. The camera was an instrument he knew how to use. It was going to be easy to communicate the appeal of this beautiful country to potential travelers.

At the end of the terrace was a group of happy-looking English tourists; they were perfectly located for a shot of the green islands and blue water beyond. Looking into the finder, he saw the composition was perfect. The camera clicked; he rolled the film, clicked the camera again, turned the film again.

Something had gone wrong with the composition. In the finder he saw that the people at the end of the terrace had gathered too close together and were looking at him. As he looked up, a bulky man in green tweeds detached himself from the group and stepped forward.

"I say, old chap, I'll have to have that film," the man said.

"Sorry," Randall said, smiling. "I should have asked your permission. I

ILLUSTRATED AY ROBERT FAWCETT

just had your group in one corner of a shot of the Loch. I'll give you the negatives and prints when I develop the roll tonight."

"I'll have the roll right now," the man said.

"No," Randall said. "This film costs too much for that. I'll use the rest and then give you the part which has you in it."

"You'll give me the whole bloody lot," the man said, reaching forward and grabbing the camera.

The camera, and the fitting attached to it, had cost Randall over a thousand dollars. It was his livelihood, and he loved it in the same way a rancher loves his best horse. With an almost instinctive gesture, Randall faked a blow at the man's face. The man let go of the camera to cover himself. Randall turned and ran for the door of the hotel. As he went in, he looked back and saw the man coming after him, followed by the others from the end of the terrace.

Halfway up the stairs to his room, common sense returned to Randall and he stopped. This was silly. All he had to do was invite this fellow to be with him when he did the developing, thus proving to him that the negatives in question had been turned over and no prints made. He could put the matter before the manager of the hotel, to make sure this crowd of supersensitive maniacs didn't throw any punches. Why such a fuss over a couple of innocent pictures? He turned and started down toward the lobby.

At the last turning of the staircase, he looked down and saw the man in green standing at the hotel desk.

"Oh, you must mean Mr. Randall, the American photographer in Room 210," the telephone girl was saying.

THE furious look on the man's face as he turned and started for the stairs stopped Randall where he stood. He saw the man reach inside his jacket, and quite distinctly he heard a click that sounded like the safety catch on a pistol. Frightened, Randall turned and went up one flight, two flights, three flights, running silently on the thick carpet. He stopped and listened; there was silence. Was the man listening too, or had he gone down the corridor below to Room 210? Randall walked quickly along the corridor of the floor he was on, went around one corner, then another, and finally came to a back staircase. He lifted the camera and shoved it beneath his sweater, settling the lanyard on which it hung under the collar of his shirt. He started down the stairs. Somewhere a door slammed shut.

He gave up trying to move quietly, and plunged down. The steps ended in a tiny hall with two doors; one opened outside and the other was for the hotel kitchen. He looked into the kitchen. A lean old Scotsman, whom he recognized as the porter, looked up and stared at him vacantly.

"Would you be wanting something?" the porter asked.

Randall stood for a moment indecisively, wondering if this old man would be any help. On the far side of the kitchen, he saw a door opening slowly. He turned and ran outside. Five feet away, the car he had rented for this trip stood like a friend beckoning. He got in, started the engine and pulled away. As he slowed down at the gate of the hotel yard to make the sharp turn onto the road to the east, he looked back. The man in green tweeds was standing in the front doorway, searching through his pockets and shouting to someone behind him.

Randall laughed, thinking the man was trying to locate his car key and that this might give time to get away. The sound of his own laughter startled him. What was he doing? He was not thinking straight; it was stupid to leave the hotel. Where was he going? He wanted a policeman, and failing a policeman, he wanted to get lost. He did not want to get involved with anyone who intended to use a gun for persuasion.

HE HAD rented a low-horsepower sedan, because it was cheap and yet had room for all his gear. He had it up to 65 by the time he hit the village of Dalmally. There was no one in the street but a boy leading a cart horse, so he did not slow down. The car would not go above 65, and when climbing it lost speed. But the run along Loch Lomond toward Glasgow would be fairly flat. On the top of a hill he looked in the mirror and saw a car far behind him. It looked like a Daimler. Daimlers will do as much speed as the road allows. Terror began to mount in him. A road sign pointed to the right for Glasgow. In desperation, he chose the road to the left which ran northeast toward Loch Tay. When he had rounded a curve, he stopped. Pulling his sweater up to get at the camera, he rolled the film through, took out the spool, put it in a metal container, sealed it and held it for a moment in his hand. He had an impulse to throw it away. You fool, he told himself, if you lose this you lose all chance to bargain. Taking an oilskin pouch from the glove compartment, he wrapped the film container in it and put it in his pocket. He heard the squeal of brakes, and then the gradually fading roar of an engine. The big car had taken the Glasgow road; he had another start.

The speedometer needle was close to 70; the downhill run to Loch Tay had started. Hills rose high on both sides. Then, as he slowed to make a turn and go under a railway bridge, Randall saw the Daimler a half mile or so back on the straightaway. The railway ran parallel to the road for a while, and then crossed over it again. Coming out into the light beyond this second underpass, a truck loomed ahead of Randall, filling half the road. To the right of the truck, filling the other half of the road, men stood with shovels, and one waved a red danger flag. Randall knew he must hit the men, the truck or take to the ditch. He turned the wheel to the left, pulled on the hand brake, and covered his head with his arms. The car dropped, bounced, hit something soft, slid, hit something hard, turned and came to rest upside down. Before he had time to think about it, he crawled out of the car, scrambled to his feet and started climbing. Behind him he heard the road workers shouting.

He was on the far side of a hill before he heard the big car hit the truck. It was not much of a bang; they must have slowed for the underpass.

When he got to the top of the next rise, he heard the first shot. Crouching and looking back, he could see the man in green standing on the road with a gun in his hand, gesticulating while three other men fanned out and began to climb.

THE escape from the gully had come later. Lying now in the heather, Randall knew his only hope was to stay perfectly still. He heard shouts above him; then heavy boots came down the washout through which he had tumbled. The sun had gone and darkness was falling swiftly. The beat of his heart made a drumming in his ears.

"Chambers," a voice from the hillside called, "we'll never find the blighter this way. We've got to get back to the hotel and explain his disappearance there."

"You and Ron do that," the man in the boots said. "Mace and I will get to a telephone and start organizing a snare. Be sure you square those chums on the road. We don't want this blowing up on us now."

The speaker moved; he came so close that Randall thought he would be stepped on. He controlled an urge to jump up and run. The steps passed by.

"We haven't a prayer of finding him in this heather at night," another voice said. "We'd better put our lads on the roads and block the whole area. In the morning, we can get him, but we've got to pin him down."

Their footsteps rattled on the loose rock, and then were gone. Randall lay thinking. He saw that fear had muddled him; every step he had taken had been a wrong one. He should never have left the hotel. He knew nothing about the police system in the Highlands of Scotland, but he could not recall ever seeing a single agent of the law since he'd left Glasgow. He had to find a telephone, or get out of the region completely. These men would have an efficient organization, so he was not going to be able to go around asking directions of strangers. Raising his head, he saw lights twinkling in the east. That must be Killin, the settlement at the south end of Loch Tay. He got up. The muscles of his legs protested, and his ankle was stiff, but he found he could hobble along.

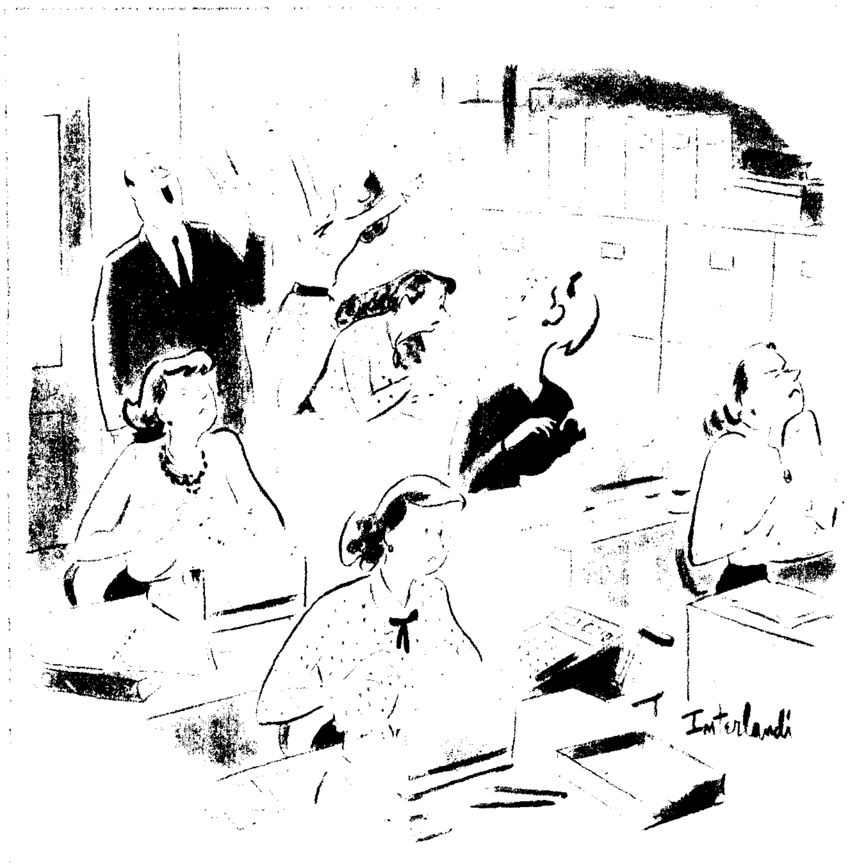
By the time he got to Killin, the village was dark. A single light showed down the street, and he limped cautiously toward it. It had to be a telephone box. Suddenly the tops of the trees ahead of him were flooded with light—a car was climbing the small hill behind him. He stepped off the land and into a ditch just in time to avoid the glare of lights as the car breasted the hill and sped into the village. It stopped beside the telephone box and a man got out. The car drove away. The man had a deerstalker cap on; his left arm cradled a shotgun. He reached into the booth and turned off the light.

Randall felt a tired rage inside him. If he jumped the man, he could get to the telephone and call for help. But with a bad ankle, he couldn't risk it. One more mistake was likely to finish him. He worked his way through the hedge and crept blindly away from the lane at a right angle. Barbed wire gashed his head, and he cursed softly as he lay flat to crawl under it. The ground sloped suddenly, and then he was sliding forward.

HE WAS elbow-deep in moving water; something solid was pushing against him. It was a canoe. This was his first really positive stroke of luck, and he began to take hope.

The canoe was the kayak type, about ten feet long, with a cockpit just big enough for one person. Randall floated it, put the long paddle with blades at each end—which had been stowed inside—crosswise, to help him balance, and slid his legs into the cockpit. The craft sat very low in the water. Leaning forward to give as little silhouette as possible, he let the current take him. The stream turned, ran straight, turned again, and then seemed to stop. He must be in the Loch.

Cautiously at first, and then with as much strength as he could master, he paddled. It was hard to determine the shape of the lake, but a west wind blew from behind him, and he tried to keep the dark blob of the right bank close at hand, to make the most of this extra push. From his boyhood on the rivers of Wisconsin, Randall knew how to manage the American Indian type of canoe, where you sit or kneel fairly high off the water and propel yourself with a single-bladed paddle. The double motion required for this double-



COLLIER'S **"Who's collecting the buck for Miss Campbell's surprise party?"** PHIL INTERLANDI bladed one quickly tired him, but he was determined to keep going. Twice his arms gave out, and he had to rest them, while the wind eased him on. The water was choppy, and it kept splashing into the canoe. His legs were numb, and the blisters that formed on his hands broke and bled. Once he found himself leaning over the front deck asleep, and he realized that the sky was getting lighter. If he was out on this long, narrow lake when the sun came up, he would be finished.

In the increasing light, he saw what he supposed was the place where Loch Tay flowed into the River Tay and onward to the sea. There was a church on a promontory, and roofs beyond. Near him, to the left, there was a tiny island with a heavy growth of trees and a ruined building on it. He made for this. Poling the canoe under a tree that hung over the water, he tried to get out. His cramped legs failed him. He grabbed a branch of the tree and pulled himself up; then he crawled onto the bank and slept.

WHEN Randall woke, the sun was low in the sky. His canoe was still anchored where he had left it. He sat up, looking out at the lake, wondering what he should do next; he hoped he had some cunning left. His pursuers had probably expected him to go south, toward Glasgow, but by now they had probably got tired of beating the hills at the other end of the Loch and begun to think about the water. From where he was, the River Tay ran northeast for about fifteen miles, and then cut south toward Perth. As soon as it grew dark, he would try that course.

As the current took him under the middle span of the bridge and into the river, he saw reflected lights on the water ahead of him. He steered to the shore, pulled the canoe up, and crept along the bank. The lights came from a hotel; the kitchen door was open. A woman was standing with her back to him, humming as she stirred something in a pot on the stove; on the table behind her lay a huge ham. A bell rang, and the woman muttered and left the room. He dodged in, grabbed the ham, and ran for his canoe. As the canoe moved out of the lighted patch of water, he heard a woman's voice shouting angrily. His mouth was too full for him to laugh.

A sound in the river ahead of him made Randall drop the ham between his knees and pick up the paddle. He could see white water churning before him. The speed of the river increased.

Randall struggled to guide the canoe where the surface was darkest. The branches of a tree rushed at him, slashed his face. The spidery outline of a footbridge passed above him. The speed of the current lessened.

He hit two more bad stretches like that before midnight. Then he heard a rumble ahead which horrified him. While there was still time, he struggled to the side, beached his canoe and scrambled along the bank, squinting at the river. The water ran turbulent and white for a long stretch, then narrowed to plunge between two immense rocks, swerved twice, then dropped and ran free. A sign by a bridge over the worst part of this told him he was at the village of Grandtully. He looked wistfully at a road curving away from the bridge and through a cluster of dark houses. He looked at the rapids. They were too long for him to portage the canoe. He would have to risk the rapids or risk the village.

As had happened the night before, the lights of a car cut off hope of human help, and his decision was made for him. Quickly he started back along the bank to the canoe.

When the current took him, Randall knew he had made a mistake. The pull was harder than it had been before. The effort of keeping the canoe moving faster than the water made his chest and spine ache; yet if he did not do so, he could not control his course at all.

Suddenly the white shallows were behind; the two rocks loomed ahead. Randall dug his paddle in with all his weight, turned, nearly rolled, then steadied, shot between the rocks, plunged into roaring, churning water and dropped downward helplessly. The bow of the canoe tilted, swept under. He felt the water rise to his waist. The craft swung broadside to the current and turned upside down. Fighting his way to the surface, he reached down with his legs for a bottom which was not there and realized that he was through the rapids and in deep water. The canoe bumped into him, submerged and moving sluggishly. He hugged the tapering bow to him and waited. The bank of the stream moved slowly by; then his feet touched the bottom. He had made it.

After a rest, he managed to right the canoe and tip enough water out of it to be able to raise one end, drain it and refloat it. He reached far up under the front deck and found the ham still wedged in the bow.

The river grew wider and deeper, and did not carry him so rapidly now. When it joined another stream in a wide curve, he knew he was traveling south at last. He got out the ham and ate some of it. The still of the night was broken by the sound of a train somewhere ahead. The sound dwindled, leaving behind it another sound, a steady popping sound. There was a motorboat coming upstream.

Randall took up his paddle and worked over to the side. There was a place in the rocks along the bank that was big enough to conceal the canoe, but not him. He got out and waded ashore; then he climbed up into the rocks and hid. The sound of the motorboat was growing louder. He pulled farther back, and thought he heard a nearer, softer sound. Slowly he turned his head. Beside him crouched a lanky man, with a long white face and staring eyes.

Screaming like a trapped animal, Randall leaped at the man and grabbed his throat. "You're one of them!" he gasped. "You won't get a chance to signal them. I'll kill you!"

The man kicked him in the belly and rolled free. "Are you daft?" he whispered. "I'm a poacher like yourself, man. And if you don't keep mum, you'll hae them down on us."

RANDALL lay where he had fallen. The man squatted behind the brush, peering at the river. The sound of the motorboat grew. The shrubbery along the bank sprang into light, and then darkened.

"I doubt he'll have got this far," a voice said. "We'll go upstream for a mile or so, and then use the oars."

The boat went on, the sound growing duller.

"Jings, that was a close one," the lanky man whispered. He reached out, picked up a sack which lay at his feet, and stood up. "I'm off," he said. "I'll be lifting no more salmon from this stream the night, with yon bogies prowling about like they are. And if you're no daft, you'll pack it in too."

He was gone. Randall crawled to the edge of the stream, put his head down and drank. He slid his arm into the canoe and dragged out the ham. He crept back to his bush and ate. Then he slept.

The heat of the midday sun woke him. From where he lay, he could see fields, a line of telephone wires and a farmhouse. He wanted to go there, but he was afraid. Someone was learning to play the bagpipes; the same phrase squealed out over and over again. A cloud of gnats attacked Randall, and he buried his face in his arms. He would run until he was caught. That was the way to do. He slept again.

When darkness came, he started downstream, keeping as close to the bank as possible. His hands were toughening, and he moved the canoe with greater efficiency, concentrating entirely on the paddling. Dawn found him still on the river. Ahead, there was a rumble; high banks rose on either side. There was no way out of this one. He slumped over the paddle. The canoe rose, poised, dropped, dived, rolled and pulled free of him. He lost the paddle. He was gone.

A BRIGHT light was shining in Randall's eyes. Someone had a tight hold on his shoulders. A sharp object was cutting his lips. "Aye, that's the lad; take the good soup," a voice was saying. "You've had it close."

Randall struggled to sit up. An old man was standing beside the bed on which he lay. "Where am I?" he asked.

"You're by the River Tay near the village of Stanley," the old man said. "And I am thinking you would be in heaven now, if I had not pulled you out of the wet. I have seen stronger men than you drowned dead when they tried to take a boat over yon waterfall. You have had a good sleep; now take some of the soup."

Randall took the bowl from him and drank without using a spoon. "You are kind," he said at last. "I was beginning to think there was no kindness left in the world. I met a poacher on the river who was kind."

"You're talking like a loony. What is it that is wrong with you?"

"There are some people chasing me," Randall said. He held his head in his hands. "No," he said, "no, I won't mix you up in this. Is my camera lost?"

"It is standing on yon table, with your tobacco pouch and your money. The canoe will be in the sea by now."

"I've got to get to Perth. I'll leave the camera and come back for it later. May I use your shaving gear?"

"Aye, you may do that. It is raining hard enough to drown you right again, so I will lend you a cap and a mac."

It was dark by the time the bus upon which the old man had put Randall entered Perth. The town was strange to him; it looked drab and dingy. When the bus stopped in what seemed to be a central area, he got off. The driver gave him the directions to get to the police. It was still raining.

Was there someone following him? He felt sure that there was. He turned in at an alley and hid in a doorway, listening. He could hear no sounds but the whistle of a train. Going back to the street, he started to hurry toward the railway station. The waiting people looked up with hostility as he pushed by them. The loud-speaker system was announcing a train to Edinburgh. He followed the crowd going up a flight of steps and along a footbridge over the rails. He ran along the coaches until he found an empty

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Stoops to help a boy"

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50th ANNIVERSARY
BIG BROTHER MOVEMENT

compartment, opened it, and leaped in. It was an old-fashioned carriage with no corridor; the compartment extended completely across. He was sealed in, safe. The train jerked, moved, gathered speed.

Randall leaned back, his eyes closed, puzzling now about what to do when the train reached Edinburgh. If there really had been someone following him in Perth, there was sure to be someone to meet him at the other end. Even if there had not been, it was likely that his pursuers would be watching all trains coming into the Scottish capital. The train crept over the long railway bridge over the Firth of Forth, and passed through the suburbs of the city. As the train began to slow for Princes Street Station, Randall lowered the window and looked up and down the platform. He thought he saw a man in a green suit. He rushed to the other side of the compartment and opened the door. Someone on the rails of the adjacent line shouted; the shout moved past, away. He leaped, landed, stumbled, regained his footing and ran.

There was another platform ahead, and at the end of it a gate standing open and unguarded. More shouts rang out behind.

He raced through the station, with people looking at him but not moving to intercept. Cabs stood in a rank outside. He got in the first one.

"Take me to the police station!" he shouted.

The cab swung out into the nearly empty street. Edinburgh Castle loomed dark over the city. Strings of light shone down Princes Street, and the wet pavement glistened.

The driver pulled aside the glass which separated them. "You want the buildings on High Street?" he asked.

"Yes, anywhere, any police station," said Randall.

The cab turned and started up a hill. Looking through the back window, Randall saw a large car leave Princes Street and speed after them.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Randall shouted.

THE car was pulling in front of them, forcing them to stop. The cabby was blowing his horn, and a brightly lighted tram was rattling its bell and slowing too. Randall opened the door on the left-hand side and stumbled out onto the cobbles. As he got to his feet, he saw the tram creep past, still clanging indignantly. He ran for it, caught the pole that stood at the entrance, and pulled himself aboard. He ran swiftly up the curving steps at the rear to the upper deck. He heard the conductor coming up behind him.

"What was all the racket back there?" the man asked.

"I didn't see," Randall said. "I guess some fool tried to pass another car on the hill." He held out a two-shilling piece. "To the end of the line."

The conductor gave him his change and a ticket, and went back down the stairs. Randall turned in his seat to watch the road behind. They had turned right onto Princes Street, and then they turned down toward Leith Walk. The tram poked along, stopping occasionally to take on or discharge passengers. Far back, he saw the same big car running beside another tram. They must have spotted the number of the line he took. They were pulling alongside each one and looking over the passengers. His only hope was to get off before they got to this tram. As he started down the stairs, he saw the car pass the tram it had been checking and speed forward.

MARCH OF DIMES

FIGHT
INFANTILE
PARALYSIS

JANUARY 2-31

He leaped down at a brilliantly illuminated junction of three lines. Several people descended with him. Not looking behind, he hurried into the first street he saw, turned left, then right, and ran along a street that twisted and turned. The buildings were grubby and a lot of them looked like warehouses. This must be the Leith dock area. Behind him he heard the sound of several men running.

Ducking around a corner, he bumped heavily into a tall man in blue with a high-domed helmet.

"Now, lad, what's this?" the policeman said, grabbing his arm.

"A gun, a gun," Randall gasped. "Have you got a gun?"

"You know we don't carry guns," the policeman said. "But I'll give you a touch of the stick if you try any hanky-panky."

The sound of running steps was getting louder. With only a night stick to defend them, this man would be no good at all. Randall wrenched himself free and ran. The clump of heavy boots told him the policeman was joining the chase. A whistle squeaked, and another answered somewhere ahead. The road jogged, and he was running beside some sort of canal. There was a shot, and a bullet pinged off the railing near him.

Straight in front of him, where a bridge crossed the canal, a large black car was parked with its headlight on and its motor running. Randall stopped, panting, his breath whistling. The rattle of footsteps behind him grew louder. There was a blue-lighted sign over the windscreen of the car. The sign said *Police*. Someone in the car put a blinding light on Randall. Behind him another shot rang out, and the light moved away to probe the street back there. He ran toward the car. A shot was fired from the car.

"No, no!" he yelled. "Not me!" He pitched forward on his hands and knees and crawled toward the car. Another shot banged behind him. He heard the sound of people getting out of the car on the far side. He put his hand on the handle of the car door. Something hit him a glancing blow on the head, and rough hands seized him. He felt himself sliding into unconsciousness.

"The film," he said. "The film in my pocket." Then he gave up. . . .

The room was crowded with policemen. "What's on the film?" a heavy-faced man was saying to him over and over again. "What's on the film? Where did you get it?"

"I don't know," Randall said. "A picture of some people. They tried to take it away from me. I took the picture at Loch Awe. They chased me over half of Scotland."

"Well, we'll be knowing in a minute," the inspector said. "The lab's developing it now. And we got two of the blokes who were chasing you."

"A man in green?" said Randall hopefully.

"Aye, one of them has a green suit on," the inspector said.

A DOOR opened and a man wearing a white apron burst into the room, waving two photographic prints, one still wet with developing fluid. "Chief," he said. "Look at this! And compare it with this other picture we got from Scotland Yard. Look at this bundle of innocent tourists."

The police gathered about the man. One of them whistled. "It's Chambers and Mace and the rest of the bunch. I thought they were supposed to be in North Africa."

"But that chap in green, the one we've got downstairs," the inspector said, "where have I seen him before?"

"Let's see," said another. "Wait a bit. It's Mac . . . Mac-something. The yachting fellow who gets his pictures in the papers."

"The gold," the inspector said, "the gold that someone has been buying from all the fences in London! They must be pooling it in the Highlands with the idea of moving it out on this bloke's boat."

"And here we've been checking every ship that goes out of Leith, and all the airplanes from Prestwick!"

The inspector said, "All right, get cracking." He turned from the group and said to Randall, "No wonder they chased you. This picture you took of the yachtsman out hobnobbing with Chambers' gang of smugglers gives us the answer to something that has been puzzling us for months."

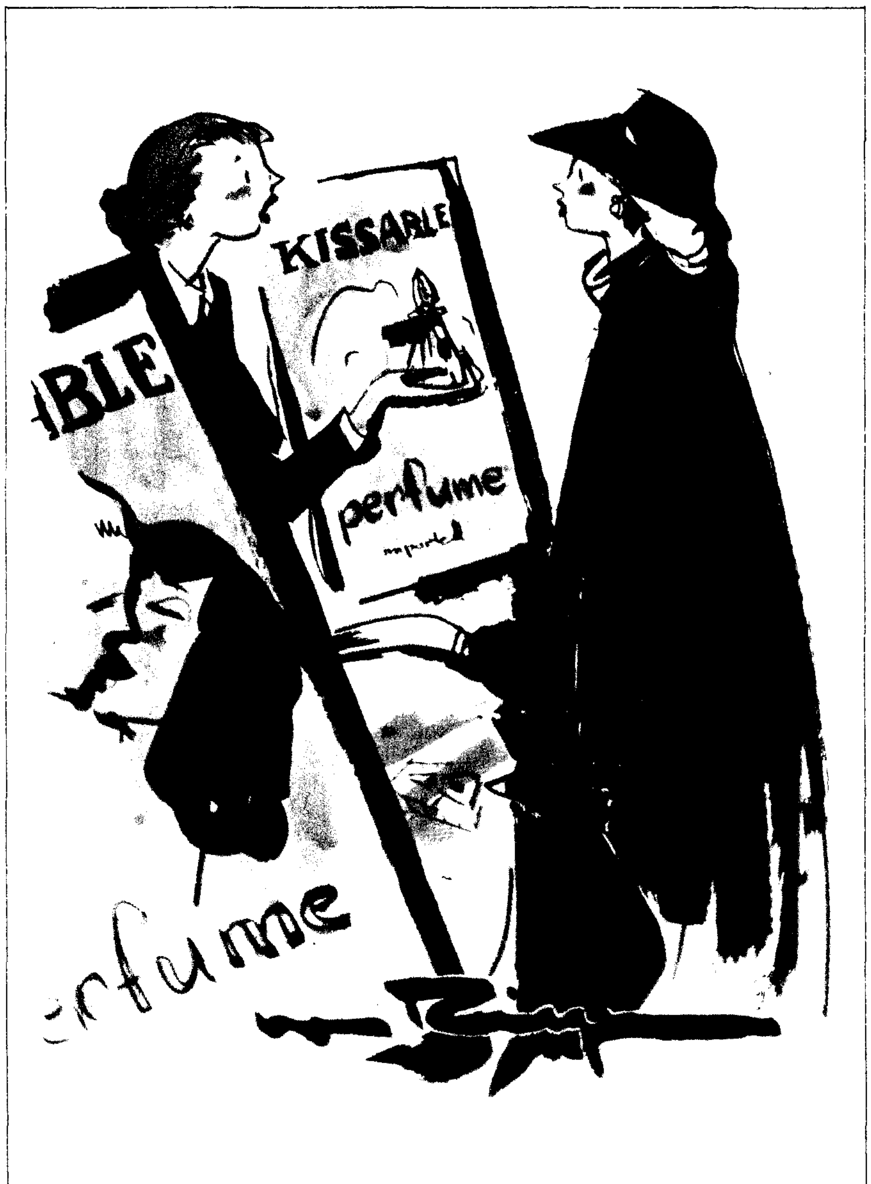
Randall blinked at the inspector, still not understanding all that had been said.

"This is a brave lad," the inspector was saying. "What he needs is a soft bed and a pretty lassie to stroke his brow. He's still all of a piece, but he's fair battered. Angus, take our American chum around to the Royal Infirmary, and tell them to treat him as a Prince of the Realm."

Randall let himself be led away. At the moment all that mattered was that he had completed his dead run and come off winner. When his curiosity came back to him, he would pick up the pieces. He would see what had become of his car, pay for the canoe he'd lost and square his bill at the hotel. He would go back to see the old man who had pulled him out of the water. He would take a few more innocent pictures. And then—

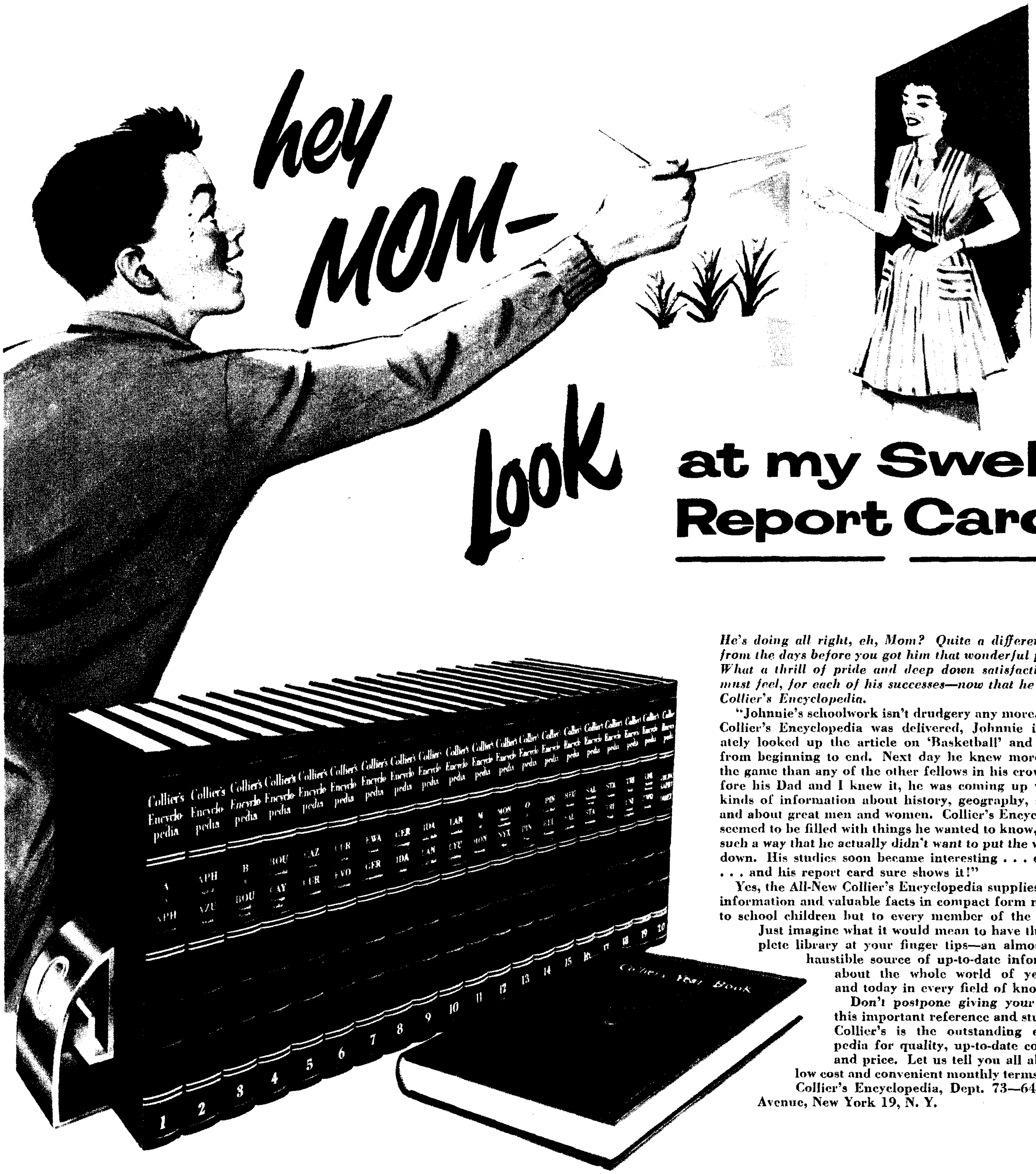
Well, then he might even be able to find the lanky poacher in order to toss a few drams of whisky with him, and perhaps do a little legal fishing with him.

—W. J. WALLACE



"To be frank, I consider it unsportsmanlike —in the same class with dynamiting fish!"

COLLIER'S VON RIEGEN



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How to Catch

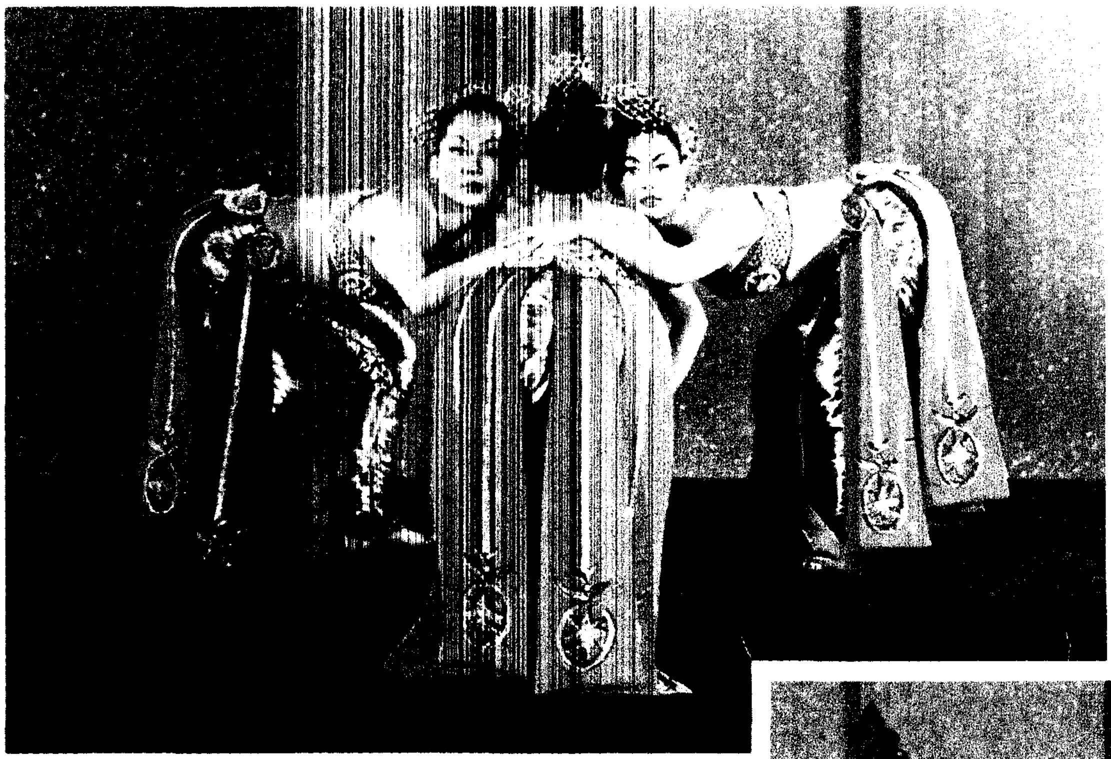
BROADWAY has no patience with the notion that East is East and West is something else again. Three stage hits based on Oriental themes—South Pacific, The King and I, The Teahouse of the August Moon—are witness to its wisdom. And a new musical called Kismet is doing its best to clinch the point.

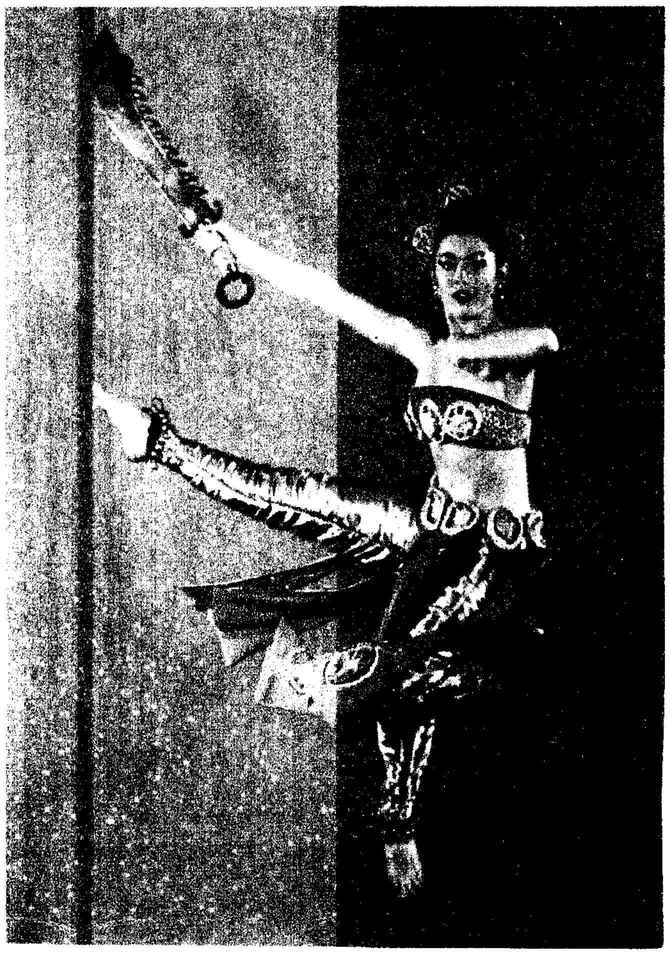
The legend of a street poet of Baghdad whose wise verses and slick promotional ways earn his daughter a royal husband and himself an emir's crown, Kismet offers one answer to the East-West riddle—in the show-stopping trio of semi-Oriental dancers who play the three Princesses of Ababu. Gals are gals, it seems, whether they're out to catch

a Caliph

a caliph or a campus king. The tandem of young huntresses from a matriarchal society in southwest India come to Baghdad in quest of the caliph's hand. Armed for husband hunting with scimitar and sword, neither featured nor starred, they prowl through the production as a sort of leitmotiv, and audiences sit up at the first notes of their drumbeat theme.

The Ababus, representing the eternal adolescent, have been fashioned by choreographer Jack Cole from fragments of historical fact and youthful dance movements, from Hindu to jive. And like other ornamental Orientals now on Broadway, they serve to knock another prop from under the cliché: Never the twain shall meet, indeed!





The three Princesses of Ababu, in picture immediately at left are: Reiko Sato, 22, a Japanese-American dancer; Bonnie Evans, 17; Patricia Dunn, 19, Chinese-American. All come from California and are dancing together for the first time. Reiko makes stage debut in Kismet, has made one film; Bonnie has been in light opera; and Pat is one of the Jack Cole Dancers. As three warlike young women in search of a mate, youthful exuberance overtakes Pat, at top left, Reiko, top right, and Bonnie, lower right. Above, in same order, the Princesses of Ababu huddle to plot their next move in the campaign

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI

Date with a Dame-Age

The globe-trotting journalist helps a jolly archaeologist find a queen and meets

Dr. Ahmed Fakhry shows Mrs. Robert Payne and Ruark where he unearthed queen's temple

THE khamsin—the 50-day wind—was blowing viciously when we headed our car out into Egypt's Libyan Desert, past the huge Pyramid of Khufu, or Cheops, the greatest of all the pyramids. The poor old Sphinx was half buried in the piled sands, and the air was thick with grit. It was cold on the desert, and the wind parted our teeth. The nose of Jane Payne, wife of Robert Payne, the first secretary of the American Embassy in Cairo, was a bright pink, only a little less pink than her sweater.

Ahead of us lay a busy day hobnobbing with the ancients. We were to learn the identity of an Egyptian whose whereabouts had been a mystery for thousands of years; enter the temple of the king who schooled the pyramid builders; and have a date, you might say, with a lady of easy virtue who practiced her ancient profession 5,000 years ago.

We bounced along in the car through the desert, and Dr. Ahmed Fakhry, professor of Egyptology at the University of Cairo, smiled a blissful smile, a happy fat man's smile.

"Today," said the professor, "we will be lucky. We will find out whether the temple belonged to a king or, as we suspect, a queen. I have waited long enough. Four thousand years is long enough."

"How do you know we'll find out today?" I asked. "The landlord, or landlady of that temple has been anonymous for four thousand years. You mean to sit there in this bumpy auto and tell me that this day of all days we unravel the mystery?"

"Yes, sir," the doctor said. "I have my very special feeling. What you call a hunch. All excavations are built on hunches. Pyramids, like gold, are where you find them. Today we will find out for certain."

We pulled up at the excavation at Dahshur, a town near Cairo, where the good, swarthy little doctor last year had, on a hunch, discovered the temples of Snefru, papa of Khufu, the bloke who built the Big One. Young Klaus Baer, twenty-two, of Champaign, Illinois, a Fulbright scholar apprenticed to Dr. Fakhry, greeted us with a broad grin.

"Listen to the men working," he said.

The diggers in the ruins, the sifters of sands, were chanting. It occurred to me as I watched the laborers in the sandstorm, with a supervisor standing over them to keep them at work, that over 4,000 years ago their ancestors had built, in the same fashion, what these men were now taking apart. They chanted in Arabic:

"Welcome to those who have come. Coffee and tea for those who have come. They look like princes, those who have come. Better than kings, those who have come . . ."

Dr. Fakhry knew, by the chant and the sound of the men, that they had made a discovery. "Well, is it a king or a queen?" Dr. Fakhry asked eagerly.

"She's a queen, all right," young Baer said. "She

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHESTER KRONFELD

5,000

By ROBERT C. RUARK

n ancient Egyptian bad girl

was the wife of Isesi, who was next to the last king of the Fifth Dynasty, about 2400 B.C. Found out only this morning on an inscribed slab."

"You see?" said Dr. Fakhry. "I told you we would have luck today. It takes luck to excavate successfully. You look lucky. Like your ambassador, Jefferson Caffery. The first time we found the face of King Snefru, Mr. Caffery was along. It was on his birthday."

We went inside the storeroom and pulled up alongside the mummies of a couple of dead ladies, while we waited for lunch. The ladies didn't care, having been dead 3,000 years, give or take a century or so. They had been stacked in the corner of the storeroom, along with some other dated bric-a-brac—statuettes, trinkets, utensils.

"This," said my photographer, Mr. Chester Kronfeld, "is the first time I ever had lunch with two dead babes. Some seemingly dead ones, maybe, but not real dead ones. Lookit the horsetail hairdo on this one."

A Creepy Place for Eating Lunch

It is an eerie feeling to sit in a quasi-tomb, having lunch with people who have been dead 3,000 years. The little shed was cluttered with broken pieces of the past. There were plates and pots and vases and carved stones, a mummified snake, cosmetic kits, scarabs, wine jugs, beer mugs and, of course, the usual stack of old skulls and mummies piled like cordwood in the corners.

There was nothing of real value in the shed, since the more important pieces from the major temples of Isesi and Snefru had been removed to the main field house for safeguard and sorting and indexing. The real work of an excavation job, Dr. Fakhry said, comes after you've got the relics out of the ground. They must be studied and correlated and sifted and assembled and placed in their rightful historic place. It takes years of work properly to assemble and correlate the humble-jumble of broken bits of history. I asked Fakhry if he ever dug up any treasure.

"You rarely ever find the gold and jewels we know the old Pharaohs were buried with," he said. "During the revolutions that rocked Egypt after the Sixth Dynasty, the peasants, in their greed, looted the tombs of all their real treasure. And what they missed then, accidental discoverers have carried away since. I have found some gold vessels and the like, but the real treasure got carted away before I ever arrived."

The khamsin was roaring outside, now, but above the din I heard an angry blat. I looked out the door. The workers had knocked off for lunch, and were huddled in the lee of the sand hills. The blat had come from one of the camels which had brought water for the noon meal. He had huge

Ruark's date: marble statue of nude Egyptian dancing girl who has been dead 5,000 years

goatskin bags of water on both sides. He knelt, and the men brought up their jugs. We seemed a very far piece from Toots Shor's Manhattan eatery.

We had our lunch—sandy sandwiches and gritty beer. I looked at my ancient dinner companion. One of her feet fell off. It didn't seem to bother her any, nor did it affect the flow of Dr. Fakhry's conversation. As we sat there and learned about history, I began to feel slightly unimportant in the over-all scheme.

A Visitor to Forbidden Lands

Dr. Fakhry is, I have heard, one of the outstanding living archaeologists. His contributions in the field stud the archaeological archives of the last 30 years. He prowled around in Yemen, strictly a forbidden land, when he was investigating the Queen of Sheba's secrets there. He has written three huge volumes on Sheba's land.

Fakhry has drunk champagne from a golden chalice which belonged to the kings of ancient Tanis. The kings had been buried for centuries, and the good doctor quaffed from the chalice a mere 12 years ago—which, as one king of Tanis said to another, is a mighty long time between drinks. Today Fakhry is about the last of the persistent diggers into the sandy secrets of Egypt's past. The Americans have quit, and so have the French, leaving only the Egyptians.

Fakhry has a nose for ruins, and in his happy life as a digger has devoted the largest part of his time to investigating three pyramid complexes—the pyramids and their adjoining temples and tombs—necropolises (cities of the dead) and other assorted tombs. He is the only completely happy man I ever met in my life.

He operates on vast knowledge and hunch, like an old desert sourdough. Ahmed Fakhry *feels* ruins. During the completion of the excavations around the pyramid of King Isesi last winter, Fakhry came upon a series of tombs, one of which proved to belong to a citizen of Egypt during the reign of Pepi II, who ruled the land 96 years, from 2356 to 2260 B.C.—just before what must have been the most serious social upheaval in Egyptian history prior to the revolt led by Mohammed Naguib last year.

In the quiet of the work shed Fakhry told me all about it. By ancient Egyptian custom, citizens took the names of their Pharaohs; the tomb's owner had paid full respect to the old custom by rechristening himself Pepi-Ankh, which means: Pepi lives. Pepi-Ankh's tomb provided, literally, an accurate picture of living conditions prior to the great revolution.

Fakhry told me to follow him. Together we left the storeroom and went outside. He had me lowered into Pepi-Ankh's tomb; I was one of his first visitors in 4,700 years. The tomb was decorated with paintings, and the state of preservation of the paints was amazing. The pigments were as fresh as when they were put on so many centuries ago, and they clearly depicted the habits and customs of that period in housing and furnishing, as well as jewelry, food and drink. Pepi was a beer drinker, as you can tell from his murals, in which beer is reasonably prominent.

BRAD ANDERSON

COLLIER'S "He's asked me to wait for him until he's making enough to date me" BRAD ANDERSON

BUTCH

Larry Reynolds

COLLIER'S "May I? My nephews love it when I bring something home for them" LARRY REYNOLDS

When I finished looking at Pepi-Ankh's etchings and crawled out of the hole, I wanted a full briefing on not only the old boy, but why the people upset Pepi II's country not long after he died.

Fakhry obliged me. At the end of what is called the Old Kingdom in Egyptian history, about 2300 B.C., he explained, the kings were all pretty weak and tottery on the throne, and a flock of fast operators, princes, governors, court toadies and 10 percenters got rich off the bowed backs of the people. They collared all the land and all the commerce. The Pharaoh looked the other way, and a handful of wise operators wound up owning Egypt.

The fellahins, the poor old tired taxpayers, looked to the throne for help, and got none. The king couldn't have cared less. So long as he had plenty of dancing girls and hot harpists and yes men around him, the country could go hang.

The king had an adviser on his payroll, and from a fragmentary papyrus now in the Rijksmuseum in Leyden, Holland, it appears that this Egyptian Bernard Baruch argued in vain that things were going swiftly to hell in a chariot. He blew his top, finally, told the king a lot of unpleasant truths, and wound up in the local doghouse. In the actual words of the papyrus, here's what the sage told the king:

"The whole land is like brushwood, ready to flame! And the people are destroyed . . ."

When the people did revolt, it took them less than an hour to kick over the castle. They burned and murdered and looted and ravished. Those who were left alive only bore out the warnings of the sage:

"Behold, they who possessed clothes are now in rags. He that wove not for himself now possesses fine linen. Behold, he that never built a boat now possesses ships. He that once owned ships gazes at them, but they are not his. Behold, he that had no shade now possesses shelter. They that had shade are now in full blast of the storm."

The old wise man was really letting the hindsighters have it:

"Behold," he said, "the poor of the land have become rich; he that had something is now the one who has nothing. Behold, he that had no bread now possesses a barn, but his storehouse is provided with the property of another. Behold, they that possessed beds now lie on the ground; he that slept in dirt now has a stuffed cushion."

There is another papyrus, now in Leningrad, written in 1500 B.C. by a priest named Nefer-rohu, which accurately described in prophetic form the trouble that afflicted Egyptland when the rich boys didn't straighten themselves out.

The priest reported: "I show you the land in lamentation and distress; and that which never happened before has happened. Man shall take up the weapons of war, and the land may live in uproar."

This ancient history was the morning's headlines to our friend, Pepi-Ankh, and to our other friend, Isesi's bride, whose tombs were dug up just the other day (archaeologically speaking). That is why, I think, archaeology still remains the most fascinating study in the world; why men dig the dirt, for poor pay, to find out what was going on when the civilized world was a baby. It is what keeps Ahmed Fakhry ever young, ever enthusiastic, ever happy. When he speaks of the past, it is as current as tomorrow.

The Dancing Girl of Long Ago

We returned to the main field house, where Fakhry introduced us to the lady of easy virtue. Gently and lovingly he displayed the statue of the dancing girl, dead these many, many thousand years. She was naked in her deathly depiction; frankly, she was not a nice girl. Her eyebrow tweezers and manicure set were planted with her; so was her eyeshadow, sticky remnants of which were still in a vase.

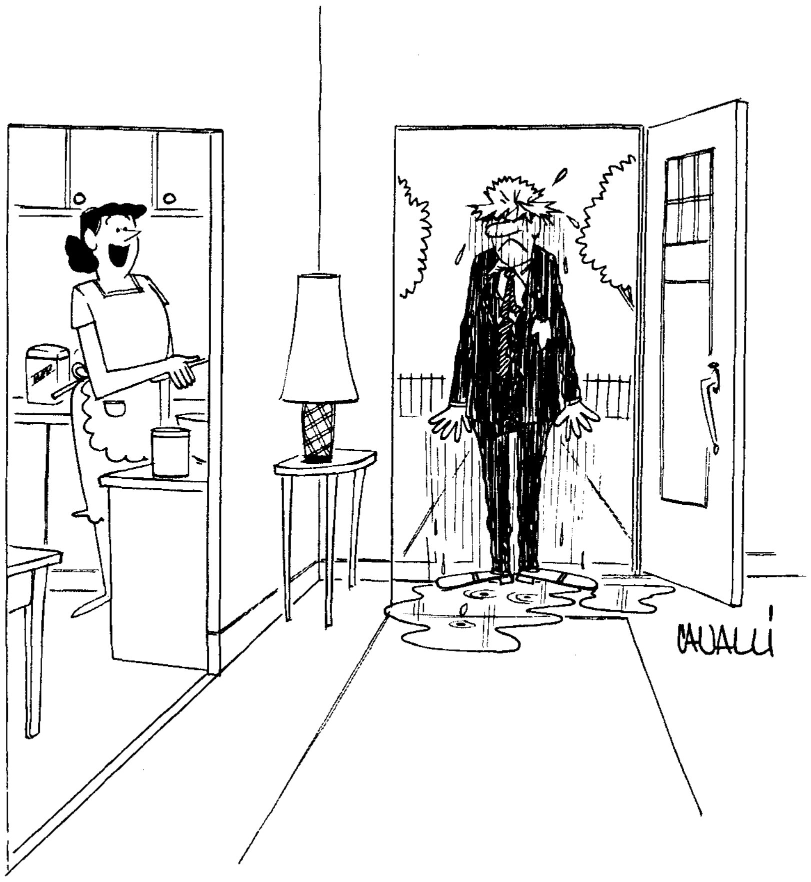
"Look at the poor thing," Dr. Fakhry said gently. "A fancy lady all her life, and she wanted just one thing: a husband and family. The child shows she wanted to be a mother. Poor thing," he added. "All her life she yearned for respectability, and she had to find it in death."

The storehouse of the main field office is crammed with bas-reliefs which, Fakhry says, are probably as important as anything dug up since they were built. Most are effects from the temples of Snefru, collected in the last three years. The bas-reliefs and statues, according to the doctor, prove indisputably that the Egyptians of 5,000

historical knowledge, and plain blind, dumb luck

years ago had attained a high living standard and that their ceremonies and art were at the zenith.

"The statues of King Snefru alone are an inestimable treasure to the archaeologists," said Dr. Fakhry. "The excavation in 1952 of Snefru's pyramid showed plainly that he set up a school for the architects who later built the Big Pyramid of his son Khufu. I'm also fascinated by the fact that Snefru sent a fleet of 40 ships to Lebanon to fetch cedar wood—and these logs were discovered in perfect condition inside the pyramid after 4,600 years, still performing the purpose for which they were intended: as scaffolding and support for the interior of the pyramid."



COLLIER'S "Jimmy has some sort of a surprise for you. He pestered me for a paper bag and rushed upstairs the minute he saw you coming up the street" DICK CAVALLI

You cannot roam around a room full of artifacts and other people's remnants without acquiring a great feeling of solemnity. The usually irreverent Kronfeld, when taking pictures of a bas-relief of Sekhmet, the lion goddess, in a kissing pose, or when photographing the pathetic little dancing girl who yearned for respectability, moved his great bulk on tiptoe, and spoke in whispers. When he came out of the hole into which we had crammed him to take pictures of Pepi-Ankh's etchings, he was strangely silent and subdued. Jane Payne, our other member of the expedition, was somewhat less than her usual laughing self.

Only Fakhry seemed to be on intimate enough terms with the past to joke at it a little bit. He rattled on merrily, reconstructing the past and salting it with anecdotes from the present. One had to do with a woman who kept pestering him with the information that she felt she had lived in Egypt in an earlier incarnation, say about 3000 B.C., and wanted Fakhry to dig up some of her relatives. "She said she would know them if I found them," Dr. Fakhry said. "There would be a family resemblance. I think this lady must have been crazy, don't you?"

Somewhere between King Amenhotep I and Queen Hatshepsut, Fakhry told us more about his lonesome expedition to Yemen and how a tribesman's ignorance of geography almost cost him an important archaeological discovery. He was hard at work copying inscriptions from some ruins in the desert of El-Gof when he noticed that a crowd had begun to gather around him. They murmured excitedly among themselves; before long their murmurs had grown in intensity and they pressed around the guards Fakhry had prudently stationed to insure against interruption of his work. The spokesman for the natives demanded to know what Fakhry was doing. In the simplest terms, he tried to explain it to them, but they were not satisfied. Where did he come from, they wanted to know? Fakhry told them he was a citizen of Egypt.

"Egypt?" the spokesman said. "Where is Egypt? My father has lived in this country his entire life, my grandfather has lived here his entire life, and *they* have never heard of Egypt." What was a citizen of a nonexistent land doing in their country?

Fakhry seized upon their common Mohammedan religion to bail himself out. Everything is written in the Koran, he said; his reason for being in El-Gof: Kismet.

That seemed to explain everything. The spokesman nodded and the crowd dispersed.

In his 24 years of work with the Egyptian government's Antiquities Department, Ahmed Fakhry has had more fun out of yesterday than most men yearn for in the tomorrow. He is not content to lecture about what he's heard; Fakhry builds his lectures on where he's been and what he's found. He never makes it clear how he finds things, because he's not sure himself. It is part superstition, part knowledge of terrain, part historical hunch and part blind, dumb luck.

You cannot be a tomb hunter without luck, he says, because the winds can cover up treasures that only yesterday had been uncovered. But what a sandstorm covers it sometimes uncovers, and a smart archaeologist suddenly gets a hint that somewhere in an area there might be a missing queen—like the lady of this morning.

How One Find Led to Others

One technique that often proves profitable is digging near the site of other ruins. For example, the temple of Isesi's queen and the tomb of Pepi-Ankh had been found as a side activity to the excavations at Dahshur of King Isesi. Says Dr. Fakhry:

"At the north side of the Isesi Pyramid there was an elevation of sand. Nobody knew or cared to know whether it was natural or a mound from a ruin. Around the beginning of November, 1952, I just decided, on a hunch, to excavate the place. Almost from the first day it was obvious that I was on the track of a small pyramid and a buried temple. It was the queen's temple.

"We discovered Snefru's temple by just going out into the desert where I felt he'd be. The sand looked like maybe it'd be there. It was. We just feel these things. Jefferson Caffery's hunch not only uncovered the first portrait of Snefru but found another temple for me. He said: 'Preserve for me next Saturday' and I did. We found the temple on Saturday."

We drove back to Cairo and Dr. Fakhry took us to his pleasant apartment near the Abbas Bridge, while he straightened his clothes up a bit for a lecture he was going to deliver at Cairo University. His pretty blonde wife led us into the library for coffee and cakes. Dr. Fakhry smiled at her.

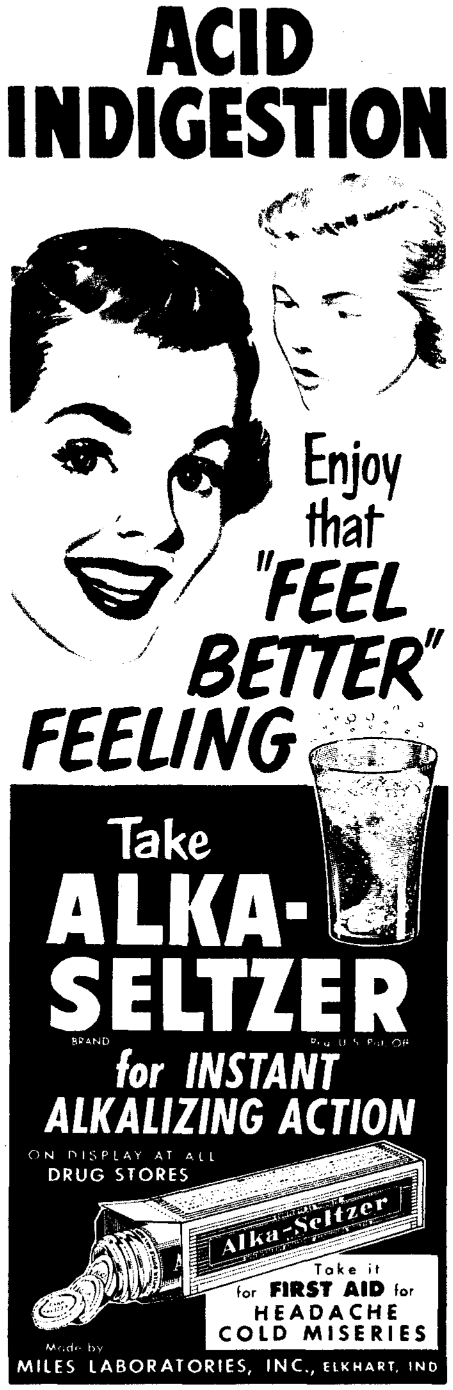
"Go put on your necktie," said Mrs. Fakhry. "The last time you went to class without it."

It was nearly dark, and the lights of Cairo were beginning to wink on. I looked around at Fakhry's room, cluttered, stuffed, jammed, crowded, packed—with books, papers, monographs, relics, stones, statues, pictures. Some fine ancient paintings were on the wall. It was a happy, slovenly, gay, happy-shabby room, devoted to the keen present perusal of the musty past.

"That man," Mrs. Fakhry said. "The other day I said I wanted a refrigerator, so he sold the car to buy me one, and now he has to walk to class."

Fakhry came out happily, his necktie under one ear, some papers under his arm. He swept his free arm broadly at the mussy accumulation of his knowledge of the past.

"I am surrounded here," he said, "by my life. Good night, and thank you for discovering the tomb belonged to a queen." ▲▲▲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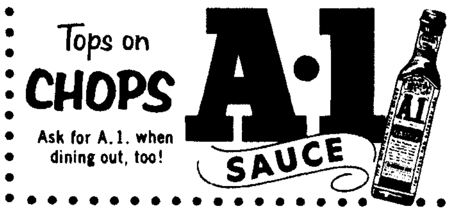
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He Gets 'Em on the Hook

By BILL FAY

WHEN a fellow is six feet ten inches tall he must learn to put up with certain minor inconveniences—a fact forcibly brought home each Christmas to Don Schlundt, the stratospheric youngster who plays center on Indiana University's national championship basketball team. Don is one of those rare men who almost always admires the neckties he gets at yuletide. Fortunately, he generally receives a number of them from relatives. Unfortunately, he usually has to wait a long time to wear them.

A four-in-hand tie, properly knotted, barely dangles to the first button of Schlundt's suit coats; Don's attractive brunette wife, Gloria, must lengthen his ties with a six-inch splice of white cloth, inserted where it will be concealed by the size-16 collars of his shirts. The time required for alteration is only 30 minutes. However, there's no telling when Gloria will get around to lengthening Don's Christmas cravats—because she's kept so busy knitting wool sox to cover his size-15 feet.

In fact, there are only three items of apparel—handkerchiefs, cuff links and collar buttons—which the 225-pound Schlundt can buy ready-made. Yet Schlundt cherishes every one of his 82 inches. They may be hard on the wardrobe, but they're great on the basketball court.

Last winter, when Don was still a relatively inexperienced sophomore, he established a Big Ten scoring record of 459 points in 18 games. Critics who watched him spearhead Indiana's victory drive in the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship tournament rated him the most dangerous scoring threat in major college basketball.

When Schlundt executes his favorite scoring maneuver, a leaping one-handed hook shot, the finger tips of his shooting hand extend far above the rim of the basket—which, remember, is 10 feet off the floor.

From any spot within a radius of 15 feet, Don sinks roughly 50 per cent of his hooks. Naturally, his accuracy decreases as the range increases, but he's a threat up to 25 feet. Last year, he made good on 43.2 per cent of his field-goal tries.

As might be expected, enemy guards assigned to stop Schlundt sometimes resort to muscular methods to prevent him from getting his hands on the ball. They rarely try it twice. Whenever Don feels the court is too congested, he merely raises his elbows—a maneuver usually followed by the sound of cracking heads and the spectacle of reeling opponents.

"In one of our games against Indiana," testifies Pete Newell, the Michigan State coach, "we used three different men to guard Schlundt at various times. All three came back to the bench with lumps on their heads big enough to hang their hats on. That Schlundt really has a lethal pair of elbows."

Schlundt doesn't look like the kind of fellow who would know how to raise lumps with his elbows. He's a blue-eyed baby-faced blond, aged twenty, who looks more like the kind of fellow who would give his seat on a crowded bus to a nice old lady. As a matter of fact, he tried that recently on a bus in Chicago with discouraging results. As Don stood up, the bus stopped abruptly, hurling Schlundt for-

Above: Indiana's all-veteran starting five joins coach Branch McCracken. From l. to r.: Charley Kraak, Bob Leonard, Don Schlundt, Dick Farley, Burke Scott. Left: With wife Gloria looking on benevolently, six-foot ten-inch Don Schlundt has no trouble adjusting the curtains in their apartment without a stepladder

JOHN MENDICINO

Even in Indiana, there's never been a scoring threat like t

ward and causing him to remove a pair of fluorescent light bulbs from the ceiling with his head.

Yet the bus incident was illustrative: when not pursuing a basketball, Schlundt is perhaps the friendliest 6-foot-10-inch man on this planet. Several weeks ago, for example, Don volunteered to help a neighbor paint his living room. Don finished the hard part of the job, the twelve-by-twenty-foot ceiling, in 35 minutes—without using a stepladder.

Unfortunately, the unfamiliar brushing motion, plus the fact that Don had to work in an uncomfortable, semicrouched position (it was only a seven-foot ceiling), produced a pulled muscle in his right shoulder. When Don reported for practice the following afternoon, he couldn't even raise his right elbow, much less shoot with his right hand. For another player, the situation might have been critical. Not for Don. Among his other attributes he is ambidextrous. He merely practiced left-handed hook shots for a few days while the aching shoulder was responding to heat treatment.

Such minor mishaps help explain why Branch McCracken, Indiana's white-haired basketball coach, spends so much time worrying about Schlundt's health and welfare. "There is such a thing as being *too* friendly," broods McCracken. "A pulled muscle can be serious. Why, we might have lost Schlundt for the whole season!"

The Tall Boy Who Didn't Come Back

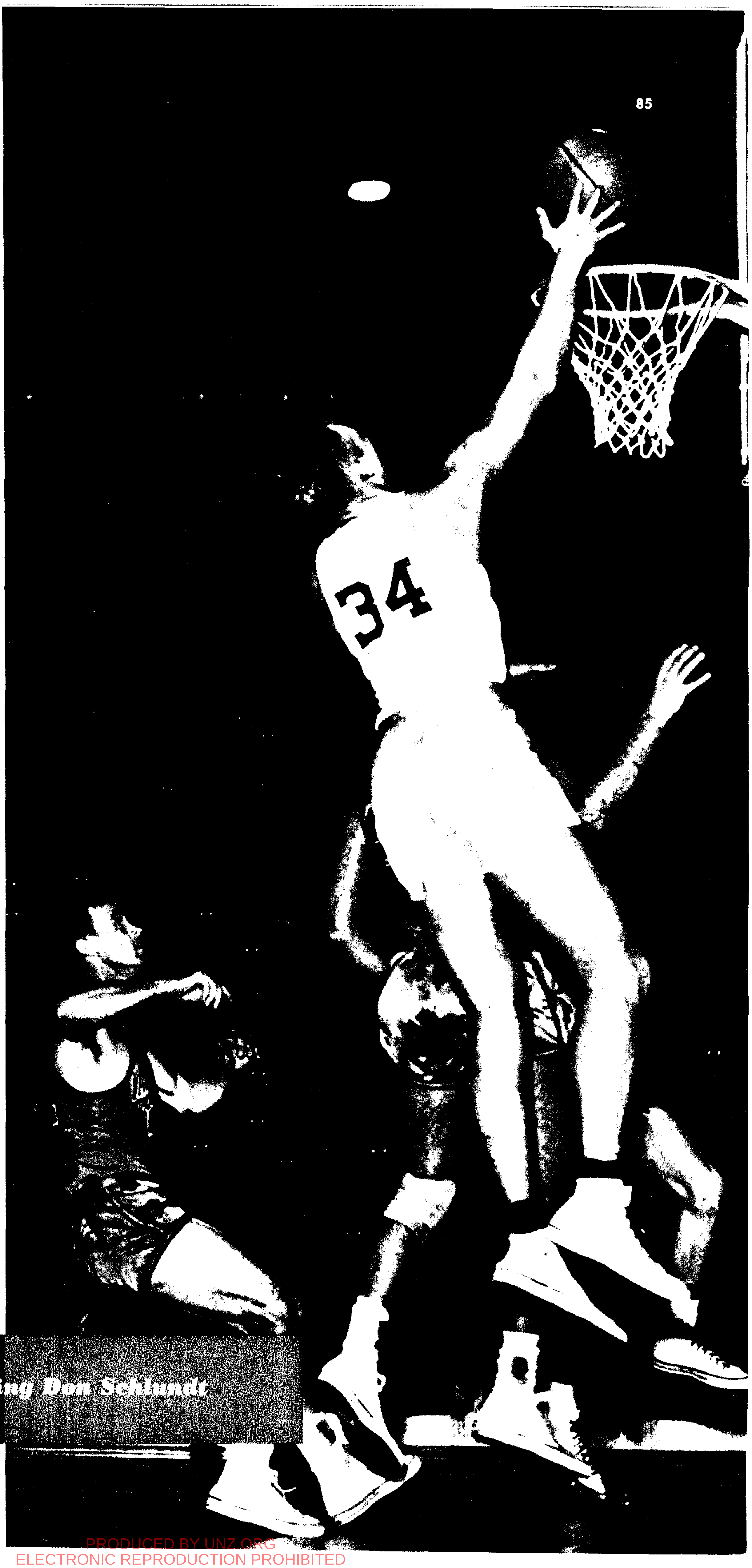
Nobody knows better than Branch how important a king-size center like Schlundt can be to a team with national championship aspirations. In the fall of 1948, McCracken apparently had Clyde Lovellette, a 6-foot, 9-inch high-school phenomenon, safely bedded down on the Indiana campus. Several days before Lovellette was scheduled to enroll as a freshman, Clyde mentioned that he'd like to return home to Terre Haute to pick up some clothes.

"Go right ahead, son," said McCracken, "but hurry back."

That was the last McCracken heard of Lovellette until a wire-service story reported 10 days later that the lofty center had enrolled at Kansas University. Subsequently, Lovellette achieved All-America status and led Kansas to the 1952 NCAA championship.

During the three years Lovellette was starring for Kansas, McCracken's Hoosiers, sometimes referred to as McCracken's Midgets, finished third, second and fourth in Big Ten competition. "We had some mighty good material on those squads," Tom Miller, Indiana's sports publicitor, recalls sadly. "Our '51 club, especially, was national championship quality at the guards and forwards, but we lacked one thing—a big man like Lovellette to grab the ball off the backboards. Most of the time, we had to use Bill Garrett, a great forward who was only six-two, at center."

McCracken, who drives upward of 15,000 miles a year prospecting for talent among the 800 high-school teams in the basketball-wacky state of Indiana, was still bemoaning the loss of Lovellette when he spotted Schlundt three winters ago during a stopover in South Bend. Schlundt, then a growing boy measuring a scant six-foot-six, was playing center for Washington-Clay Township High School and scoring points in prodigious quantities. McCracken, impressed by Schlundt's size and maneuverability, suggested a get-acquainted visit to



His hand far above the 10-foot-high basket, giant Don Schlundt scores against Valparaiso

ational champions' hook-shooting Don Schlundt

Schlundt never stops practicing. He takes at leas

Next in Collier's

January 22 issue
on sale January 8

MYSTERY MAN OF THE PENTAGON

By CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

He's called the most powerful person in the Pentagon. Who's this man who has held his job under five chiefs of defense?

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COMIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

In Collier's Color Camera, the top American woman skier demonstrates her spectacular mastery of the tough slalom

•

FRANCE NEEDS A NEW REVOLUTION

By
EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

The noted analyst tells what must be done to keep France, a key to Europe's defenses, from collapsing internally . . .

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the Indiana campus. Schlundt agreed.

In the spring, when Don showed up at Bloomington, McCracken deftly eliminated any possibility that the boy might decide to make a fall getaway, à la Lovellette. Instead of waiting for September enrollment, McCracken induced Schlundt to enroll in summer school.

"You've made a wise decision," McCracken assured Schlundt after the formal signing. "You're going to be mighty happy at Indiana."

And McCracken was right. Don Schlundt has been mighty happy. The life he leads on the Indiana campus makes him a prime contender for the title of World's Most Contented Basketball Player.

Besides holding a scholarship which defrays the costs of books and tuition, Schlundt earns $65 a month for 40 hours' work, sweeping out the university gymnasium. His wife, whom he married last June, is secretary to Professor Ralph Collins, associate dean of the Indiana faculty; by combining salaries the Schlundts get along very nicely on a take-home pay of slightly more than $300 a month. They have no housing worries, either. They live in a new two-and-one-half-room apartment in a modern building near the campus. The rent is $75 a month and the likelihood of any increase is considered remote, inasmuch as the building is owned by Indiana University.

When Don travels with the basketball team, he usually sleeps diagonally across two beds pushed together. If (as often happens) the beds join unevenly, he tosses the mattresses on the floor and sleeps there. But when Don's at home he slumbers in style, on a magnificent seven-foot bed constructed by one of Coach McCracken's relatives who is in the furniture business in Indianapolis.

To add further to Schlundt's sense of general well-being, he is always excused from the kitchen at dishwashing time. "Our kitchen is so small," says Gloria Schlundt, "that there isn't room for Don and me to work at the same time. Even when he's there alone, Don has to bend over to avoid bumping into the ceiling light globe. The second day we were in the apartment, Don hit his head against that globe and cracked it—the globe, I mean—and we had to pay $3.80 for a new one."

While Gloria does the dishes, Don studies. His main course is business marketing; one of his professors calls him a "conscientious, average student."

Schlundt started playing basketball when he was eleven years old. With the help of other youngsters in the neighborhood, Don leveled off a dirt court in a vacant lot next door to his home on the outskirts of South Bend. "We played summer and winter," he remembers. "Weather was no obstacle. Lots of times we had to shovel snow off the court. I wasn't much good; probably the only reason I got to play was that I owned the ball."

That's an old gag, but Schlundt is only half fooling. As a fourteen-year-old high-school freshman, Don stood five-nine and weighed 170 pounds; when he reported for basketball tryouts, Coach Herschel Eaton told him bluntly: "Schlundt, you're too fat and too slow. If you want to make the squad, you'd better go easy on the desserts."

Schlundt, who has always been fond of pies, cakes and doughnuts, disregarded Eaton's advice—and gained eight additional pounds while serving as an obscure third-string guard during the winter of 1948. However, Don salvaged his basketball career in startling fashion the following summer. He grew seven inches—from five nine to six four—between the end of one basketball season and the start of the next one.

"Nobody's ever figured out why," Don says. "My dad is six one, but we've never had any exceptionally big men in our family. I guess Mother got the biggest surprise. She bought four pairs of slacks for me at a fire sale in April, figuring I'd be able to wear the pants all winter—but when she pulled them out of the closet in September, I couldn't get into them."

Coach Eaton made no further suggestions about desserts. Instead, he moved Don to center on the first team. "Schlundt was mighty awkward at first," Eaton recalls, "but he had two great assets—height and patience. He'd skip rope for half an hour to improve his footwork; then he'd practice his hook shot for hours. He'd stay around the gym until the janitor turned out the lights. He practiced in and out of season. After school closed in June, he worked on his outdoor court. There was hardly a day in Don's last three years in high school that he didn't shoot a basketball for at least an hour."

Schlundt has never stopped practicing. Nowadays he works on one-handed shots for at least half an hour before Indiana's regular team-practice periods, firing at the basket 250 or more times from varying angles and distances, while accommodating student managers act as retrievers. "That kind of practice is a lot of fun," Don says. "I do the shooting and they do the running."

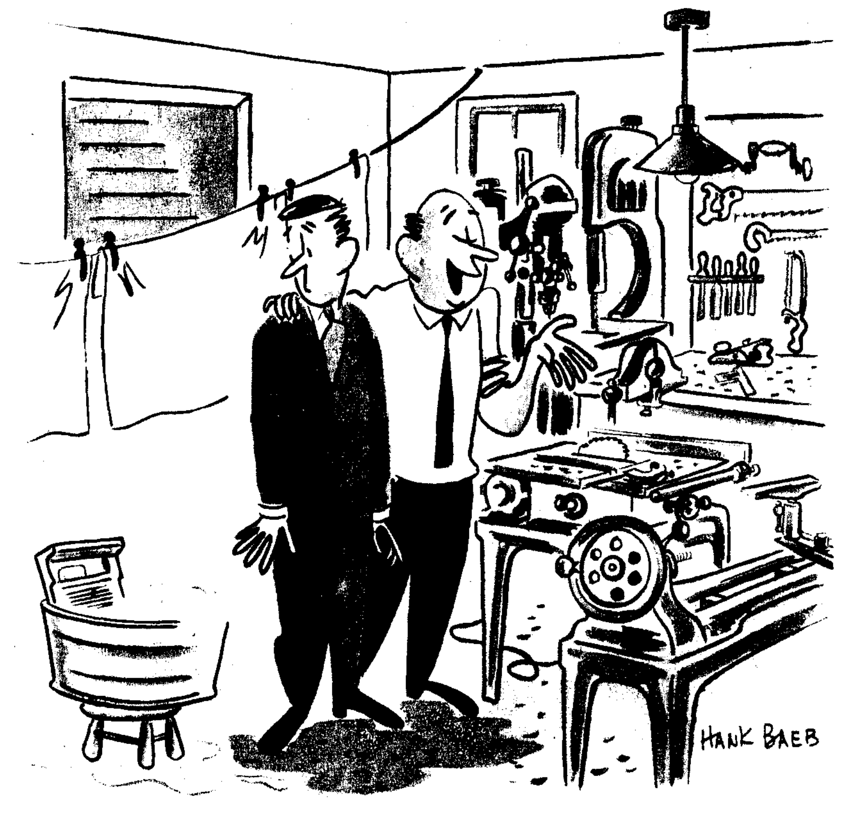
Running, Schlundt feels, is the hardest part of basketball. In every 40-minute game he's on the move at least 35 minutes—and travels, according to campus statisticians who actually charted his course through one game, about 4 miles, most of it on the run.

MARTHA BLANCHARD

Nature Lover

The weather underfoot is great
For those who like to ski and skate,
And I adore the ice and snow,
As long as I don't have to go.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



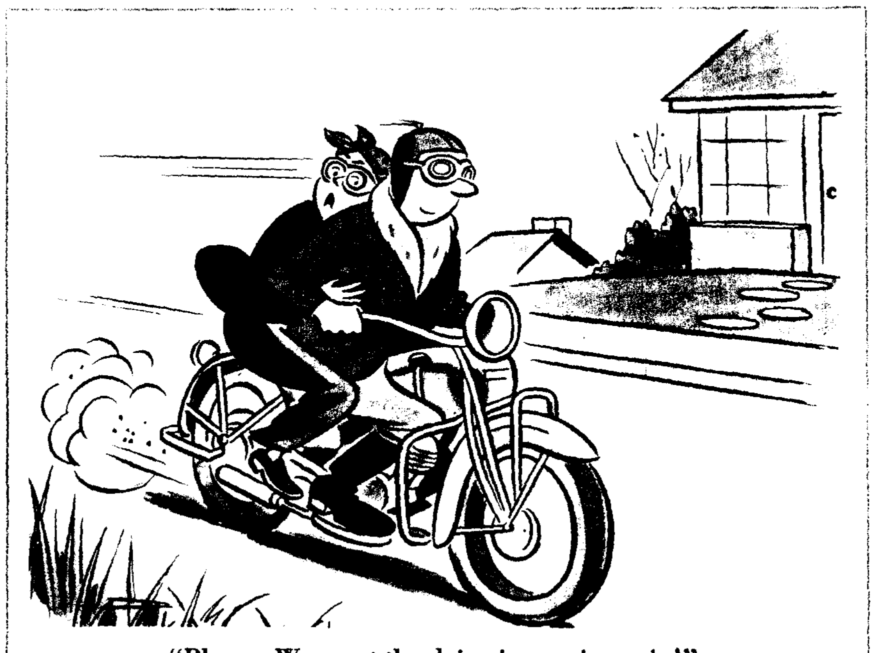
COLLIER'S

"Yes, sir, Charlie, as I always say, 'Nothing but the best'"

HANK BAEB

50 one-hand shots before the team workouts begin

"Don has to run," McCracken says, "because we play a running, fast-breaking game. When the other club misses a shot and one of our boys takes it off the backboard, it's usually Schlundt who makes the recovery. Ordinarily, our forwards fast-break down the floor, Schlundt clears the ball to one of our guards along the side lines, and the guard tries to hit one of the forwards with a pass. But if the forwards are covered, the guards take the ball downcourt while Schlundt runs extra hard to get to his offensive post near the foul circle. Even after he gets there, he keeps running and faking, moving from side to side and waiting for a chance to grab a pass.



COLLIER'S "Please, Wes, not the drive-in movie again!" DON TOBIN

"Playing center in our type of game is no job for a lazy man."

To get into condition for this season, Schlundt devoted six afternoons a week all during September and October to running Indiana's rugged four-mile cross-country course. On November 1st, he started working out indoors, skipping rope for 20 minutes at a crack.

Despite this strenuous preparation, Don sometimes gets out of breath. "Along toward the end of the first half of any game," he says, "my nose usually feels stuffed up. Between halves, I apply steaming hot towels to my face, and that helps clear my nose. In one of our early-season games, though, I had a slight head cold; it took 10 minutes of hot-towel treatment between halves before I could breathe properly."

While Schlundt's running and skipping workouts are developing his stamina, his shooting practice is sharpening his reflexes. "Shooting is mostly a reflex action," he says. "You take a split-second sight on the rim of the basket and your shooting hand automatically readjusts to loft the ball—not at the rim, but just over and beyond it. Funny thing about shooting: if you hit what you're aiming at—the rim—you miss the shot."

Schlundt's shooting technique is best exemplified by the one-handed hook shot which has become his scoring trade-mark at Indiana. Standing with his back to the basket, he maneuvers around the foul circle until he grabs a pass from a teammate, and then takes a stride to one side. Next he jumps about six inches off the floor, hastily squints back over his shoulder for a momentary sight at his target—then flips the ball with either hand while falling away from the basket.

After watching Schlundt score 30 points against Kansas in the final game of the NCAA championship tournament last March, Howard Hobson, the Yale coach who is one of the nation's keenest basketball analysts, commented: "When Schlundt pivots to the left, he shoots with his right hand, and vice versa. Either way, he's shooting with the hand which is *away* from the basket using his body as a shield for the ball. An opposing guard can't get at the ball without climbing right up Don's back—and that's against the rules, of course."

Schlundt's greatest scoring performance, up to this year, at least, was in Chicago Stadium last March 15th when Indiana subdued Notre Dame, 79 to 66, in the Chicago Regional finals of the National Collegiate play-offs. On that occasion, Don tallied 41 points to break the Chicago Stadium single-game record set in 1944 by George (Mr. Basketball) Mikan, the ex-DePaul University star, who is now the meal ticket of the professional Minneapolis Lakers.

Against Notre Dame, Schlundt netted 13 of 24 field-goal tries and 15 of 18 free throws. But this display had repercussions three nights later when Indiana encountered Louisiana State in the NCAA semifinals. Fearing another Schlundt blitz—Don had poured in 18 points in the first 10 minutes against Notre Dame—Louisiana State employed a tight defense designed to restrict Schlundt's under-the-basket maneuvers.

But the tight defense backfired. While Louisiana State defenders clustered around Schlundt, Bob Leonard, Indiana's sharpshooting guard, popped away unmolested from just beyond the foulcircle—and sank his first six long shots. Louisiana State thereupon reverted to a normal man-for-man defense, and Schlundt reverted to his normal hook-shot pace. At game's end, Don had 29 points.

"The Louisiana State game," said McCracken contentedly, "proved we were a well-balanced ball club."

They were well balanced and then some. McCracken's champions won 23 of 26 games against topflight opposition. After starting the season by walloping Valparaiso at Bloomington, 95-56, the Hoosiers dropped two road games, losing to Notre Dame, 71-70, and Kansas State, 82-80; then they ran off 17 straight triumphs and clinched the Big Ten title before losing another hairline decision, 65-63, to Minnesota. Bouncing from the Minnesota defeat, they thumped Iowa and then swept through DePaul, Notre Dame, Louisiana State and Kansas in the NCAA title competition.

"Note that we came within five points of a perfect season," points out Indiana sports publicitor Miller. "And all three of our defeats were the result of field goals scored with less than 30 seconds left to play."

And equally remarkable, Indiana's championship record was compiled by a first team composed of three juniors and two sophomores: Schlundt; Leonard, who's generally rated the most accurate long shot in collegiate basketball; Dick Farley, an adhesive forward who shadows the opposition's top scorer; Burke Scott, a clever playmaker who specializes in feeding under-the-basket passes to Schlundt; and Charley Kraak, a rugged forward who is considered the best rebound-grabber in the Big Ten.

McCracken may be the first coach ever to start a season with a varsity composed entirely of holdover regulars from the national championship team, but he considers it a dubious distinction. "Everybody wants to beat the champ," he says morosely. "They'll all be pointing for us."

Despite McCracken's apprehension over Indiana's 1954 schedule—an exacting 22-game grind including 14 battles with Big Ten foes, plus engagements with such national powers as Notre Dame, Butler, Louisville and Kansas State—opposing coaches are not at all satisfied that pointing for Indiana will be either a pleasant or profitable pastime this season. Johnny Jordan, the Notre Dame coach, recently explained why. "Before you start pointing for Indiana, you've got to figure out a way to stop that Schlundt—and nobody's been able to do it yet."

Jordan's statement is not quite true. Schlundt *was* stopped once last year, during a vital Big Ten game.

Late in the first half, as Don was reaching for a pass, an unscrupulous hand belonging to an unidentified member of the opposition grabbed a fistful of hair out of Schlundt's right thigh. "Yipes!" yelled Schlundt, and instinctively applied both hands to the afflicted area. At that moment, a bullet pass, fired by teammate Bob Leonard, bounced off Schlundt's stomach and caromed out of bounds, costing Indiana possession of the ball.

During the rest period between halves, Schlundt eliminated any possibility of further annoyance by shaving his thighs with a borrowed razor.

"Never did find out who pulled that trick," Don remembers, "because the other team was using a revolving defense instead of man-for-man. Too bad. I sure would like to have gotten my elbows on that fellow." ▲▲▲

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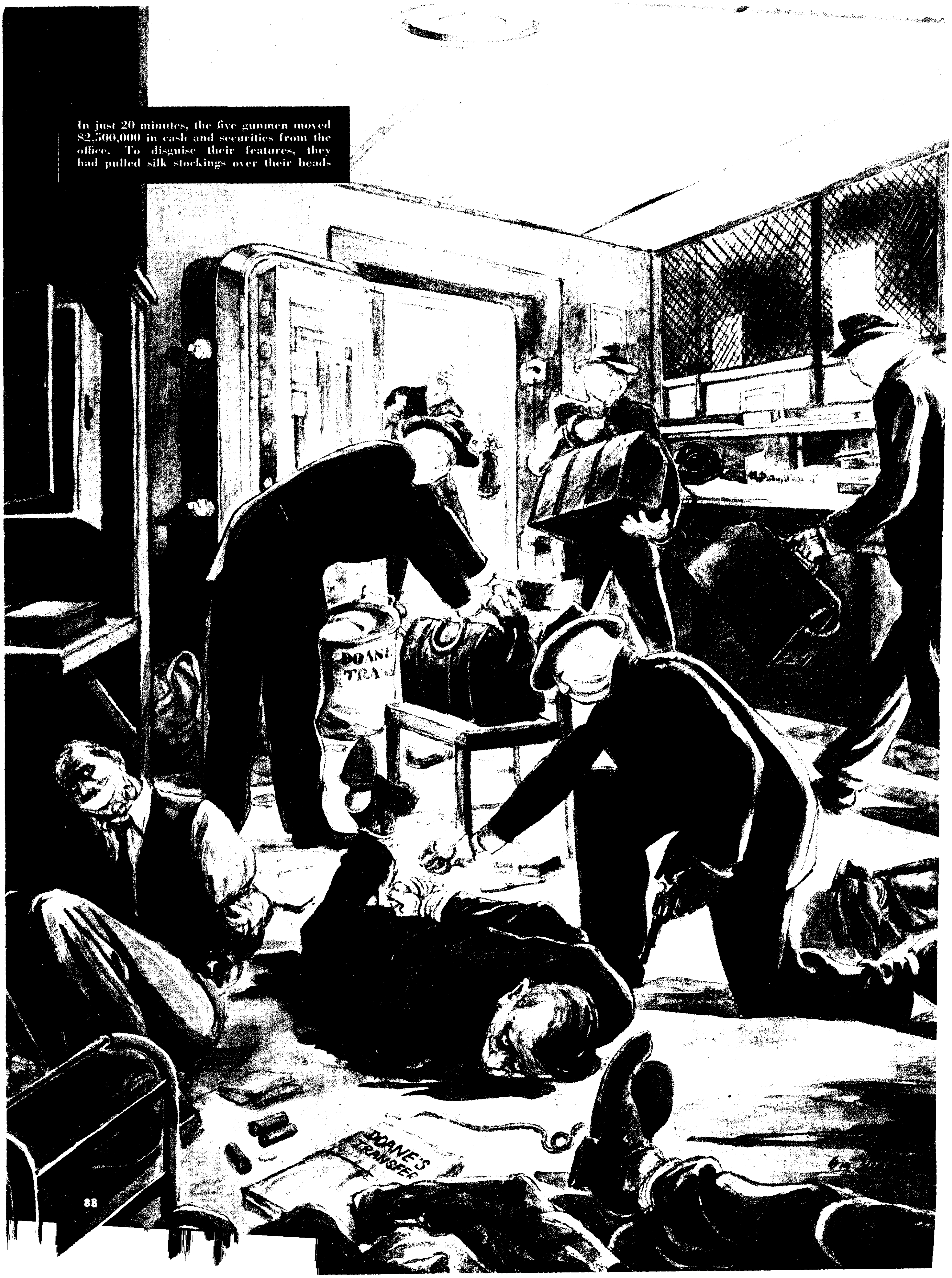

DOANE TRA
DOANE'S TRANSFER

In just 20 minutes, the five gunmen moved $2,500,000 in cash and securities from the office. To disguise their features, they had pulled silk stockings over their heads

THE CRIME STORY OF THE CENTURY

Police and the FBI were sure they knew who masterminded the robbery. But the crook had an alibi: When the gang struck, he was talking to a cop whose entire career was linked with his. Was their strange friendship the key to the crime?

THEY STOLE $2,500,000 —and Got Away with It

A TRUE-TO-LIFE PARALLEL TO THE GREAT BRINK'S ROBBERY

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SHARP

• On the evening of January 17, 1950, seven men wearing rubber Halloween masks, visored caps and pea jackets held up and robbed the Brink's, Inc., armored-truck garage in Boston's North End of $1,600,000 in cash and an additional sum in bonds and securities. The haul was the largest in the history of modern crime.

Nearly four years of investigation by federal, state and city authorities has failed either to uncover the stolen treasure or to bring a single indictment for the holdup. Rewards totaling $160,000 still await anyone who can supply information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the bandits.

A year ago federal authorities hinted they were about to break the case. The U.S. attorney's office in Boston summoned a parade of witnesses before the federal grand jury and expected indictments would be handed down. But on last January 15th the jury reported there was not enough evidence to warrant any indictments. Two days later, the federal statute of limitations expired, outlawing any future federal prosecution of the Brink's gang on armed-robbery charges. However, the gang still can be prosecuted by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for robbery and by the federal government on conspiracy charges.

What happened to the federal government's case? Just how much do investigators know about the background of the crime? How have members of the gang been able to escape prosecution? And, most important, what are the prospects for eventual solution of the robbery?

The answers to at least some of these questions are locked in the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Boston Police Department. Next to officers of these agencies—and the robbers—the man who probably knows most about the crime is Joseph F. Dinneen, veteran reporter and columnist for the Boston Globe, whose masterful summary of the case appeared in Collier's for January 13, 1951.

Now Dinneen has written a story about a mythical holdup in a mythical city—a story that might be called a true-to-life parallel to the Brink's holdup. But it is far more than just the story of a single robbery; it is a brilliant study of the whole anatomy of crime. Drawing on knowledge gained in more than 20 years of reporting crime and politics, Dinneen delves into the amazing interdependence of our law-enforcement agencies and the underworld, into the whole intricate fabric of law enforcement in the U.S.

It is a never-before-told story, with a message so vital for these times that Collier's is publishing it at far greater length than usual.

Story Starts on Next Page

THE CRIME STORY OF THE CENTURY

THIS is the story of a cop, a crook and a crime. The crime was the theft of $2,500,000; so unprecedented was the sum, so bold and baffling the gangland coup, that the robbery was headlined throughout the nation for months afterward. But an even bigger, more fascinating story lay behind the crime: the strange friendship between the cop and the crook who was accused of committing the robbery.

The story properly begins about the turn of the century, when two immigrant families came to the United States from Europe.

Patrick and Anna Gallagher left Ireland's County Mayo for America the day after they were married in 1897. They settled on the West Side of town; and there Eddie, their only son, and his two sisters were born.

Through the local ward boss, Patrick got a job with the city water department. When his son graduated from St. Eulalia's parochial school at fourteen, he was deemed old enough to help in the family's support.

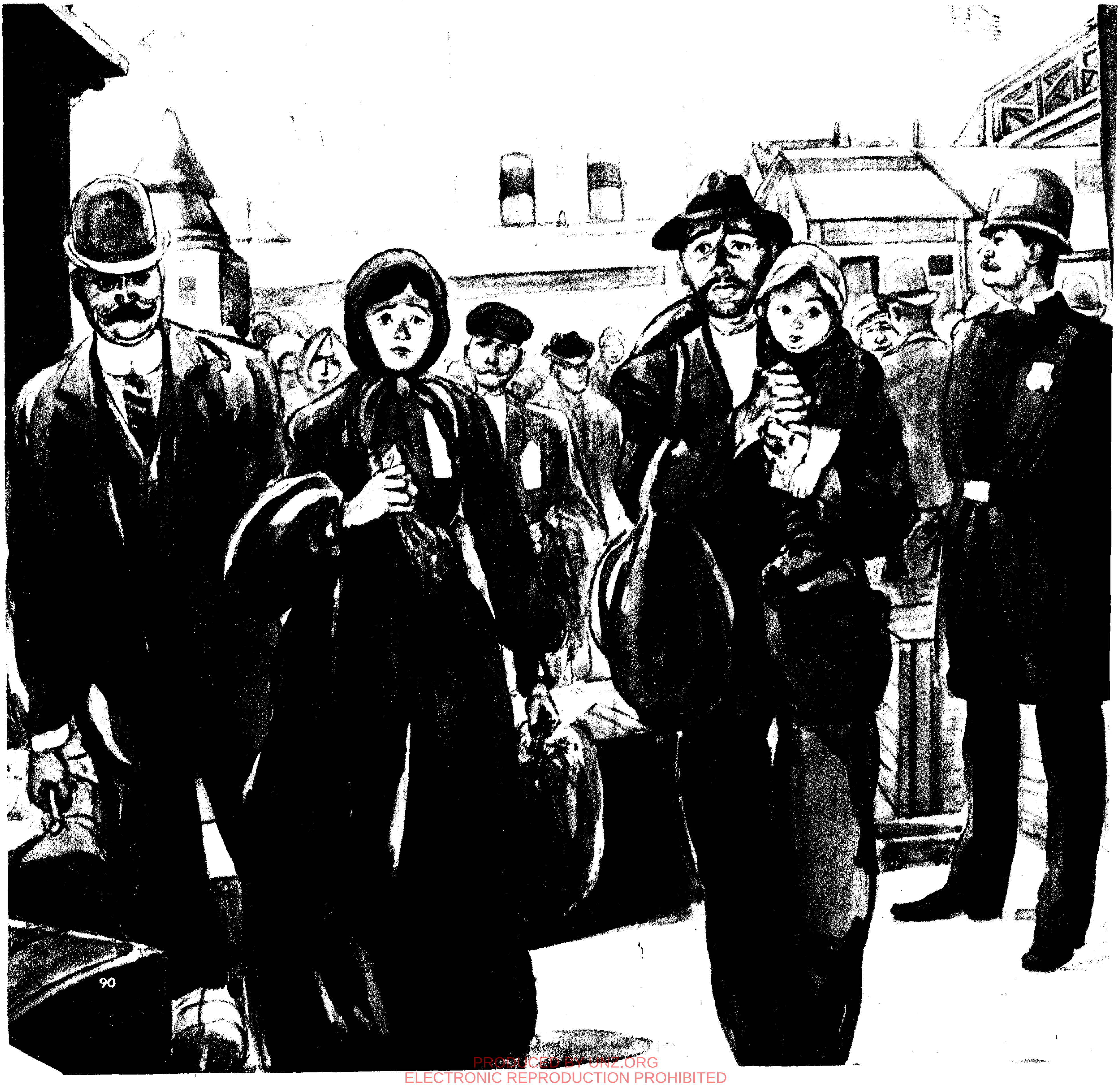
Eddie Gallagher worked first in a book-bindery, then as a roustabout in a rubber factory. But he was ambitious; he enrolled in night school and earned a certificate of competence.

When the U.S. entered World War I in 1917, Eddie Gallagher was a nineteen-year-old sergeant in the National Guard. He never got overseas. After his honorable discharge from the Army, he began attending night law school. He was still a student there when he passed the civil service exams for the police force.

Soon after his appointment as a patrolman, Eddie married. He continued his law studies; later, under the shock of the death of his first-born son, he was to quit school, never to return. Instead, he was to become an omnivorous reader, a specialist in police practice who knew the Police Manual by heart, an interpreter of its regulations even for his superiors on the force.

But all that lay ahead when, early on the morning of July 4, 1924, Gallagher—still a raw rookie cop—shot fourteen-year-old Anthony Turchino and set in motion a chain of events that would be

Tony Turchino was an infant when he arrived in America in 1910. Forty years later, he was to star in the underworld's greatest coup



climaxed by the most celebrated crime of the century. . . .

Tony Turchino was a six-month-old infant in arms when his parents came to America in 1910. Giovanni and Maria Turchino had planned it that way back in Sicily, after much correspondence with Giovanni's brother, Enrico, who had preceded them by six years.

Enrico, a foundry laborer, met the trio at the pier after they had passed through customs and immigration. He took them by trolley to a basement flat he had obtained in the neighborhood known as Brickbottom. Next day Giovanni went to work in a drop-forge shop.

The immigrants gradually became accustomed to the sound and fury of Brickbottom: the scream of reamers in the ironworks, the clatter of boring machines and drills, the rumble of stamping machines; sparks and smoke belching from high chimneys, freight cars clanking, dynamos shrieking. They learned to live with the black soot, clouds of white steam, the derricks, hoists, donkey engines, and hills of coal waiting to be burned at the power plant. But other aspects of Brickbottom—those Enrico never could describe in his letters—would require a longer, more painful adjustment.

Where Tough Characters Congregated

Brickbottom and adjoining Cherry Valley were the toughest sections of the city. Barrooms and taverns were crowded every night with ironworkers and longshoremen, channel-barge sailors, workers in the transit-company repair shops, day laborers who shoveled raw sugar in the refineries, and transient bums from other places and ports. Murder and violence were frequent. Robbery, arson, assault and battery—every kind of misdemeanor, crime and felony was regularly recorded on local police blotters.

But while Brickbottom spawned criminals, it also produced clergymen, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and soldiers with superb records in two world wars. The sprinkling of great people and the larger number of average, law-abiding citizens brought up in the neighborhood would forever after refer to Brickbottom as a challenge which inspired them to seek a better life. Jailbirds, parolees and ex-convicts would cite the place as the cause of their troubles, saying: "What chance did I have? It made me what I am today." Both were right.

In this environment Tony Turchino learned to creep and walk; in this environment he attended school and grew to manhood. But environment alone could not be blamed for making him and his boyhood pals, Red Sweeney, Gussie Acosta and Henry Raglund, the core of a larger group of career criminals who would spend little time in jails and much money keeping out of them.

Tony was seven or eight when his father talked to Uncle Enrico about taking out first naturalization papers; Giovanni's shop foreman had suggested it. Enrico disapproved, but Giovanni took a day off, went to the Federal Building, applied for the papers, and later filed them.

Because of their meager knowledge of English, the Turchinos had come to depend on Enrico to read their mail. When Giovanni received his official notice to report at the Federal Building for his second papers, he did not realize it was an official notice; he just handed it to Enrico to translate. Either Enrico's familiarity with English was not what he claimed, or he solved a problem for his brother very casually—and fatefully. He said it was an ad, and threw it into the stove. The Turchinos watched it burn.

Giovanni did nothing more about acquiring citizenship. There were other matters on his mind. He had become hard of hearing, and the job in the drop-forge shop was more of a struggle. His family had grown; besides Tony, there were now two small daughters to support.

Tony was beginning to develop the standard characteristics of a juvenile delinquent. He did not like school and found ways to avoid it. He feigned sickness as often as he could, played hooky when he could not. The streets were more exciting. So was the narrow back yard behind the long line of mill-type houses where the Turchinos lived. A high board fence separated the yards from the railroad tracks on the other side and the ship channel beyond; it proved a barrier to the kids only until they were big enough to climb over it.

School-attendance officers often came to the Turchino flat to ask why Tony stayed away. Maria could not understand the truancy check, nor could she explain it to her husband. Tony—then facile in the family's native tongue though later he was to speak and understand very little of it—would craftily deceive his parents. A skillful liar, he would describe the truant officer as an unimportant American functionary, a nuisance to the parents of all immigrant school children, an official with vague and complex duties too difficult to explain. Nor was Uncle Enrico able to clarify the problem. By the time his parents learned what Tony had been up to, it was too late.

Tony's progress through school was slow. He was kept back in the fourth and fifth grades; by the sixth, he was a thirteen-year-old among eleven-year-olds. A school-department interpreter was sent to his home to explain why. For the first time, Giovanni and Maria heard about Tony's absences, his companions, his contempt for free education.

Giovanni and Maria suddenly understood a lot about which the interpreter knew nothing: the complaint of the strange man for whom Tony had sold papers and who fired him because he had been short $7.20; the candy bars, the five-and-ten knickknacks that Tony brought home so often; the dozen baseballs, the bat, mask and glove he could not afford. They knew now that all these acquisitions could not have come to him as gifts from the mysterious boys' club, as he had told them.

When the visitor left, Tony's father beat him unmercifully while his mother sat in a rocker and cried. Giovanni had never known such anger, Maria such hurt. It did no good. Tony was already an incorrigible.

The next year he was arrested for playing baseball in the street. High-priced lawyers, decades later, would cite this arrest as evidence that Tony had been underprivileged; there would be no one around to recall that an open schoolyard was less than three minutes' walk from Tony's house, or that a big playground with a supervised athletic program was also nearby.

Juvenile Court Judge Was Baffled

Neither Tony nor his lawyers of later years would re-create anything like the original scene in juvenile court when, as a thirteen-year-old, he was arraigned before a judge experienced in saving delinquents. The judge analyzed the boy before him in these simple words:

"If I could only get through to you, Tony, I might be able to straighten you out. But it's clear to me that I'm making no impression on you whatsoever. I suppose you'll follow your own wayward path and wind up, sooner or later, as a problem that cannot be solved because you won't permit it to be . . ."

About a year later, at three-twenty on the morning of July 4, 1924, Tony, then fourteen, was shot and badly hurt by rookie patrolman Edward B. Gallagher. The boy was sent to City Hospital for blood transfusions. The newspapers erupted in protest. Tony, they said, had done nothing wrong, had been an innocent child at play. They demanded an investigation. No matter what the provocation, indignant editorial writers said, shooting a youngster shortly before a Fourth of July dawn—a time for legalized fireworks, Roman candles and noisemakers—was unpardonable; traditionally, all police and parental restraint of children was lifted on the holiday.

In their news columns, the papers carried the facts. Tony and his playmates had decided to camp out the night before the Fourth in his back yard by the railroad fence and had built a lean-to for shelter. But before they turned in, they made a lot of noise scampering about the neighborhood, cutting clotheslines, tipping over ash barrels and swill buckets, perhaps breaking a window here and there. A neighbor complained and Patrolman Gallagher was sent to the scene. The children ran. He ordered them to halt. When they didn't, he fired.

Later that morning Gallagher was brought before gray-haired Police Superintendent Tom Concannon, who had to decide whether to send the rookie patrolman before a police trial board, and, if so, on what charges. The board could reprimand, discipline or fire Gallagher.

Grim Boot Training for a Rookie Cop

Gallagher was then twenty-six. He looked at the superintendent indifferently, not caring. Ten weeks in Brickbottom had toughened him; it had been grim boot training, and he was fed up.

"How did you get into this mess?" Concannon asked quietly. A career man on the force, he himself had begun as a patrolman.

"Two complaints," Gallagher answered curtly. "One was from a milk-wagon driver who reported a case of quart bottles and a gallon of cream missing from his wagon; I found the remains later in a back-yard lean-to. The second complaint was from a Michael Defalco, who reported prowlers in his back yard. I went there; saw these figures going over the fence to the railroad tracks. They looked like men to me. I called to them to stop, warned them I'd fire. They didn't stop. I fired and hit the kid."

Concannon rubbed his chin. "Anything else?"

Gallagher shook his head. "That's all. If you want my badge, you've got it. If I've got to go up before the trial board, that's the way it will be."

"I don't want your badge," Concannon said. "All I want is facts. Don't you want the job?"

"Sure, I want the job," Gallagher replied, "but I want to live, too. In Brickbottom, a cop needs eyes in the back of his head; the way I see it, if I want to live I've got to shoot first and ask questions afterward."

"That's not what the manual says," Concannon pointed out.

"I know," Gallagher said. "The manual says I must warn a fugitive of the nature of the offense he's wanted for before I shoot. Can you imagine a cop doing that in Brickbottom? The book says I shoot only when my life is in danger, and according to the book my life is in danger only when I'm facing a firearm and the barrel is pointing at me." His voice rose. "Who wrote that one? Some constable back in 1812? I worry plenty about the gun I see, but I worry a lot more about the gun I can't see. My life is in danger wherever I look, turn or walk in Brickbottom—and you know it!"

"Go on, son," Concannon said. "Get it all off your chest."

"Maybe I'm in the wrong business," Gallagher said. "If I'm disciplined, if I'm given punishment duty, if my pay is docked, I quit. But if I stay on the force and go back to Brickbottom, I'll fire at anyone who won't stop for me at night. I've been down to that channel when the Coast Guard was chasing bootleggers unloading under the piers, I've been down to the railroad yards when the mobs were looting freight cars. Okay, that's what I'm paid to do—and I'll do it . . . with a gun in my hand."

"What's your record for arrests?"

"Twenty-two in ten weeks: six convictions, three not guilty, thirteen pending."

Concannon nodded.

"This isn't the first time I've pulled that trigger," Gallagher volunteered after a moment, "and I don't think it's the first time I've hit the target, either. I can't be sure. I've fired five times—twelve shots in ten weeks."

"You don't want to go back to Brickbottom?" Concannon asked.

"If I stay in the department, I don't care where I go. I'm not afraid of Brickbottom, if that's what you mean."

"You married, Gallagher?"

"Yes, sir."

"Children?"

"One."

"How is this Turchino kid?"

"I shot him in the groin. I talked with his doctor. He tells me the kid will recover all right, but the chances are he'll never have any children."

"Tough." Concannon looked out the window.

"I've been to the hospital to see him," Gallagher said. "He's got an unimportant delinquency record. Whether I'm on the force or not, I'll keep in touch with him. I'd like to help the kid out. I feel responsible for him."

Superintendent Shows a Human Streak

Concannon got up and walked around the desk. "I don't approve of flouting the manual, Gallagher—officially, that is." He put his hand on the patrolman's shoulder. "You won't go up before the trial board. You won't be disciplined. You won't be given punishment duty. In your place, chances are I'd have done the same thing. I know how you feel—and I don't blame you."

"Thanks."

"I want you to take three days off with pay. Get out of sight; give the newspapers a chance to cool off. Don't talk to anybody. Take a trip, or hide out at home—and by all means keep in touch with that Turchino kid. There won't be any hospital bill. He's a police case. How about his doctor's bills?"

"I don't know," said Gallagher. "I know his family doctor. He's on my beat."

"Take care of the doctor," Concannon advised. "Don't spend any money on him unless you have to—and if you find you have to, see me."

"I'll take care of it my own way," Gallagher said.

"Fine," Concannon nodded. "For a kid who's been a cop only ten weeks, you learn fast. I'm going to keep an eye on you. There's room for guys like you in this department." He led him toward the door. "Go home, now. Don't worry—and tell your wife not to worry."

During the weeks that followed, Gallagher kept in touch with Tony and his folks. He told the Turchinos they were to turn the doctor's bill over to him. When it came, he went to see the doctor, an old friend. "I'm the cop who shot this kid," Gallagher said. "I know you have to keep your car on the street for emergencies. Still, it's against the law." He paused a moment. "I want a receipt for this bill." The doctor grinned, and signed a receipt.

Every day, as soon as he was off his beat, the patrolman went to the hospital. Tony hated all cops, but he grudgingly came to admit that Gallagher might be an exception—and he said as much to Red Sweeney, Gussie Acosta, Henry Raglund and Tiny Harkins when they visited him. Sometimes the others were present when Gallagher went to the hospital. They viewed the officer suspiciously at first, later with some degree of tolerance.

At last they agreed with Tony that Gallagher was not the ordinary cop—and they were right. For 30 years or more they and the cop would see one another often, both in and out of courts and jails.

When, after three weeks, Tony went home, he and Gallagher were fast friends. The patrolman was only twelve years older than Tony. Each was at the threshold of a career. Gallagher would go onward and upward in the police department. Tony would serve a few widely separated years in jail and prison; the rest of the time he would live in criminal luxury, a notorious figure in numbers pools, gambling, horse and dog races, with a voice in an organization controlling a $9,000,000 annual gambling handle.

Tony's criminal record would eventually list 67 entries, 65 of them destined to be wiped out by a full pardon that would cost him, in one way or another, all of $100,000. Gallagher would never take a penny in graft or bribe from Tony or anybody else. Nevertheless, Gallagher, as a great lieutenant detective, would owe his success chiefly to Tony. Tony would owe much of his freedom to Gallagher.

Each would become part of a curious system. There are Tonys and Gallaghers in almost every big-city police jurisdiction. The most successful city detectives are those with the most friends among criminals. Some detectives search out criminals to befriend them; Gallagher picked his off with a bullet from his service revolver. . . .

Four months after Gallagher shot Tony, he winged a rumrunner escaping the Coast Guard. The next night he received his first commendation from the police commissioner, read by the captain of his division at roll call—a rare distinction for a patrolman on the force only six and a half months.

The two shootings, so close together, and the official citation did something to Gallagher. Shooting a person, even in line of duty, calls for a certain kind of courage. For most cops it is a detestable last resort. Gallagher had shot Tony in quick excitement, and there may also have been elements of personal fear and panic involved. Afterward, remorseful, he did his best to remedy what he came to consider a bad mistake. Yet though the episode hurt him personally, it helped him officially.

At the second shooting, Gallagher was less excited, more deliberate, certain now that no penalty would be involved. He was answering a citizen's alarm from a drawbridge tender at the boundary of his beat. He saw a speedboat ground on the beach near the bridge and the searchlights of a pursuing Coast Guard boat. As he ran down a dirt path by the bridge, four men clambered out of the speedboat. He called: "Stop or I'll shoot!" They ran; he shot. One man was hit. The other three got away. This time Gallagher did not go to the hospital to see his victim. The Police Department's Bureau of Criminal Investigation took over and he was no longer interested.

The record of two shootings made Gallagher both popular and unpopular on his beat and throughout the division; he was viewed with a mixture of hatred, respect and admiration. He personally felt a sense of confidence and security: he knew that hoodlums and gunmen were afraid of him. Except for Tony Turchino and his friends, gangsters kept their distance.

A Jewelry-Store Robbery on His Beat

Patrolman Edward Gallagher's first big failure as a cop came about two o'clock one November morning. Salter's Jewelry Store, on his beat, was broken into and about $1,500 worth of rings and watches were stolen. Headquarters and the local division station had already been notified by an automatic burglar alarm when Gallagher arrived on the scene, too late.

The first major failure is always a crushing blow to a new cop. Gallagher knew he would not be held responsible; such mishaps can befall any cop on any beat. Nevertheless, he felt a sense of personal blame and frustration.

Next day BCI—the Bureau of Criminal Investigation—moved in. But its detectives got nowhere. Although they found fingerprints in the store, the prints meant nothing; they were not in police files.

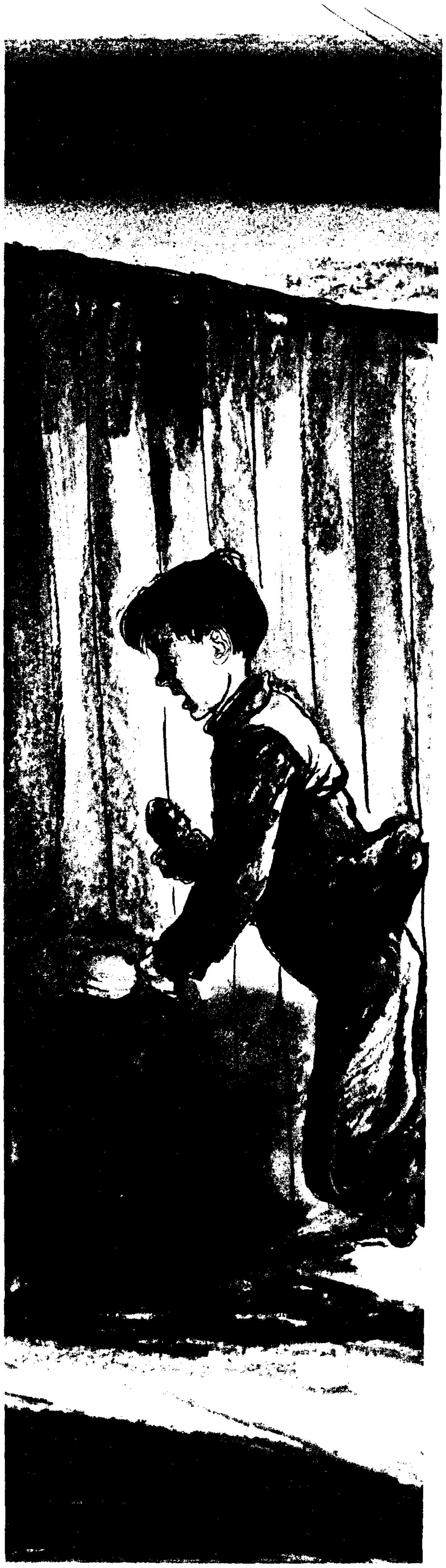
Gallagher knew that if he could solve the theft, Superintendent Concannon would move him up a peg. On his day off he dropped around to Tony's house to talk over the crime with Maria and Giovanni Turchino while Tony listened.

The following night, as Gallagher passed the Turchinos' house, he found Tony sitting on the front steps. "Up kind of late, Tony, aren't you?" Gallagher asked.

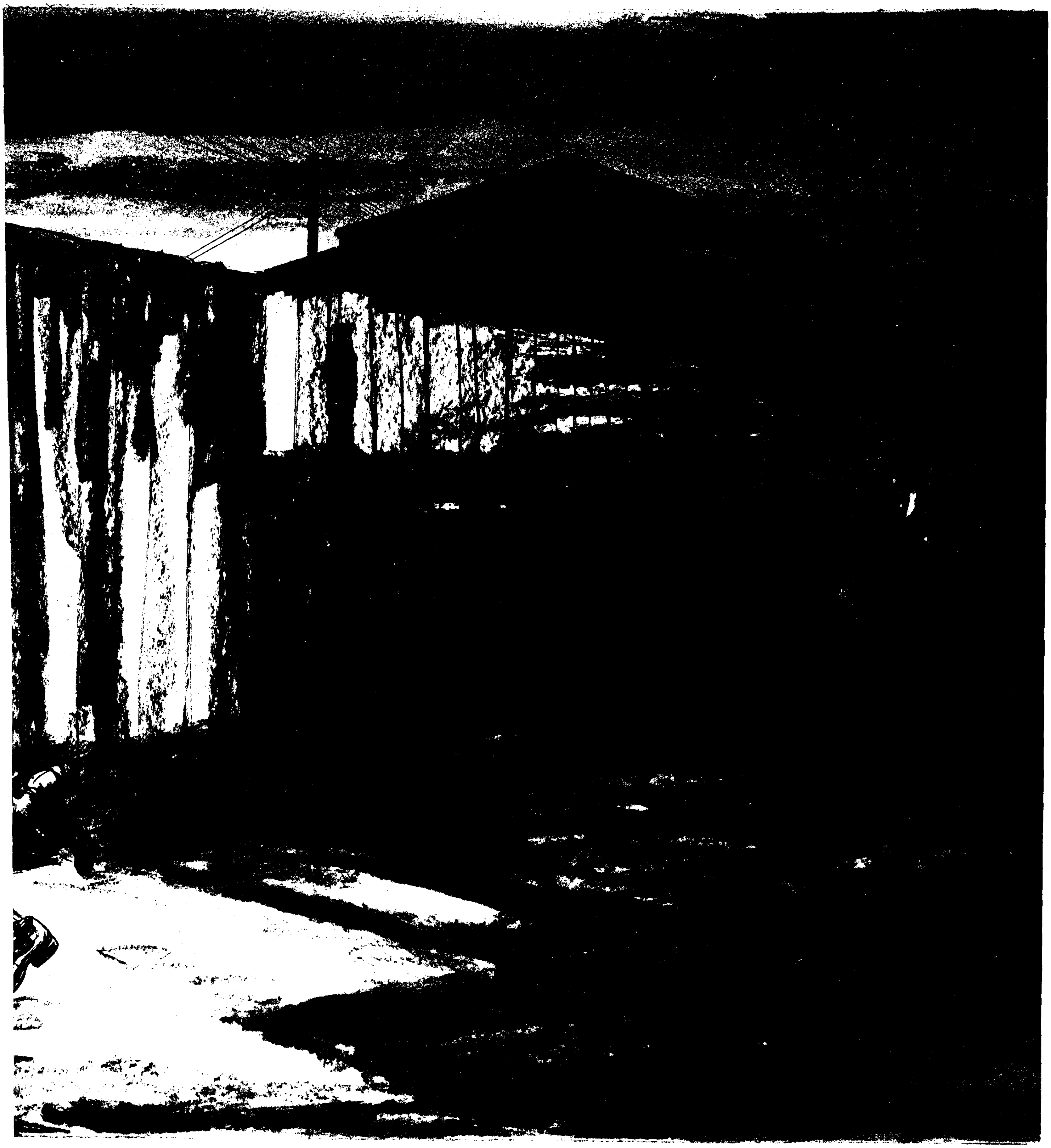
"Yeah. I was waiting for you. Sit down a minute." Gallagher sat down. Tony went on: "It means a lot to you to find out who stole those watches and rings?"

"An awful lot, Tony."

"I kind of think that if you was to go over to Cherry Valley and tip a kid by the name of Rusty



When Tony Turchino, a delinque



14, refused to halt, rookie Patrolman Edward Gallagher shot and wounded him. Then, feeling sorry for the boy, he befriended him

Glynn upside down, maybe a pawn ticket would fall out of his pocket," Tony said. "I got no use for that Cherry Valley mob. They shouldn't come over here and pick off places like Salter's. Some kid in this neighborhood might be blamed.

"I hear Rusty's got a new wrist watch on. His people ain't got no dough. All of a sudden the guy's got cabbage in his pocket—and a pawn ticket. He wouldn't try to get rid of all those watches right away. He'd wait until the heat's off; so he pawns one or two, maybe. Get what I mean?"

Gallagher nodded. "Thanks, Tony."

"Look!" Tony tugged at Gallagher's sleeve until the cop looked him in the eye. "I don't know anything, see? You're a nice guy, Gallagher, and I hate Glynn and that whole Cherry Valley gang—so does every kid in Brickbottom. I didn't tell you nothing. You found it out yourself. Right?"

"Right!" Gallagher patted Tony on the back. "Nobody will ever know we talked about it, and take it from me, Tony, you'll never be sorry you trusted me."

That was a fateful conversation. Gallagher had now developed his first reliable stool pigeon. He had made a sidewalk alliance with a juvenile delinquent who was certain to become an adult criminal. He had done so casually, but not quite thoughtlessly, to satisfy a desire to avenge an invasion of his beat.

Until that night, Tony Turchino had been under an obligation to Gallagher; the patrolman had made things easier for him. But in that conversation on the steps, Tony paid off. Now Gallagher was under a dual obligation to Tony. First, he had shot him needlessly and damaged him permanently; second, Tony had put the solution of the Salter robbery in his lap. Unless Tony double-crossed him in the future, Gallagher could not let him down.

Gallagher got his captain's permission to go into Cherry Valley. He picked up Rusty Glynn. The whole affair worked out precisely as Tony had described it. Gallagher got his second commendation from the commissioner. He had succeeded where BCI had failed—because he had found a stool pigeon.

In many respects, a stool pigeon is a reprehensible character, despised by lawbreakers and law-abiders alike. Yet stool pigeons are fundamental in crime detection. Somebody must deal with them just as somebody must bury the dead. Every state, city and town police department and law-enforcement agency does business with them—including the federal income tax and narcotics bureaus, the FBI, the Secret Service. Each offers varying rewards and compensations; some set aside special funds for stool pigeons.

It Pays to Use Stoolies—Sometimes

Clinical crime laboratories may yield up much data about a crime, but a good stool pigeon with accurate information and the names of competent witnesses can reveal much more—quickly, and at a time when it will do the most good.

There's another side to the coin.

On May 20, 1925, Anthony Turchino, aged fifteen, was arraigned at a juvenile session of central district court on a charge of unlawful appropriation of an automobile. He had been passing a car parked outside a drugstore; he had a habit of looking into such cars casually to see whether the key had been left in the ignition lock. The key was in this car. He stepped in and drove it away, certain he could sell it. He was not at any time on Gallagher's beat.

He ran out of gas at a busy intersection. A traffic officer walked over to help. At the sight of the approaching cop, Tony slid from behind the wheel and tried to get out the other door—just as a motorcycle officer was pulling up. Tony stepped right into his arms. He had no license or registration.

The judge found Tony guilty and held him pending a report from the probation officer. In juvenile court a week later, with the case scheduled for disposition, Patrolman Edward Gallagher appeared as intervenor and a friend of the court.

Gallagher told of his own unfortunate experience with Tony, of Tony's background and of his parents. Gallagher said that he was working with the family and that Tony had been misled by bad companions.

The probation officer presented Tony's short juvenile court record. He reminded the court that the reform school was crowded anyway and, in view of the beat patrolman's testimony, recommended leniency. The judge acknowledged that he, too, was influenced by the testimony of the beat patrolman. Tony was given a year in the House of Correction, but the sentence was suspended.

Tony and Gallagher walked out of the courtroom together. On the way back to Brickbottom, Gallagher talked long and earnestly. "It's a lucky thing for you, Tony," he said, "that you didn't swipe that car on my beat. If you had, I couldn't have gone to bat for you. You're free now, but if you're caught again you'll have to serve that year—and the sentence for the new crime on top of it.

"Don't be a sucker. Straighten yourself out. Go back to school. Learn to do something. I don't ever want to arrest you, Tony. Don't ever do anything wrong on my beat. If you do, I'll have to pick you up."

"You're okay, Eddie," Tony said. "You got me out of that jam, and I won't forget it. You'll never have to arrest me. You'll never catch me doing anything wrong on your beat."

Tony was to be punctiliously true to his word. He would never be picked up for a crime on Gallagher's Brickbottom beat. But during the next year and a half, Tony became a problem for cops in other jurisdictions. He quit school when he was sixteen to take a job on the blackboard of an illegal horse-room across the river. His record grew longer, his wallet fatter. He worked in a rumrunning crew nights and week ends, but he landed the liquor 15 to 20 miles from Brickbottom. He refused to go near Gallagher's beat.

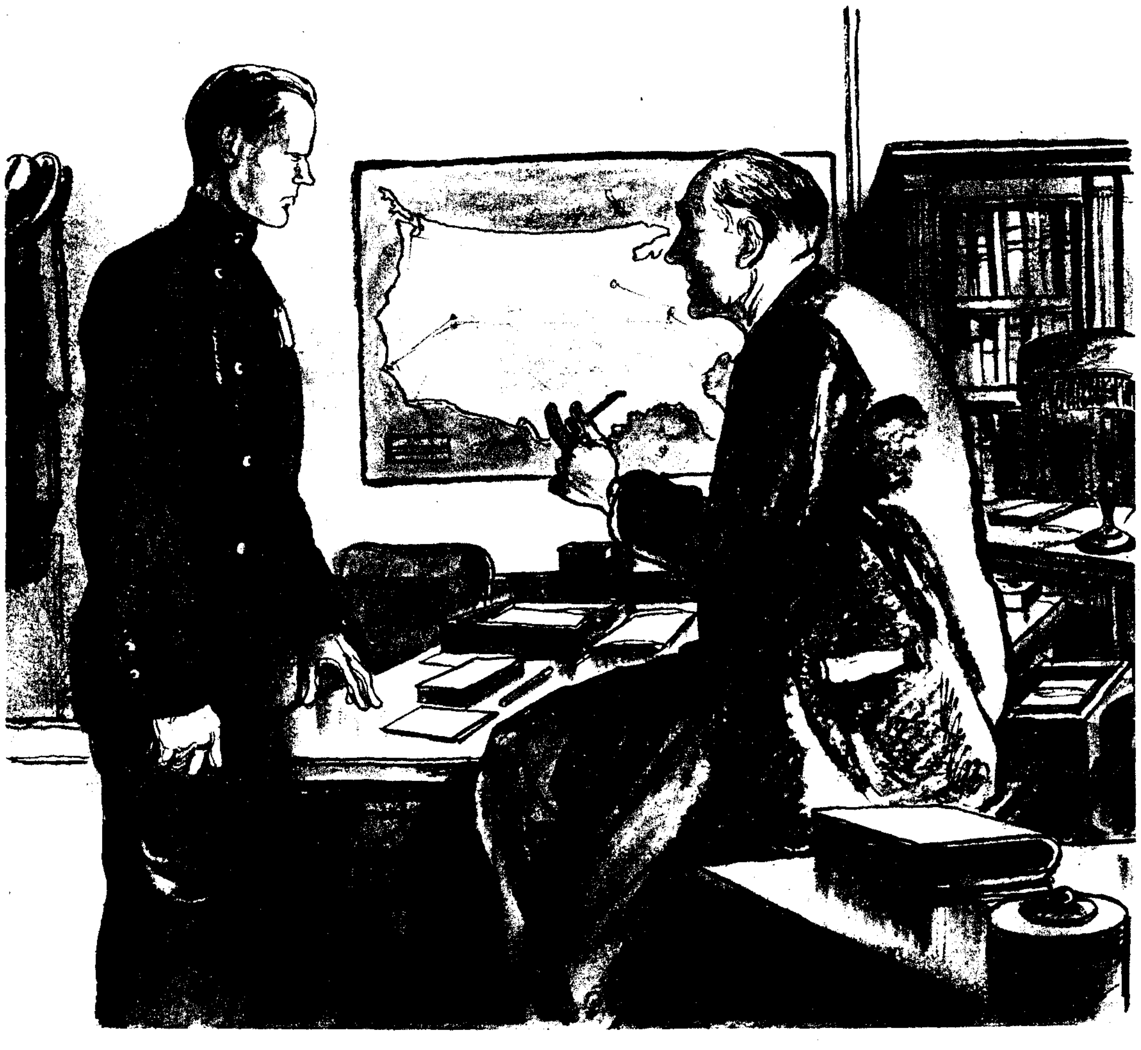
Tony's pals—Red Sweeney, Gussie Acosta, Henry Raglund, Fritzie Miller, Frank Martin—came to accept Gallagher on the same terms. He was still John Law to them, but a useful cop to have on their side. They saw what he did for Tony; they knew he would do the same for them. They learned, too, that they could keep him cooperative by feeding him information on what the gangs outside Brickbottom were doing.

Gallagher was always careful to report this information through proper official channels. Captain Dan Hurley of the Brickbottom-Cherry Valley Division might have been a bit slower than Concannon in spotting Gallagher as a man who would go far in the department, but when he did, he made the most of him and became one of Gallagher's closest friends. Hurley's reports to headquarters on special cases more often than not carried the line: "Information furnished by Patrolman Gallagher."

On February 14, 1928, Carroll Brown, the city's top racketeer, was shot dead by three men in the washroom of his Beachcombers night club. His diamond ring and wallet were missing. For three days the BCI was baffled.

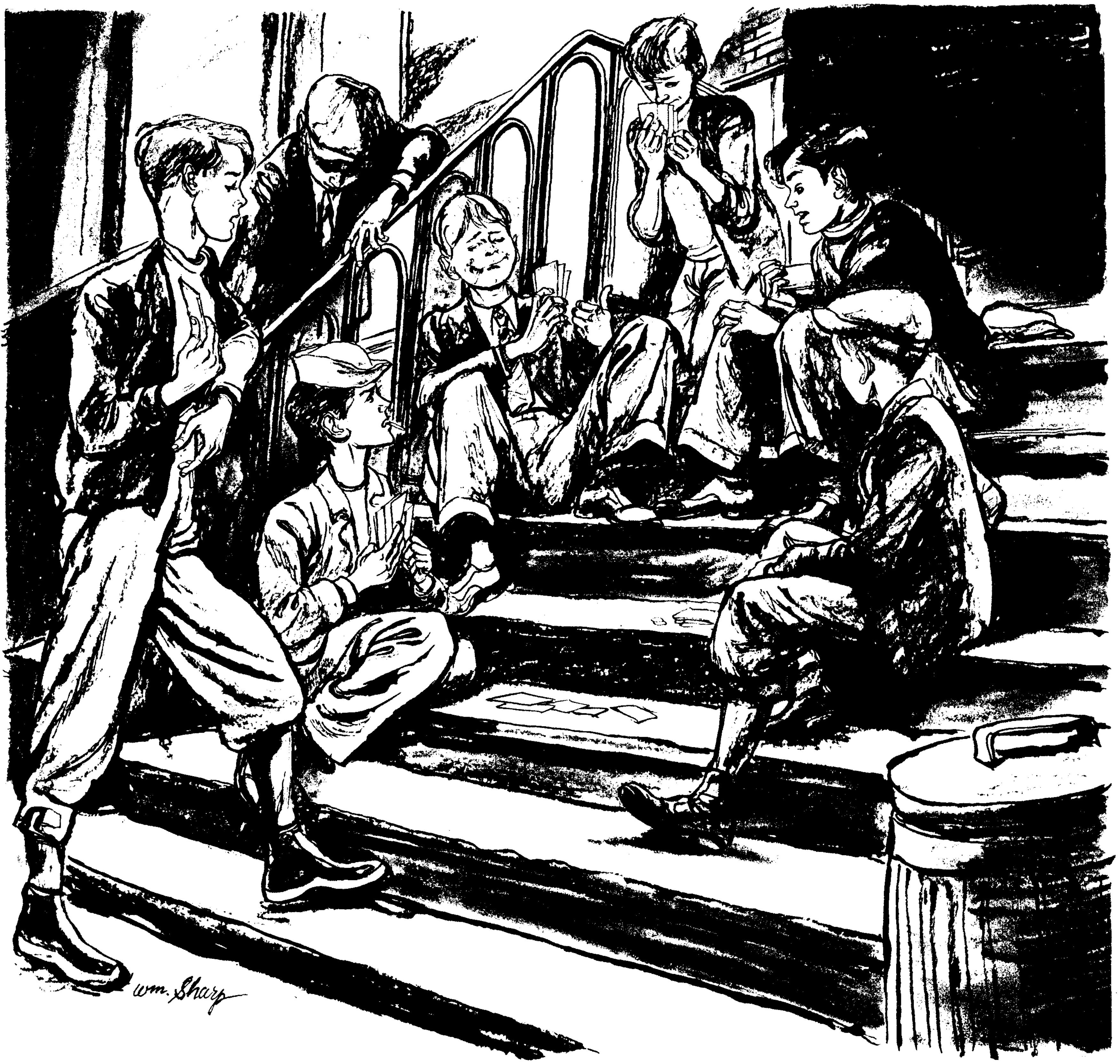
On the fourth day, Gallagher was awakened at noon by Tony Turchino, who got him out of bed and talked fast. Gallagher called Hurley and relayed what he had learned. Hurley called Concannon. That afternoon two lieutenant detectives picked up three punks in a café on the North Side. One of them still had Brown's ring; another the wallet. Next morning, in municipal court, all three were charged with first-degree murder.

Hurley called Concannon and said: "I think I'd better put Gallagher in plain clothes. What do you think?"



On the carpet before Supt. Concannon for shooting the Turchino boy, Patrolman Gallagher explained: "In Brickbottom, if I want to live I've got to shoot first and ask questions afterward"

THE CRIME STORY OF THE CENTURY



For some, the city's slums were a challenge that would lead to success; for Tony and his pals, they were an education in crime

"It's about time," Concannon replied.

Hurley gave the good news to Gallagher that night before roll call, adding: "I suppose you're boning up for the civil service exams for a sergeancy?"

Gallagher nodded. "I'm planning to take them in June—along with a couple hundred other candidates who have a lot more seniority than I have."

"I wouldn't worry too much about their seniority," Hurley said. "Just pass. If you get on the list, I have a notion that Concannon will requisition you for appointment. I don't think you're going to be in my division much longer—and I wish you the best of luck."

"I'll need it," Gallagher said. "My boy died, but I've got two other kids now, a boy and a girl, and another one coming along. It's tough making both ends meet. A patrolman is always broke—unless he's crooked."

Hurley grinned. "So is a sergeant, a lieutenant and a captain. You may find that out in time, too."

Gallagher had been in plain clothes less than three months when Tony Turchino was picked up on a charge that shocked and bewildered the patrolman: "abuse of a female child." He learned of Tony's arrest one Sunday afternoon when Red Sweeney called him at home. Tony was held at an East Side station and could not get bail. Gallagher called a cab and went directly to the station. He found Tony already booked and in a cell. Gallagher had him brought into the detention room, where they could talk privately.

"What's this all about, Tony?" Gallagher began. "Come clean. Don't kid me."

"Believe me, Eddie," Tony said. "I'm not guilty. We were down behind the billboards near the department-store warehouse on the East Side, shooting craps. There were twelve of us in a circle, some shooting, some betting on the side. This dame is a moron. She's been driving me nuts. I don't want any part of her. I don't even know how she found out we were there.

"The trouble with me is, ever since you shot me, I can't run. If I could I wouldn't be in this jam."

"What happened?"

"She began to bother me. I shoved her away. She kept hanging around. I told her to take a powder. She wouldn't listen, and I slapped her and told her to go home. Finally, one of the boys grabbed her by the arm and said: 'Come on, sister. Come with me.' I wasn't paying any attention, I don't know what happened. Some woman in an apartment house called the cops. In a little while a couple of prowl cars rolled up. The cops came behind the billboards and everybody ran, but I'm lame and I couldn't make it. They grabbed me. The girl puts the finger on me, and here I am behind the eight ball."

To Gallagher the story had the ring of truth. But Tony had been booked; the written record was on the blotter and there was nothing he could do about it. Tony would have to go to court.

Gallagher was present at the arraignment the next morning, but the cards were stacked. The judge, a strict moralist, listened to the testimony of the arresting officers. He also listened to the testimony of the woman in the apartment house, a Mrs. Dorothea Corbett, sixty-two, who, from a distance of more than 500 feet, had taken in the scene with field glasses.

Making Out a Good Case for Tony

Patrolman Gallagher took the stand and testified that all the evidence was contrary to the character, background and environment of the defendant. Moreover, he told the court, the charge was inconsistent with Turchino's physical condition—for which Gallagher was entirely responsible. He insisted that Mrs. Corbett must be mistaken.

It did no good. Tony Turchino was sentenced to five years in the state reformatory.

Gallagher saw Tony privately in the sheriff's office. "Tony," he advised, "don't take that sentence. Appeal it. Take it upstairs to the superior court. Tell the truth and name the guy who did it."

Tony shook his head. "I can't do that, Eddie."

"Why not?" Gallagher was surprised.

"I'm no stool pigeon. I don't rat on a guy in my gang."

Gallagher, exasperated, ran his hands through his hair. "Don't be a fool, Tony," he pleaded. "Don't be a sucker. The rat is the guy who won't come forward and take you out of the trap. Are you going to serve time for him?"

"It looks that way. If he doesn't help me, I'll take care of him when I get out."

Gallagher shook his head. "Don't do it, Tony," he urged. "Don't get into that kind of setup. Let me hire a good lawyer for you—a guy like Maurice Delaney—and appeal. Don't worry about the bills, the lawyer's fee. I'll get the dough up if I have to. I know you're on the level with me. I know you're innocent."

Tony thought it over. "You know, Gallagher," he said, "you're quite a guy. I don't know why you worry over a punk like me. Go ahead. Hire Delaney. Don't worry about money. I've got it."

Tony stayed in the county jail for four months before his case was reached. Gallagher visited him two or three times a week. Delaney did his best, but Turchino would not reveal the name of the mobster he knew was responsible. He lost the case in superior court, accepted his sentence and went to the state reformatory. He served 17 months. On October 29, 1930, he was paroled.

Meanwhile, Gallagher had passed the civil service exam for sergeant—placing third. The superintendent had the right to pick his appointee from among the first three men, and he had Gallagher transferred to BCI and made a sergeant inspector. The day Gallagher reported to Concannon, he got a surprise.

"Gallagher," the superintendent said, "you've got some friends in Brickbottom: Tony Turchino, Red Sweeney, Henry Raglund, Gussie Acosta, Fritzie Miller, Frank Martin—all criminals or potential criminals. You've gone to bat for Tony two or three times; my guess is you'd have gone to bat for any of the rest if you'd had to. Right?"

Gallagher was disconcerted and Concannon knew it.

"Just tell me the truth. Every man in BCI does. That's the only way to get along with me. Why did you go out of your way to help Tony?"

"I shot him," Gallagher said.

Concannon nodded. "I can understand that, but why did you make his friends your friends?"

Gallagher frowned, trying to think of an answer.

"Isn't it because they've been supplying you with a lot of tips and leads—or, to put it in blunt language, because they're reliable stool pigeons when they're sure they won't hurt themselves?"

"That's right," Gallagher said.

"Of course it is. That's why you were requisitioned for BCI. Do you feel any sense of shame about the way you got that information?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Why shouldn't you?" Concannon looked steadily across the desk, and Gallagher stared back.

"Part of my job," Gallagher said, "is to detect and apprehend criminals. Where the information about them comes from is of no great importance. The point is, it leads to capture and conviction. What have I to be ashamed of?"

Concannon leaned forward in his chair. "Almost *all* of *my* job is the detection and apprehension of criminals. I just want to be sure how you feel about it before I take you into that big room and assign you a desk. Do you feel any sense of loyalty to Tony and his gang?"

Gallagher knew he would have to be honest. "Yes, I guess I do. I'd hate to arrest him."

"Would you arrest him if you caught him in the commission of a crime?"

"Yes."

"Would you arrest him if you were ordered to pick him up? Would you go right into his home if you were told to, and take him out? Would you do that without warning him, without giving him a break or a chance to escape?"

"Yes."

"Why?" the superintendent asked.

"Because my loyalty to my oath, to the department, to my job, would be greater than my friendship for Tony."

"Always remember you said that yourself, Gallagher. If you do, you'll make a great detective and you'll respect yourself. If you ever forget it, you'll be thrown out of headquarters on your ear—and you may even land in jail.

"I'm going to ask you an insulting question," Concannon went on. "Don't get angry at it, but tell me the truth. Have you ever taken any money from Tony?"

Gallagher reddened. "No, sir," he said stiffly.

"Ever given him any money for any purpose?"

"No," Gallagher replied. "I offered him some money to hire a lawyer on his appeal in the case of the girl, but he didn't need it."

Warned Against Repeating His Error

Concannon nodded. "That's an understandable mistake at this point in your career," he said. "Forget it now, but never let it happen again. You've got to maintain your friendships with Tony and his gang, but you've got to understand the rules, and they'd better know them, too."

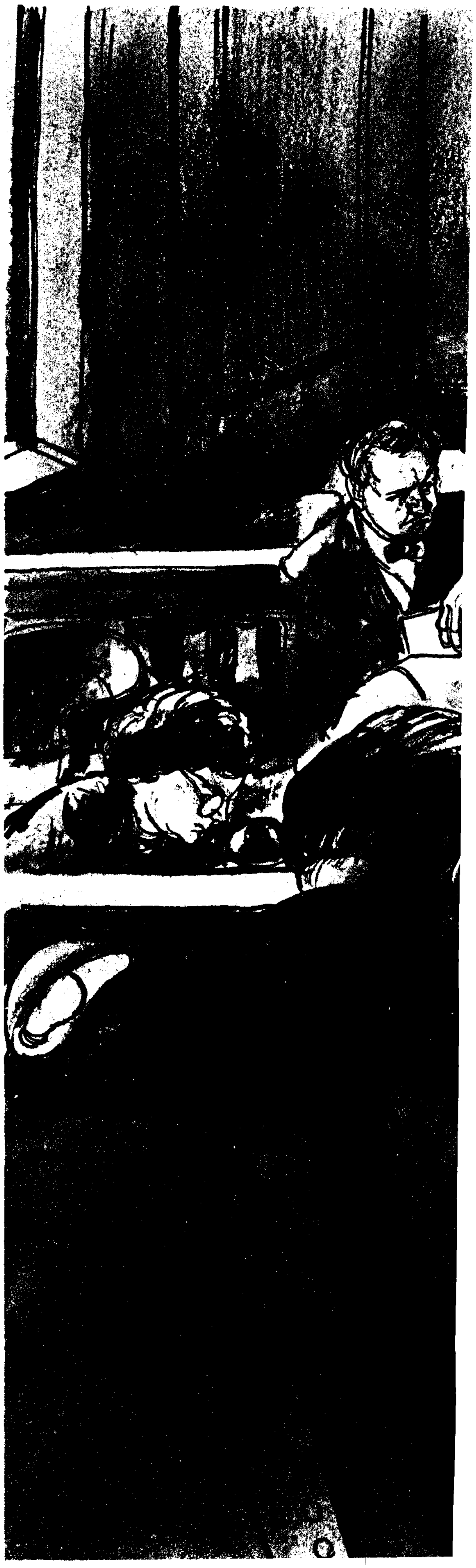
"If I've got to maintain friendships with them, how far can I go?" Gallagher asked.

"I don't care how far you go if they're picked up outside of this jurisdiction for a crime committed outside this city. Then it's the responsibility of some other police department. If they're picked up within this city for a crime committed here, it's our responsibility and you can't lift a finger for them. You can tell them that. Driving them out of the city to commit crimes is lousy crime prevention, but we have our hands full picking up crooks who come here from other cities to commit crimes."

Concannon talked to Gallagher for more than an hour, instructing, advising. He considered BCI a superintelligence unit. He made it clear that he rated detectives according to the number of criminals or informants they knew.

Stamp-out-crime newspaper editorials made him angry. "We've had crime ever since Cain slew Abel, according to one version," Concannon said. "Throughout the ages nobody has ever been able to stop crime, but I'm supposed to do it in this city because some brave writer tells me to—without telling me how. There's an old axiom: 'Set a thief to catch a thief.' That method will never stamp out crime, but it certainly is effective in keeping down the crime incidence—and that's part of your job, Gallagher.

"You've got to find the thieves who will catch the thieves for you. You've made a start with Tony and his gang. If they follow the usual pattern, they'll break up in time and go into inde-



Tony was caught red-handed in a stolen car. I

pendent rackets in different territories. Some will serve time; some won't. They'll throw money around lavishly when they're successful. They always do. And you will be sorely tempted. If you fall once, you're lost forever."

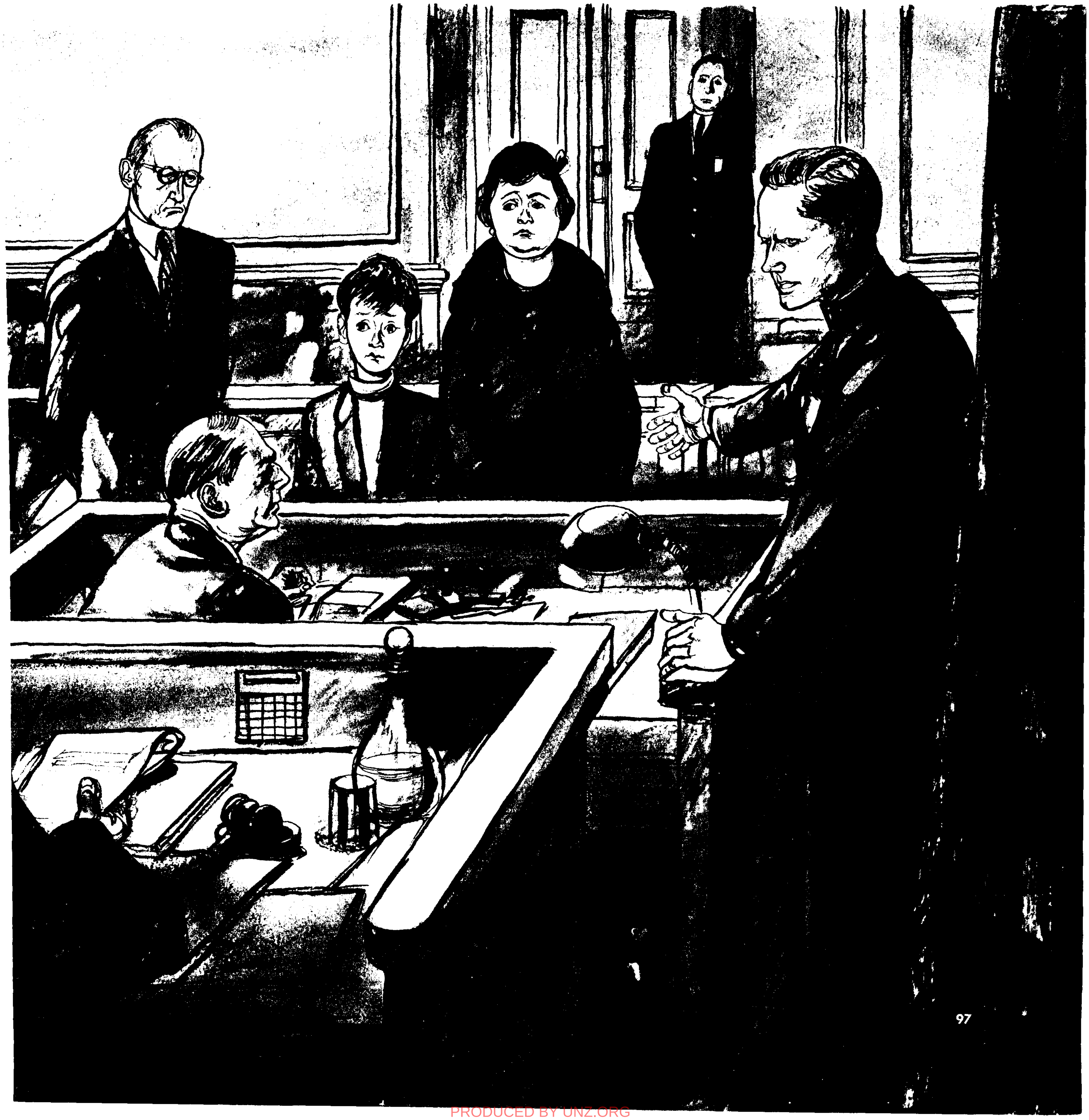
Two years later, in a city 44 miles away, Anthony Turchino was arrested for breaking and entering and larceny in the nighttime. Gallagher talked to Concannon, then went to the neighboring city on a department expense account. The case against Tony, who was still on parole, was dismissed. He remained out of trouble for six months, then was picked up by state police beside a broken window in a small town 35 miles away. He was booked as a suspicious person and charged with violation of parole. Gallagher talked to the state police. The case was filed.

Over the same period of time Gallagher had appeared in various courts and had talked with probation officers on behalf of Sweeney, Raglund, Acosta, Miller and Martin. On the other side of the ledger, information furnished by Tony and his gang concerning city crimes had enabled Gallagher to make 32 arrests and get 21 convictions.

In 1932 Tony was picked up in the business center of the city. He appeared in district court next morning charged with breaking and entering in the nighttime. Sentenced to two months in the House of Correction, he appealed. Gallagher met him in the court corridor after Tony had posted bail. "You learn the hard way, don't you?" he asked. "I can't do a thing for you, and you know it."

Tony smiled and shrugged. "Pipe down," he

one-year jail sentence was suspended after Patrolman Gallagher told the juvenile-court judge that the boy had been misled by bad companions



said. "Don't get so excited. I got a good lawyer. I'm a cinch to beat this rap." He did. A jury found him not guilty.

"How do you like that?" Gallagher asked Concannon when the verdict came down.

Concannon lifted his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "We only catch them, Eddie," he said. "The district attorney prosecutes. That's his dish."

Tony's progress as a criminal from that point on is revealed by his probation record. Here are the rungs on the ladder:

January 16, 1933: Charged with breaking and entering in the nighttime; sentenced to two years in the House of Correction; appealed; found not guilty.

June 3d: Suspicion of breaking and entering in the nighttime: released.

June 21st: Failing to slow down when hailed by an officer; $5 fine.

May 4, 1934: Suspicion of armed robbery: released.

June 18th: Speeding; $5 fine.

January 28, 1935: Suspicion of armed robbery; released.

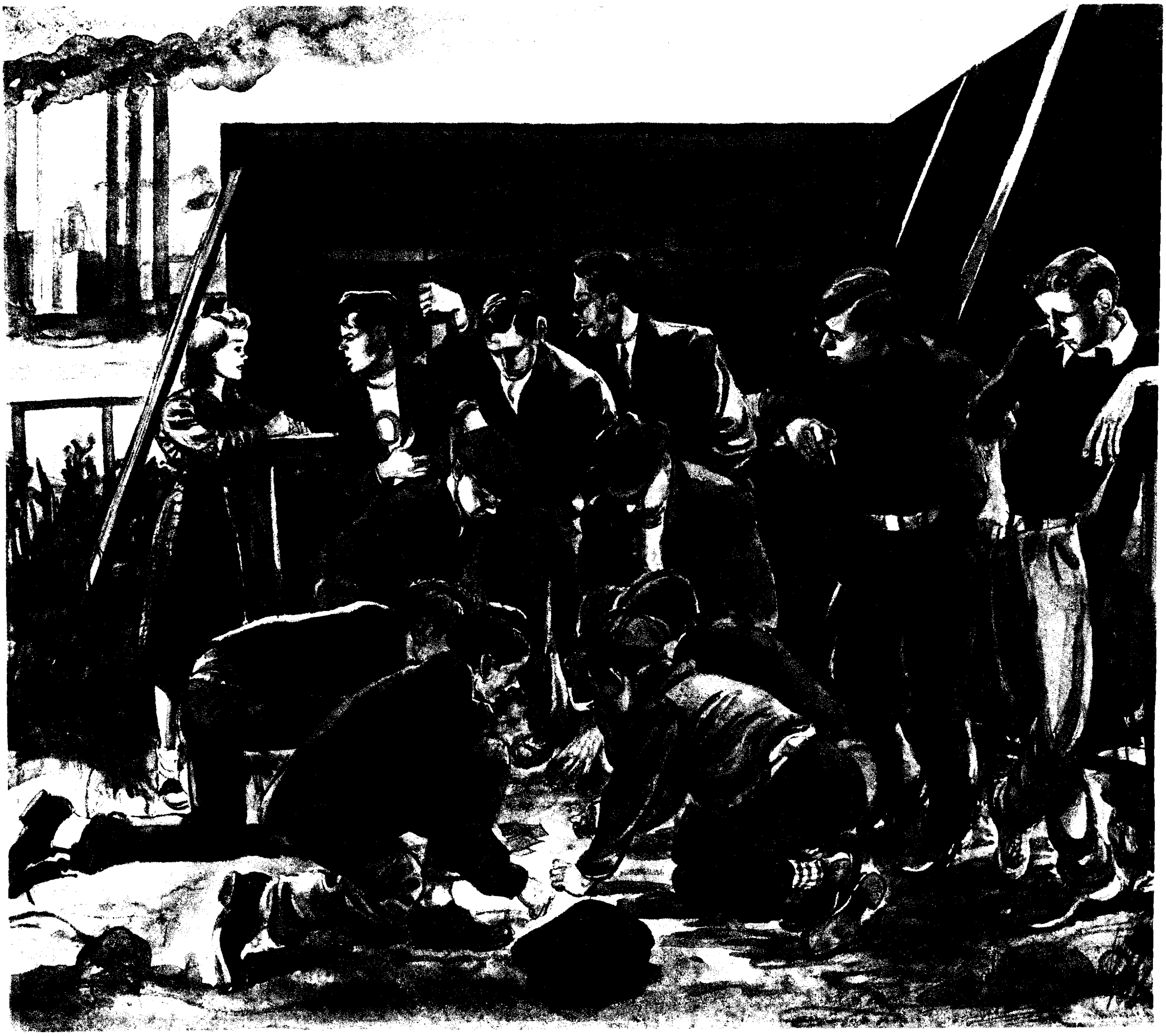
January 31st: Suspicion of breaking and entering; released.

March 9th: Suspicion of breaking and entering; released.

March 11th: Suspicion of breaking and entering a store and entering a safe: released.

Tony was now twenty-five, and 23 items were listed on his probation record in the Central Court. Except for the three traffic violations, he had either been caught, or police had had reason to suspect him, 20 times. How many times he got away without being caught was indicated by his personal standard of living.

Tony was dapper; he drove an expensive car; he visited Florida during the winter, the mountains or



When the girl bothered Tony during a game of craps behind a billboard, he shoved her away. But the police arrested him for "abusing" her

seashore resorts during the summer. He had no salaried job, no other visible means of support, but spent money extravagantly, visited the local tracks, gambled heavily and frequented night clubs. Crime was paying handsomely.

Giovanni and Maria Turchino still lived near the railroad tracks; they preferred it that way. Tony visited them often, but it was clear they would not let him do anything for them. His sister Stella was married. She would have nothing to do with Tony, would not even acknowledge him as her brother. His other sister felt the same way.

Gallagher knew that Tony was getting away with crime, but since whatever Tony did was outside Gallagher's jurisdiction, he felt it was none of his business; he couldn't prove anything anyway.

In Numbers and Gambling Rackets

Tony's closest pals were Red Sweeney and Gussie Acosta. Their probation records were also growing. Raglund, Miller and Martin, his other friends, were in numbers pools and gambling rackets in adjoining cities. Gallagher had reason to believe that all five collaborated in occasional robberies, but he couldn't prove it.

Gallagher, at thirty-seven, was acknowledged to be one of the best detectives in BCI. He had a reputation in other cities of the country. His sources of information were widespread and appeared infallible. He was untouchable; he could not be bought, bribed or influenced.

Yet every gangster, gunman and crook in the city knew that Gallagher would be as helpful as he could if properly tipped off and given the right information. Given false information, he became tough and vindictive, and never rested until he put the double-crossing informant in jail.

When ordered to, he would pick up Tony and members of his gang and turn them over to Concannon for questioning; he would not remain in the room himself. During 1936, Gallagher picked up Tony four times on suspicion of armed robbery—twice for crimes within his own city, and twice at the request of other cities. Each time Tony was released for lack of evidence. . . .

When Tony was twenty-seven, he set out to build a legitimate business. He had no intention of reforming; he just wanted a respectable front, chiefly to have an answer for police, district attorneys and judges when they asked: "Where did this money come from?" Tony had befriended a track gambler who owned a lunch cart in a suburban city. The gambler needed money. Tony bought the place for $22,000. A short-order cook and two countermen were included in the deal.

Tony enjoyed this honest venture. He bragged about it to friends and planned to learn something about the business. When he was not around town, he was at the lunch cart. He had owned it about two months when Red Sweeney went there to outline a proposition. Tony was out. The short-order cook told Sweeney that Tony had gone to the town square to buy knives and a whetstone at the hardware store, and that he planned to go from there to a market to pick up meat and provisions. It was a short walk. Sweeney left his car at the lunch cart and followed Tony.

Tony was not in the hardware store. But Sweeney, walking up and down the aisles looking for him, saw a box of a dozen golf balls on the edge of a display counter. A congenital kleptomaniac, he snapped the box under his coat—at the moment Paul Shufro, the proprietor, turned a corner to replenish stock.

Shufro quietly followed Sweeney out of the store and watched as the thief, spotting Tony's car about 50 yards down the street, walked to it, opened the back door and tucked the box under Tony's provisions. As Shufro walked back into his store to call the police, Sweeney went into the market looking for Tony; but Tony by then was in a fish market three doors away.

Both Tony and Sweeney heard the wail of police sirens. Sweeney froze in the market; a known suspicious character, he was afraid he might be picked up. Tony walked to his car and got behind the wheel indifferently because he was sure that this time the police weren't looking for him. But a prowl car pulled up alongside him. Shufro had given the police the number and location of Tony's car and they soon uncovered the golf balls. Tony, bewildered, was taken to the local station to be booked.

Tony was charged with the larceny of the golf balls. Shufro positively identified him as the man who had been in his store to buy knives and a whetstone. He was released on bail. That night Sweeney told Tony everything. Tony took the rap; it seemed the easiest way out. He appeared in court, made restitution and was given three months in the House of Correction—but the sentence was suspended.

That same year, Tony was arrested once on a charge of conspiracy to steal, once for breaking and entering and having burglar's tools in his possession, once on suspicion of breaking and entering a building; once for breaking and entering in the daytime. All charges were dismissed for lack of evidence.

On January 5, 1938, he was picked up for breaking and entering in the daytime and charged with the possession of burglar's tools and conspiracy to steal. The conspiracy charge was filed, but Tony was given three to four years in State Prison on each of the other two charges. This time, appeals failed and Tony was remanded to serve the terms—a total of six to eight years in jail.

Gallagher was a regular visitor at State Prison while Tony was held there. As a by-product of the visits, Gallagher learned from Tony much about criminal goings on in the city. The prison grapevine was phenomenal. Tony knew that arrests would be made because of some of the things he told Gallagher, but he didn't care. After all, he was in, and misery loves company. Criminals who joined him in prison never knew he was responsible for their arrest.

Gallagher learned that Tony had plenty of money stashed away in safe-deposit boxes; he estimated the total at around $200,000. Once Tony made it clear that Gallagher could get at some of it if he would use part of what he got to "spring him." Gallagher said:

"Tony, you've got to get it clear in your mind that I'm first, last and always a cop. I couldn't touch your dough and look at myself in the mirror. I'll do anything I can to help you within the limits of my job. But if you were released tomorrow and committed a crime within my jurisdiction, I'd pinch you and throw you back in here again. That's the way it is—and that's the way it's got to be."

Tony grinned.

"You're all right, Gallagher," he said. "You think I'm nuts, and I think you're nuts."

Tony Turchino was paroled on September 12, 1944. He decided to take life a little easier. He bought the numbers pool bookmaking franchise for the Brickbottom and Cherry Valley territory from Johnny Lewis, who had retired, for $125,000 cash. A year later he added an illegal horse-room with full wire service two blocks from the Central Street business district. During the next three years his probation record showed only two entries for "maintaining and promoting a lottery." His horse-room was never raided.

Tony now spent his winters in Palm Beach, acquiring a deep tan and meeting the best-known gangsters, racketeers and gamblers from New York, Chicago, Detroit and lesser places. He talked shop with them, gambled for the same high stakes and, on one occasion, joined a small group that flew to Havana for a chat with Lucky Luciano when he was there.

Tony discovered that the whole pattern of crime had changed while he was in prison. It was better organized now; it had become big business. Experienced criminals were interested only in major holdups: a payroll of $200,000, a guaranteed score of $150,000 or better from a bank whose employees could be immobilized for 10 to 12 minutes, a large sum of money anywhere that could be reached and taken quickly.

All a smart guy had to do was to find his opportunity, study it, clock the employees, learn about the burglar-alarm system, deployment of guards, routes of police squad cars—and assemble his crew. Big-time criminals no longer used men from their own cities, but chose men from the underworld throughout the country: perhaps a safecracker from Brooklyn, a torch man from Detroit, a reliable triggerman from Newark and another from Chicago—men who could be depended upon not to shoot. (Murder is a tough rap. Why risk it?) Only the lookout and driver would be local boys.

The new criminal moved about the country like a business executive, and often looked like one. Well dressed, carrying a brief case with a gun in it if the job required him to provide his own, he flew from his home city to the scene of the planned crime. He checked in at the best hotel, made a phone call and was told where the boys would gather to discuss the job.

Always it was a commando raid: move in and out quickly. Speed to a prearranged hide-out. Split the take. Get back in circulation at various points in a big city, taxi back to the hotel, check out, fly home. Easy—just a few days' work.

Tony liked the new system. It did away with identifiable gangs and made detection far more difficult. However, he had his numbers pool racket and the horse-rooms; he was not specifically interested in big crime—until June, 1948.

That month he experienced one of those setbacks common to all businesses built on chance. A 10-day succession of numbers and long-shot winners shook the gambling structure of the city. It came soon after bookmakers had paid federal income taxes (Tony paid $38,000), when pay-off reserves were lower than normal and layoff money to insure bets was tight. Tony paid off, but only he knows exactly how deeply he went into debt. Some gamblers estimated he needed at least $50,000, quickly, to meet gambling losses, agents' commissions and current running expenses.

Five Masked Men Stage Perfect Crime

Not long thereafter the Blower Works was held up and a $265,000 payroll stolen. The crime was perfectly timed. An armored truck unloaded the payroll at the plant. Only a minute after the truck and its armed guards had departed, five masked men walked into the paymaster's office. They seemed to know the place intimately. Each carried a gun; each seemed to move to an appointed place.

"Press that button by your desk, Mac," one of them directed a payroll auditor. He did so, and three of the men pushed through the iron grilled door. One held the door open while the other two picked up the payroll bags. Not a shot was fired; no one was hurt.

The robbers walked down a short flight of steps to the street, stepped into a black sedan and were gone almost before a girl clerk could touch an alarm button. No one had been able to get the sedan's registration plate number. The nearest squad car was 12 minutes away.

Not a single informant turned up anywhere in the city. Gallagher brought in Tony Turchino, Red Sweeney, Acosta, Miller, Martin and 20 other probationers for questioning.

Tony insisted he knew nothing about the crime. For the first time Gallagher did not believe him. He was sure Tony was lying and told Concannon so.

For a while Gallagher's attitude toward Tony changed somewhat.

"What's eating you?" Tony asked him one night.

"I think you had something to do with the Blower Works job."

"I can't stop you from thinking, Eddie." Tony was half amused. "So what if I did?"

"If you did, you double-crossed me, Tony," Gallagher said.

Tony was astonished. "What do you mean?"

"I've told you I don't care what you do outside my jurisdiction. That's none of my business and it's not my responsibility—and I told you that if you did anything on my beat, I'd put you in jail."

"Wait a minute, Eddie. Not so fast," Tony said. "You told me you never wanted to catch me doing anything in your territory—and I told you I never would get caught. Let me straighten you out on the rules."

That wasn't the way Gallagher remembered their agreement. But he went on: "Then you do know something?"

Tony shook his head. "Eddie. Believe me, I don't know from nothing. Forget it, and let's be friends."

Gallagher shook hands, but his face was grim.

Buying into a Legitimate Business

In the fall of 1948, Tony decided to go legitimate. He had been in the numbers pool and horse-room businesses for four years. Although he had been badly scorched, he had recouped; he was now worth perhaps $500,000. What prompted him to get out of both businesses was probably less a latent yearning for respectability than a wish for real security—and the superb salesmanship of a financial promoter who told him he could acquire control of the Copp & Sturgess hardware-store chain by buying available stock.

Tony's mother and father were happy about his decision. For the first time in years he was welcome in his sisters' homes. And while he was visiting one sister, Stella, he met a widow with two pretty daughters. He fell in love and began to think of marriage—another incentive to get into a legitimate business. Eddie Gallagher applauded.

But before Tony was halfway into the stock deal, he was in trouble. He was dealing with bankers, and they disapproved of his police record. Tony put his problem before the best politico-legal engineer in the city. The lawyer said an election was coming up. If Tony would contribute $100,000 to a campaign fund, the lawyer said, he probably could get him a complete pardon. When Tony asked how his money would be spent, the lawyer replied bluntly it was none of his business. As he explained it, Tony would pay $20,000 down and, once the pardon was assured, put $80,000 more on the line. If the pardon were not forthcoming, Tony would lose his $20,000 down payment.

Tony did not like the arrangement but agreed to it. He had several conferences with the lawyer and felt like a penitent going to confession. He listed his crimes and misdemeanors and a petition was submitted through the proper channels. A couple of weeks later, the negotiator told Tony that if he delivered the remaining $80,000, he would get a full pardon. Tony was apprehensive about the risk, but paid the money—and got the promised document.

That was the story of Tony Turchino's pardon as Tony told it, but there was nothing to substantiate his account. There were no witnesses, no exchange of letters, no canceled checks or records of heavy bank withdrawals. There was only the astonishing fact that Tony Turchino, career criminal, had been pardoned. Nothing could erase that.

The slate was now clear—at least so Tony thought. He became the president of the hardware chain—and quickly found out that the headaches of a gambler and numbers pool operator are nothing compared to those of a small businessman trying to make a profit.

Within six months Tony—with no experience, background or competent advisers—was in deep water. A stockholders' suit was filed against him for an accounting. He found that although he was the heaviest stockholder, he was not the majority stockholder as he had been led to believe. Tony was tried before a master in chancery and auditor. When it was over, his $300,000 investment had shrunk to around $100,000 and he was no longer president of the hardware chain. He decided to get out altogether and sold his stock at a loss.

Tony was now a newlywed with responsibilities. He could neither buy back his numbers pool franchise nor return to the gambling business. He needed money. Legitimate business bewildered him. He wanted a racket—something he could understand. Tony's lawyer suggested he buy a terminal garage and filling station which the state had for sale. Tony, beaten and submissive, grabbed at the straw. It took almost all the cash he had left, but at least it promised a living.

A block away was Doane's Transfer, a money carrier operating a fleet of armored trucks, making up and delivering payrolls, picking up department-store cash and checks and delivering them to banks, and handling shipments to and from the Federal Reserve Bank. From his garage vantage point, Tony fell into the habit of checking the arrivals and departures of the fleet, the truck and trip numbers, the guard variations and changes. He would list them on a table he kept and speculate on the amount of money handled by the company. He noted the time the beat patrolman passed; he knew the plain-clothes men and made a record of their schedules. Sometimes Red Sweeney spelled him. The Doane's building was on a slight rise—easy to study with a pair of powerful binoculars while sitting comfortably in a chair by the window in the filling station.

Tony knew one fact for certain. There was always a fabulous amount of money in the building.

At 6:30 on a raw, misty, January night in 1950, Tony approached Gallagher, now a lieutenant detective, at the door of a hotel in busy Central Square. It was Gallagher's custom to drop in there on Tuesday nights to have an early supper in the grill with Joe Siegal of the hotel squad. Tony walked through the lobby with Gallagher, stopped by the tobacco counter, then went along to the grill to say hello to Joe before leaving.

At the same moment, Red Sweeney was talking to Police Lieutenant John Garvey of the traffic squad outside a liquor package store at the corner of East Second and O Streets. Gussie Acosta was chatting amiably with Police Sergeant Earl Springer and a bus starter at a Rapid Transit terminal. Henry Raglund was at the Stadium box office, picking up tickets to a fight.

All four men were anywhere from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half from Doane's Transfer between 6:15 and 6:35, when a colossal haul in cash and negotiable securities was moved out of the building by five gunmen who wore women's silk stockings drawn tight over their heads to disguise their features. The bandits left the guards immobilized on the floor, their arms and legs bound, their lips taped.

The sum taken was first estimated at $1,600,000; later the figure was revised upward to $2,500,000, largely because of the value of the securities. It had been a commando-type raid, quick, easy, effective. Not a shot was fired; no one was hurt.

Man Hunt Throws City into Confusion

The turmoil of that night would last long in the city's memory: prowl cars with screaming sirens; roadblocks; traffic tie-ups; the questioning of any five men unfortunate enough to be found together in an automobile.

Because Federal Reserve money was involved, the FBI flew 75 men into the city. Against Superintendent Concannon's advice, the police commissioner mobilized all day and night police shifts; 3,000 cops were on the streets rounding up gunmen, gangsters, mobsters and known criminals. Cops who had been on different shifts for 30 years met and were introduced for the first time.

By midnight, FBI men, unfamiliar with the city, were tailing BCI men whose actions looked suspicious, and BCI men were tailing FBI men for the same reason. During the next three days and nights, 117 persons, including Tony Turchino and his gang, were questioned at police headquarters. Not a shred of information came from the suspects. Witnesses could not agree on descriptions of the gunmen. There were no fingerprints.

Three weeks later, when the police department had resumed something like normal routine, Gallagher discussed the crime with Concannon. "Tony Turchino is the key to this one," Gallagher said thoughtfully, "and I'm in the funny position of being his alibi. He had no reason to see me that night. I've never seen him at that hotel. He knew I'd be there. He made it a point to be talking to me within five minutes of the robbery. Is it coincidence that Red Sweeney was talking to Garvey at almost the same minute, that Gussie Acosta was talking to Springer, that Henry Raglund made sure the ticket seller at the Stadium would remember him?"

Gallagher talked on, drumming on Concannon's desk. "I've always felt Tony engineered the Blower Works job. This is a duplicate of it on a magnificent scale. Tony figured it out, Tony planned it. He brought in some of the boys he met at the criminal camp meetings in Palm Beach or Havana. They flew in here, stayed two or three days at our best hotel, organized the job, did it, took their cuts and got out. They came from different cities. They'll never be found together. They left no trails. Tony and his gang didn't do it, but they were in on it and Tony controlled it."

Not Anxious to Compete with FBI

"That's still guesswork and we can't break Tony down," Concannon said. "The FBI has taken jurisdiction. They've moved in on us, so I'm going to forget the case unless somebody in this department comes in with evidence. The FBI can have the case for all of me. It's a lulu. If the gunmen scattered to other cities, as you think, the FBI has the organization and the men. I haven't. In any case, I don't compete with the FBI. Why don't you tell the special agent in charge what you think?"

Gallagher shook his head. "No dice," he said. "I know how I'd feel if an FBI man came around here and told me how to run my job." He looked at the superintendent. "And you can't very well stop the men around here, including me, from competing. Any one of us would like to break the case."

In the next weeks, Gallagher latched on to Tony. He saw him as often as he could, waiting patiently for a sudden splurge of money. Months rolled by and the splurge did not come. Tony, amused, continued operating the garage and filling station. After a while, he hired two additional attendants. "I can afford them now, Eddie," he said. "Business is picking up. If you don't believe it, look at my books."

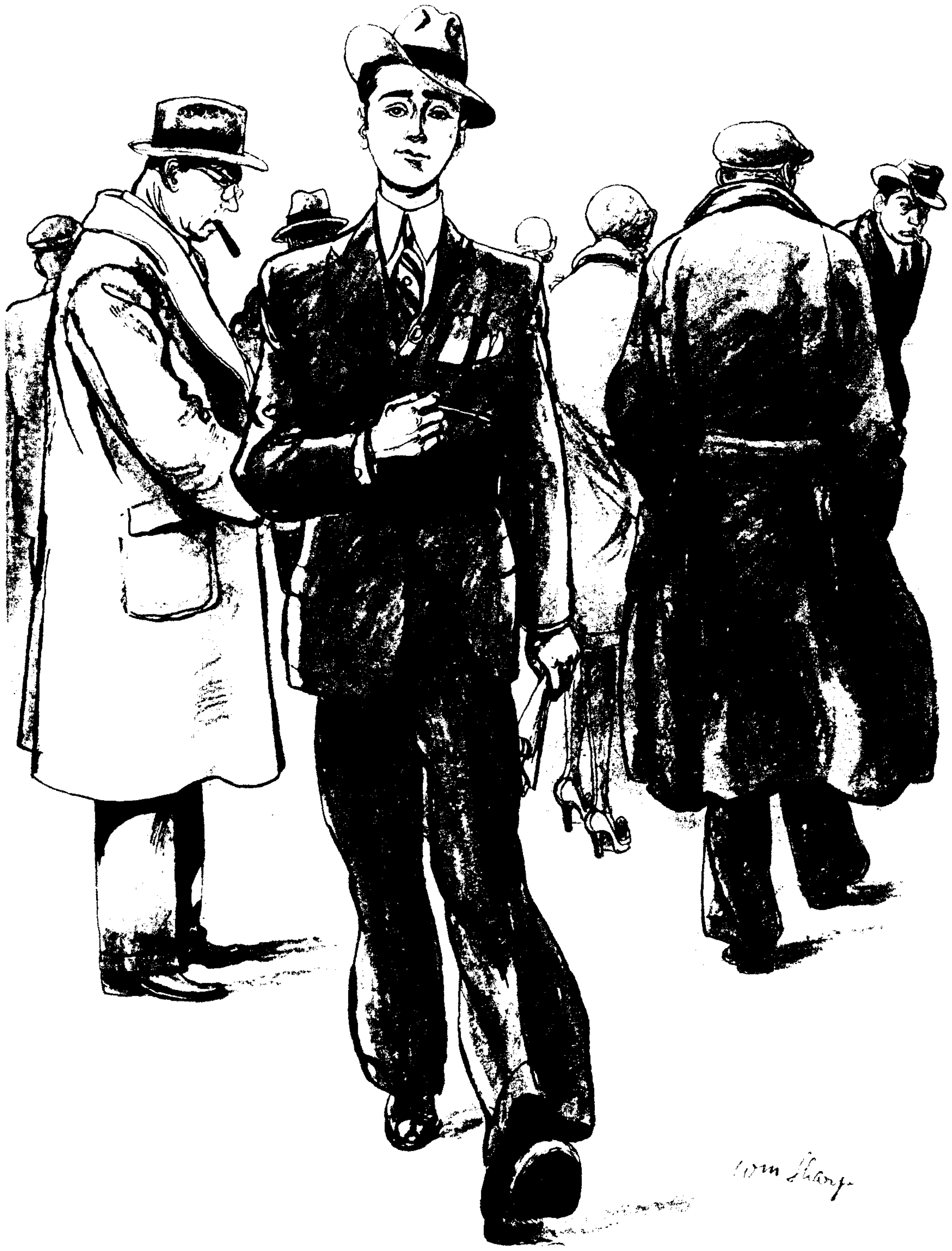
In the beginning, Gallagher used every excuse to talk to Tony about the Doane's Transfer case. Tony would listen in tolerant good humor. "I don't know from nothing about that one, Eddie," was the stock answer. "I was talking to you when the stick-up was going on—remember?"

The first anniversary of the big holdup arrived with the case still unsolved. During that year Tony had not once been arrested. The only entry on his probation record was that he had been picked up for questioning in connection with the Doane's Transfer robbery.

Early in 1951, a Kefauver committee lawyer-investigator dropped in to see Concannon and complimented him on the remarkable job he had done on law enforcement during the two weeks following the Doane's Transfer holdup. He wanted to know why the city could not maintain that standard permanently.

Concannon grinned. "Let me tell you the facts of life about law enforcement in a city this size, son," he said. "Maybe you can get your senators to do something about it. Right after the holdup I had 3,000 men on the street—enough man power to close up every bookie joint and horse-room in the city, enough to stop every numbers-pool writer in his tracks. That was during a state of emergency. The cops weren't being paid overtime and they went without sleep.

"If I had 3,000 men on the street all the time,



Crime was paying handsomely for young Tony Turchino. He was a dapper dresser, drove an expensive car and wintered in Florida

the crime rate in this city would be about one quarter of what it is now. This city would be a marvel of law enforcement. But the taxpayers are too stingy to pay the price for that kind of enforcement, and any city gets what it pays for—no more and sometimes much less—for any public service.

"I have, roughly, 2,600 patrolmen, 325 sergeants, 80 lieutenants and 33 captains to police a city with a daytime population of 2,500,000—counting the people from surrounding towns who work here—and a nighttime population of close to a million. It takes a budget of $11,000,000 to run this department.

"Out of 3,000 men, remember, at least one third are always off duty. They work eight hours a day. That means that I have 1,100 men on duty during the day and 300 of those are on traffic. The wonder of it to me is that there is so little crime with so little protection. Tell that to your Senate committee. See if they can find a way to make twins out of all my cops."

"Do you think our committee should come here?" the investigator asked.

"You're welcome, but I don't know much that the committee could turn up that it hasn't already found in other cities of this size. As far as gambling and rackets are concerned, it's a sort of branch office of New York. Gambling money moves from here to there, and from there to here. I can't prevent that, and I don't think your committee can, either."

The committee decided not to come.

Gallagher still spent all his spare time with Tony. "Any progress?" Concannon asked occasionally. Each time Gallagher shook his head. "I admire your persistence, Gallagher," Concannon said, "but I think you'd better drop it. I did long ago."

"Tony can sometimes be a very amusing guy," Gallagher said. "He's good for laughs. At least I get some of those."

At the end of the second year after the Doane's holdup, Tony's record was still perfect. There were no new entries on his probation record. He was spending money much more freely, but not lavishly. The filling station was doing well, and Tony now also ran a parking lot adjoining it.

Around the middle of May in the third year, Gallagher stopped in to see Tony. While talking to him, he observed across the street a man he was sure was an FBI agent. He said nothing to Tony about it. Tony was saying at the time: "I think I can afford a bigger place in a better neighborhood now for Alice and her kids. I was talking to a real-estate man yesterday and he showed me a place; it's going to cost about thirty-five grand."

He noticed Gallagher's preoccupation. "What's the matter with you, Eddie?" he asked. "You act like you was in a trance."

"I just thought of something I've got to do," Eddie said. "If you like the house, go ahead and buy it. I'll see you later." He left, got in his car and drove away.

An hour later he came by Tony's place from a different direction. The man he thought was an FBI agent was still there.

Gallagher drove straight to headquarters to see Concannon.

"The FBI must have something," Concannon said thoughtfully. "They now have exactly eight months left to solve the case. There's no homicide involved; it's robbery, regardless of the sum. On the third anniversary of the holdup, the federal statute of limitations takes the case out of the jurisdiction of the federal government and it lands back on our doorstep. After that, we've got to arrest and prosecute if we get the evidence."

"Tony's my pigeon," Gallagher said. "If anybody's going to bring him in, it ought to be me."

"Don't get your dander up about it," Concannon advised. "It's still the FBI's case. I'm committed to give them all the co-operation I can. If you've got anything on Tony, you'll turn your evidence over to the FBI. They're a fair outfit. Don't louse them up. I'm ordering you."

Tony's New House Was Being Watched

Gallagher, dejected, walked out of the superintendent's office. A few weeks later, on a still-light June evening, he drove out to Tony's new house, parked his car in the driveway and walked across the lawn to the door. He was sure he spotted an FBI man sitting at the wheel of a car about 50 yards down the street. "So they've got Tony's house under surveillance," he thought.

Tony's wife had cooked spaghetti and meatballs, Gallagher's favorite dish, but the officer couldn't enjoy it. His eyes strayed to the molding around the room, the telephone table; he felt sure the place was bugged with microphones, the wires tapped. After dinner, he usually just kicked off his shoes and had a highball. Tonight he invited Tony to go for a ride. Tony knew Gallagher must have something on his mind and agreed to go.

Gallagher backed slowly out of the driveway, watching his rear-vision mirror. He saw the car parked down the street start up and follow. "Tony," he began, "I'm a cop. I have a job to do, an oath I swore to. I've got to live up to it. That's the way I'm made. You're in trouble and you don't know it. The FBI is after you for the Doane's Transfer job. I think you'd do better in the state courts than in a federal court. If a time comes when you feel that you have to give, I hope you'll give to me and not to the FBI."

Tony was irritated. "Get out of that groove, will you, Eddie? I don't know anything about the Doane's job! I was talking to you that night. Nobody has anything on me."

"Maybe so, Tony," Gallagher said, "but if you'll just look in that mirror, you'll see an FBI man following us. They're tough babies, those guys; they must have something on you. They've got eight months left to pin it on you. As sure as I'm sitting at this wheel they will unless you give yourself up to me and come through with a confession."

Tony looked in the mirror. "One thing I'll say, Eddie," he said. "You're on the level. I know you'd never get somebody to follow us just to throw a scare into me. If anybody ever makes that pinch, it'll be you—not an FBI guy. But I'm telling you now, I didn't have anything to do with the Doane's job."

A few days later an FBI agent dropped in at BCI to see Gallagher. Gallagher looked at him quizzically: the man was about thirty years old, wearing a white Panama hat, gray summer suit, white shirt, blue tie. Probably an ex-GI, a law-school graduate.

"What can I do for you?" Gallagher asked.

"I'd like to have you tell me all you know about Anthony Turchino." The agent spoke with a drawl.

Gallagher smiled. "That would take hours and it would fill a book," he said.

The agent grinned pleasantly. "I've got the time and I'll listen," he said.

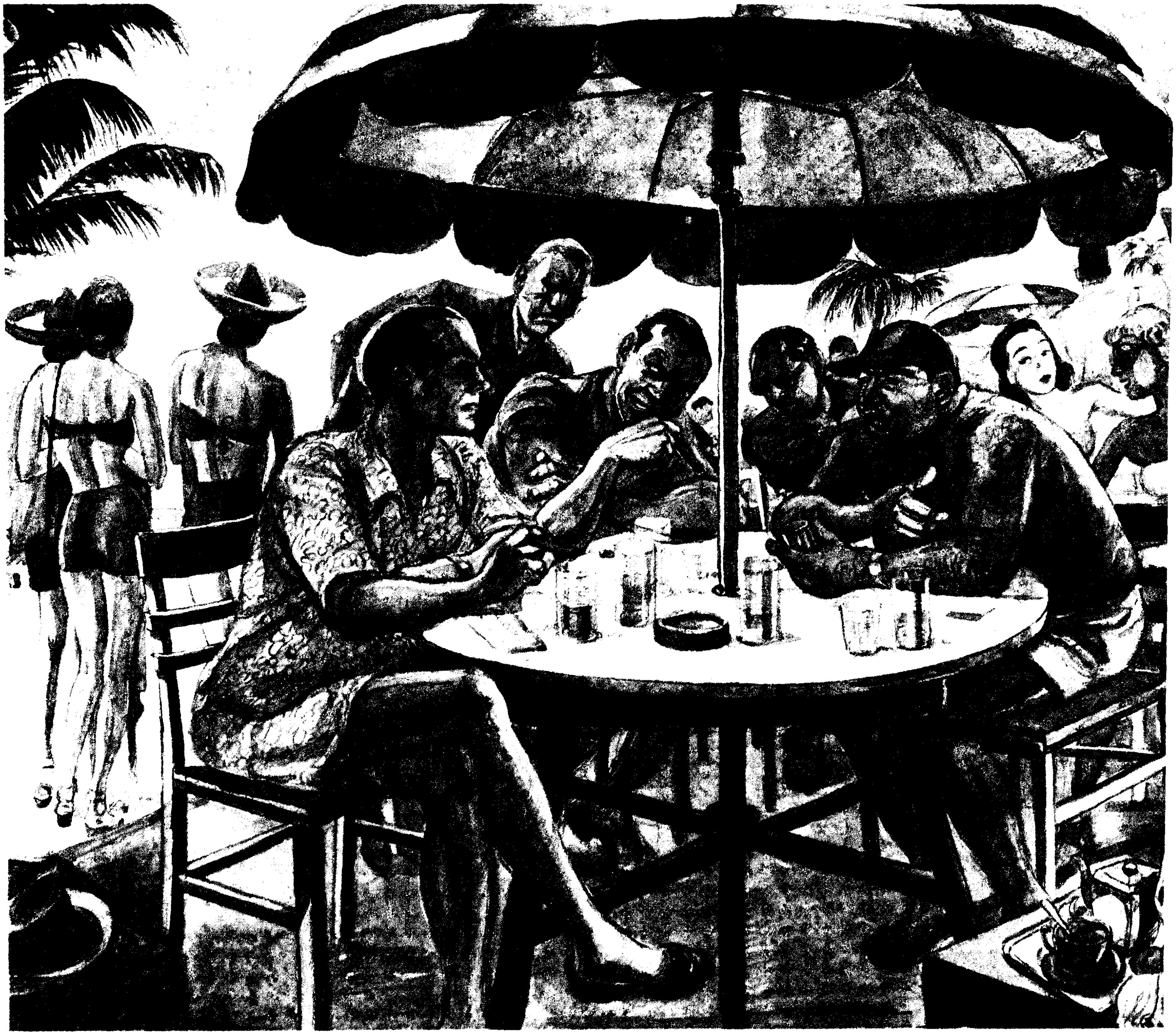
"Do you think you can pin the Doane's Transfer job on Tony?"

The agent nodded. "I think we could if you'd help us."

Gallagher shook his head. "I don't think I can help you much," he said. "Nobody knows Tony better than I do. I've tried to drag it out, sweat it out. I've done everything I can think of to get it out of him. I know one thing for sure, you'll never scare it out of him."

"That seems incredible, Mr. Gallagher," said the agent. "It seems to me that you must know a lot more about Turchino than you're willing to tell me at the moment." Gallagher ignored the implication.

"Do you think he had anything to do with it?" the agent asked. Gallagher thought it over. "I think he had something to do with it," he said, "but I don't know yet how much or in what connection."



When Tony got out of prison, he found crime had become big business. He met some of the big shots at Palm Beach and talked shop with them

"He was with you that night," the agent said. "You were his alibi."

The police officer looked levelly at the federal agent. "That's right," he said.

"Can you prove he was with you, Mr. Gallagher?" the agent asked.

Gallagher flushed. "Yes," he said slowly. "Tony and I stopped in the grill and talked to Siegal of the hotel squad. You can check that with Siegal tonight around 6:30 in the same grill. He always eats there at that hour. Better still, to be sure that I don't rig it with him in advance, pick up the phone at your elbow and ask the operator to get Siegal for you at his house. Do it now."

"I'll make that check in my own way," the federal agent said.

"You'll make it my way, while I listen." Gallagher's jaw was set.

"I'm not taking orders from you," the agent retorted hotly.

"You introduced yourself. You gave me your name. You forgot to show your credentials. Get them up!"

The agent presented them. Gallagher reached for the phone. "Get me Siegal," he told the operator. He looked intently at the agent until Siegal answered, then said into the phone: "There's an FBI man here who wants to establish that I was with Tony Turchino on the night of the Doane's Transfer holdup. *Talk to him.*"

He handed the instrument over. The agent listened, said thank you and hung up.

Gallagher Calls for a Showdown

"Now you listen," Gallagher said grimly. "You're not an FBI man talking to a witness. You're a detective from a federal bureau talking to a detective in a city police bureau. If you came here for co-operation you'll get it. But if you came here for any other purpose, make that purpose clear now!"

"Well, going through Turchino's probation record," the agent said, "I find you've always been his alibi. Out of 67 entries on his probation record, you went to bat for him 33 times in court. You were his alibi on the night of Doane's Transfer job. We'd like to know how you account for that."

Gallagher got up, looked out the window, and fought to keep his temper. Then he turned back to the younger man, his voice steely: "I've made better than 1,600 arrests in this department; sent more than 600 men to prison and two to the chair. I was able to do that because I made it my business to know people like Tony Turchino. I can see what you're leading up to and it's making me mad."

"There are other questions I'd like to ask you."

"Like what?"

"You own a $25,000 house. "Isn't that pretty good going for a guy who gets $5,300 a year?"

"I paid $10,500 for that house with an FHA mortgage 16 years ago." Gallagher's voice was rising. "It's in a good location. It has appreciated that much in value, and I wouldn't sell it because I'd have no place to go. I bank at the First National. I don't have any safe deposit boxes. I have no other income than my salary. I don't drink. I don't gamble. The only woman in my life is my wife . . ."

Tobin and McKenna, two BCI men, began moving over toward Gallagher. They had never seen him in such a towering rage. "So you think this is a corrupt police department," Gallagher said in a low voice. "You think I'm a corrupt cop. You think I've been taking money from Tony Turchino. You impertinent jerk, I'll knock your teeth—"

Tobin was behind him, locking his arms. McKenna took the agent by the elbow. Concannon, hearing the noise, came out of his office and quickly took in the situation. He approached the FBI man.

"I'm boss around here, son," he said, "and to me you're just another cop. Your special agent in charge called up to say you were coming, but he didn't say why, and I told him you'd get all the co-operation possible. You've got all that's possible now. Go back and tell your agent that I said Gallagher is an honest cop, as straight as a die, and anybody who says different will have to knock me down legally—and maybe physically. Now you'd better leave."

He walked back to his office.

Witnesses Before Federal Grand Jury

Four months later, early in October, a special federal grand jury was convened to hear evidence on the Doane's Transfer case. The FBI was ready. Assistant U.S. Attorney Stephen O'Malley would present as witnesses Anthony Turchino, Francis (Red) Sweeney, Henry Raglund, Gussie Acosta, Adolph (Fritzie) Miller and Frank Martin. George Brown, a lawyer who had represented all the suspects at various times before criminal courts, and Lieutenant Detective Edward Gallagher of BCI also would be witnesses.

During the course of an investigation, the FBI is usually able to keep secret everything its agents and investigators have learned. Every bureau employee is well disciplined; none will ever talk. Grand jury investigations are also secret. Jurors are abjured never to reveal what they have learned, or to talk about it outside.

But interposed between these two secret groups is the United States attorney's office, a wide political area, often too difficult to control. After the FBI turns its material over to this office, the attorney, the assistant attorneys assigned to the case, the clerk, stenographer, and occasionally even United States marshals and court attachés learn about it. Experienced crime reporters usually can find news sources without much trouble; so too can BCI men who hitherto have been shut out.

Even before the first witness was called, Gallagher was perplexed and worried; Concannon was angry and watchful.

The case got off to a slow start. Tony and his gang had a battery of good lawyers, but they could do little for their clients other than coach them before and after their appearances before the grand jury. Counsel for a witness could not be present in the grand jury room while he was being questioned; only the U.S. attorney or his assistants were permitted in there. A lawyer for a witness left him at the door and sometimes waited hours for him to come out. Since a witness would tell his lawyer everything that happened in the grand jury room, the lawyer also became a source of news and information, revealing usually only what was favorable to his client.

From the beginning it was apparent that the inquiry would take time. Tony Turchino, the first witness, refused to talk except to give his name and address. Assistant U.S. Attorney O'Malley brought Tony before Federal Justice William Boyle, who ordered Tony to respond to the questions asked or be held in contempt of court. Tony went to jail for contempt. At the end of three weeks 12 witnesses were in contempt.

Suspects Seen with Too Much Money

Witnesses of good reputation testified to seeing Frank Martin and four unidentified men counting $80,000 on a bed in Martin's hotel room. A witness testified that Fritzie Miller had $125,000 either in a brief case or bag in the closet of his apartment and that Red Sweeney had hidden $50,000, more or less, under the red leather seat of a chair.

At the end of a month, Attorney Brown, who had been put on the stand, came out of the grand jury room red-faced and sputtering. "Who does this guy O'Malley think he is?" he said to reporters. "The way he characterized me to that grand jury was murder; he kept shooting off his mouth about a sinister alliance between hoodlums and gangsters and lawyers and corrupt cops. I'm a criminal lawyer. I make no secret of it. I take whatever case comes to my door. That's the ethics of the profession; and I don't reveal to anybody what my client tells me. I'm going to the Bar Association with this."

"He must have something on you, George," a reporter said quietly, "or he'd never go that far."

Brown cooled off quickly. He was a good lawyer, able to think fast and look far ahead. "Whatever he thinks he's got on me, he'll never be able to use," he said.

"I'm quoting you on that," the reporter said.

"I know you are," Brown answered. "So quote it accurately. A time may come when it will help."

"What's he got on you?"

"Off the record?" Brown said.

"Okay."

"Some of the questions I was asked in there could not have been asked if my files had not been read, or for all I know, photographed; or unless somebody in my office revealed a lot about my relationship with my clients. I feel sure I can trust everybody in my office. How O'Malley learned so much is a mystery to me. The law protects me in refusing to divulge the affairs of my client. That's why I can't understand why O'Malley, as a lawyer, was so rough."

The next day it was Lieutenant Detective Edward Gallagher's turn. Before going into the grand jury room, he was questioned by O'Malley and two of his associates in the U.S. attorney's office. There O'Malley began by reviewing Tony's probation record. He pointed out that Gallagher had shot Tony at the very outset of the youth's criminal career, then traced a pattern in which Gallagher always appeared as Tony's champion and protector. "Why did you appear in the Third District Court when he was arraigned there? Did you ask the judge to give him a suspended sentence? Why did you appear in the Sixth District Court when he was about to be sentenced? You say you consulted with the probation officer, and the probation officer recommended a fine instead of a jail sentence. Would the probation officer have recommended it if you hadn't consulted with him?"

Explaining Only Made Matters Worse

Gallagher was at a loss. He couldn't explain his relationship with Tony. Every time he tried to do so, he felt he was entangling himself further. He knew he was being browbeaten.

A finger pointed at him: "You knew what kind of a man Anthony Turchino was, Gallagher; yet after twenty-five arrests you still appeared in courtrooms in his behalf! You still were using your influence to keep him out of jail or prison, where he belonged."

"But he gave me a lot of information. I couldn't arrest other criminals if Tony hadn't—"

"He gave you information: What kind of nonsense is that? You had information enough on Turchino to put him away for a hundred years. He was at large because you saw to it that he remained at large."

"But he got a full pardon," Gallagher protested for the tenth time.

"You keep harping on that. Perhaps we should look into that pardon, too. How much did the pardon cost him?"

"I'd guess about a hundred thousand dollars."

The answer genuinely astonished O'Malley. "You *guess!* Do you know?"

"All I know is pure hearsay. I was told he paid $100,000. Why don't you explore that?"

O'Malley looked down at the record. "Now we come to that term in the House of Correction."

"I repeat," Gallagher pressed what he thought was an advantage, "why don't you explore the pardon?"

O'Malley ignored the interruption. "You saw him in jail. You brought him cigarettes. You treated him as a brother." He went through the rest of Tony's 67 arrests, then arraigned Gallagher in person.

A few hours later, Gallagher went before the grand jury. Since grand-jury proceedings are reasonably informal, he was permitted to sit in a chair with his back to the foreman, the secretary of the grand jury and the court stenographer. He faced the remaining 21 of the 23 jurors, who sat in rows as in classroom.

O'Malley stood behind the jurors most of the time to compel Gallagher to keep his voice up.

Linking Gallagher with Gangdom

Once again questioning Gallagher, O'Malley brought out that there had been a close association between Gallagher and the Turchino gang.

"I'm trying to show you ladies and gentlemen of the grand jury, through this witness," he explained, "that there is a sinister, an insidious, a frightening alliance between the gangsters, the hoodlums, the criminals of this city and certain members of the police department. You've heard the miserable record. You've seen how Tony Turchino and his gang have been protected by this officer. You've heard Officer Gallagher testify that he owns a $25,000 house. His car is the latest model. He takes in the fights in New York. That costs money. He denies he had more than one bank account or any safe-deposit boxes. But it must be obvious to all of you jurors that Lieutenant Detective Gallagher has been doing very well for himself. . . ."

Reporters who braced Gallagher as he came out of the grand-jury room had never seen him looking so white, so listless and sick. "Give me a break, you guys," he said. "I don't like to let you down, but you know I can't say anything."

He went back to police headquarters and headed straight for Concannon's office. The superintendent listened intently, asked a few questions, then reached for the phone and called O'Malley.

"I have information to give the grand jury on the Doane's Transfer robbery," he told him. "I will be at the Federal Building outside the grand jury room at ten thirty tomorrow morning."

"Sorry, Superintendent," O'Malley said. "The schedule of witnesses to be heard tomorrow is all set. I simply couldn't fit you in at that time."

"I think you'll fit me in all right. If I'm not heard beginning at ten thirty, I'll call the press room at headquarters and have all the police reporters outside the grand jury room at eleven; I'll give them the information I have for the grand jury and you and the jurors can read it in the afternoon papers."

"Wait a minute," O'Malley said hastily. But Concannon hung up. Then he called Federal Judge Boyle. "Bill," he said, "O'Malley gave one of my boys a bad time before that grand jury today. I just told O'Malley that I'd be outside the grand jury room at ten thirty. I've simply got to get my man out of the rain barrel. He doesn't deserve the beating he took. If I have any trouble, I'll be over in your court looking for help."

"You've got it now. What's the story?" Boyle asked.

Concannon gave him a three-minute digest.

"You be there at ten thirty," the judge said. "You'll be heard."

Reassuring Advice from Concannon

Concannon hung up and looked across his desk at Gallagher. "Eddie," he said, "I'll tell you what to do, and you do it. Go home now. Take a good, stiff highball, and eat a good dinner. Take it easy. Relax. About an hour before bedtime take another highball, and you'll sleep like a rock. Tomorrow you'll feel like a new man. If you don't feel like coming in tomorrow, stay home. You're in the clear. Stop worrying."

At ten thirty the next morning, Concannon went before the grand jury. A dignified and respected figure, he had been in the police department for close to 50 years. Police commissioners came and went with every change in political administration, but Superintendent Concannon went on forever. They were responsible for the budget, but he decided how the millions of dollars would be spent. They proposed; he disposed.

In the grand-jury room he immediately took over. He noticed that the witness chair was placed with its back to the foreman, secretary and stenographer. Casually he swung it around so he could face them as well as the other jurors. Then he began:

"I have a lot of information that I think you grand jurors ought to have, and I'd like to present it in my own way. You know, you grand jurors have a lot of authority; you ought to be aware of it. You can, for example, order the assistant United States attorney right out of this room." O'Malley stirred. "I'm going to ask you to use that power because I'm sure I can say what I have in mind much better with him out of the way."

Concannon grinned. "You know, he'll always be butting in, and I can't have that. So, Mr. Foreman, how about getting rid of them? Let the stenographer stay; O'Malley can read what we've talked about later. Actually, you don't have to bother with him at all. You can have your own special counsel if you want. All you have to do is ask Judge Boyle. Let's talk this whole business over—man to man, so to speak." He looked toward the foreman.

A grand jury is a group of citizens organized to inquire into crimes in the jurisdiction from which the members of the jury are drawn. The jury's chief function is to hear the evidence against an accused person and decide whether it is sufficient to warrant his indictment and trial.

About the Functions of Grand Jurors

Usually a grand jury consists of 23 men and women, of whom 16 must be present at all times. They are usually a cut above run-of-the-mill veniremen available for trial juries. Many are executives. Almost all are in middle- or upper-income brackets. Once organized, they become in fact a law unto themselves. They can order a prosecutor from the room, ask summonses for any persons or records they want. Any juror can ask a question of any witness. If a grand juror's next-door neighbor gives him information concerning a crime in the area, he can bring it before the jury for action.

Almost every grand juror yearns privately for a chance to take a good healthy kick at the traces, if only to assert his own independence. When Concannon suggested that O'Malley be thrown out of the room, the response was almost instantaneous.

"Take a powder, Steve," a juror called from the back of the room.

"Yeah, you can have the rest of the afternoon off," another chimed in.

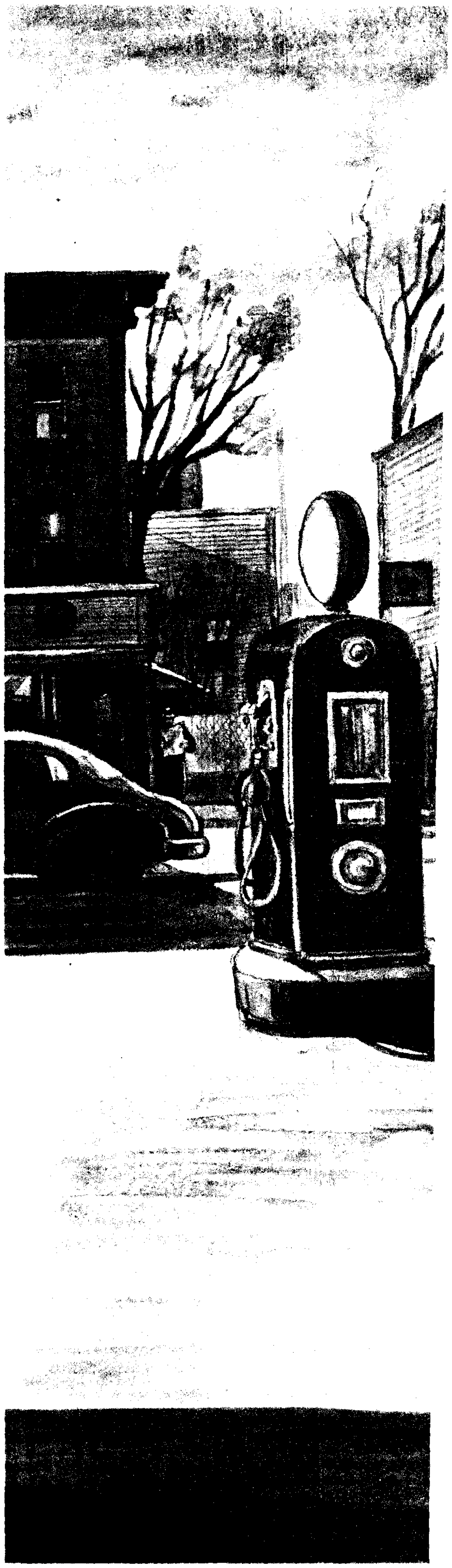
The foreman nodded to O'Malley. "You may withdraw. We'll send for you when we need you."

O'Malley bit his lip, dug his hands into his trouser pockets and stalked out, his back stiff. Concannon settled back comfortably in his chair, the first witness who did not seem to be afraid of the jurors.

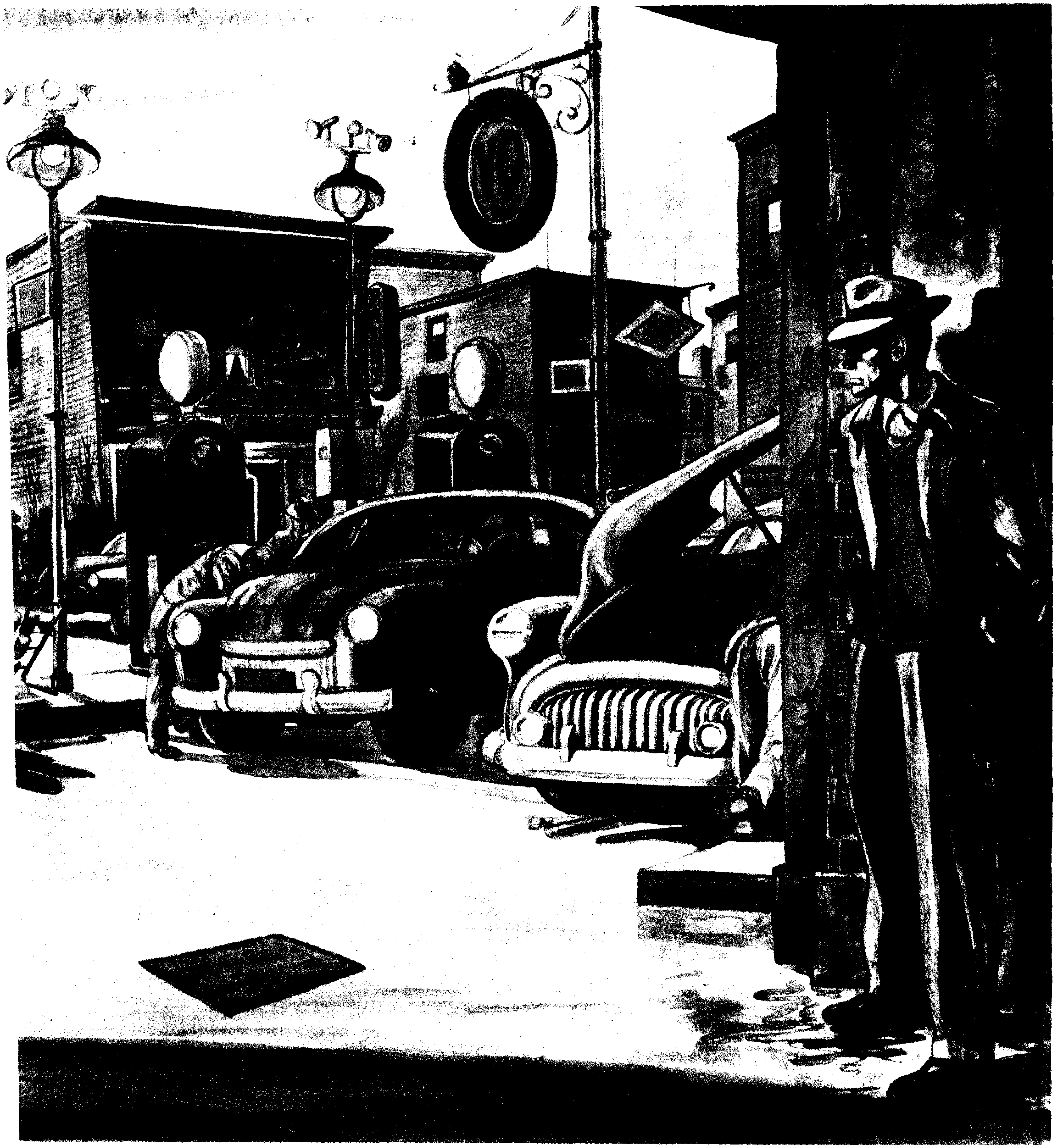
"You had one of my cops down here yesterday," he began, "Lieutenant Detective Edward Gallagher. O'Malley gave him a bad time. I'd like to set the record straight here and give you some information about the Doane's Transfer job that I don't think you're going to get from any other source."

"In the first place, let me say that Gallagher is an honest detective. He has never taken a dime from Tony Turchino, or from any other criminal. He gets $5,300 a year. He's at his salary ceiling. He's top man in the department. He has always lived within his income; he does have an expense account that averages around $20 a week.

"O'Malley held Gallagher up to you as a horrible example. He wanted to know why Gallagher was always hanging around with the city's worst criminals. O'Malley knows better. Gallagher gets paid for hanging around criminals—for being friendly with toughs like Tony Turchino. That's his job. He's a detective on my force. I don't expect to find my detectives mingling with clergymen, or with other decent and respectable people;



Visiting Turchino's garage and filling sta



agher (in plain clothes, right) was sure that a man he spotted casually reading a newspaper across the street was an FBI agent

I expect to find them among criminals, just as I expect to find doctors among sick people.

"Gallagher probably has more friends among crooks, thieves, gunmen, gangsters and racketeers than any detective in the department. That's one reason why Gallagher always knows what they're up to. In the Doane's case, though, he was baffled because he saw Tony Turchino at the time of the holdup—and Tony couldn't be in two places at the same time.

"Gallagher feels sure Tony had a hand in that robbery. I myself am positive that Tony did, and you will be too after listening to the information I am about to give you. But strange as it may sound to you, you won't be able to do anything about Turchino."

"You mean, as a grand jury, we won't be able to do anything about him?" asked a juror.

Explaining Stool Pigeons to a Jury

"That's right," Concannon answered. "By a strange set of circumstances, you're going to find yourselves in much the same position as Gallagher. O'Malley made a good deal of the fact that Gallagher went to bat for Tony at various times. Well, it's true. Turchino was one of Gallagher's best stool pigeons. You may turn up your nose at stool pigeons, but there isn't a police department anywhere, from Scotland Yard down, that can get along without them. They give us the information we need to put criminals in jail, and tell us where to find the evidence. A detective doesn't knock his own pigeon out of the picture until he has to; then, if he can, he replaces him with another.

"Gallagher never knowingly helped Tony Turchino or any of his gang commit a crime. In fact, he kept them from committing more. There has never been anything wrong, from my point of view, in anything that Gallagher did to help a criminal after he was caught and before the courts. It would be wrong to help him before he was caught.

"Tony and his gang are before this appendage of the federal court now, and as the superintendent of police in this city I find myself in somewhat the same position as Gallagher and all of my detectives from time to time. I know Tony and his gang had a hand in the Doane's Transfer robbery, and yet I'm here to tell you that we haven't got the kind of proof and evidence that you need to indict them. The FBI has the proof and the evidence, but it's no good to them, either. They can't even bring it before you."

"Why not?" The foreman was puzzled.

"Let me lay a little foundation so you'll understand why not. There are two techniques in investigation and detection. The FBI uses one, the BCI another. The FBI builds a case secretly. It makes none of its information public. Its agents interview, examine, make reports. A criminal often doesn't even know he's being investigated. A hostile FBI witness is usually shocked in court to discover that the bureau has him cold and knows far more about him than he ever thought anybody knew. I have a great admiration for the FBI. I think it's the best and most efficient organization of its kind in the world.

"At the same time, I have a very high opinion of my own BCI. We're not stupid. But we operate in a goldfish bowl. Everybody knows what we're doing all the time. The newspapers carry a blow-by-blow account of it from day to day. Our telephones start ringing. We get letters. Stool pigeons drop around to tell us what they know—always figuring angles, hoping we won't be too tough on them when they get caught.

"This crime happened in my jurisdiction. I am responsible for the detection, apprehension and conviction of criminals in this city. Now, the state police cannot come into my jurisdiction without permission or invitation, but the FBI can. In federal crimes, their jurisdiction overlaps all others. Here was a case in which the FBI had an option. They could have left it in my lap and I would have had the headaches, but because federal funds—government bonds, veterans' checks, Federal Reserve money and such—are involved, they had a right to take over and they exercised it.

"Under federal law, they have only three years in which to identify, apprehend and begin legal action against criminals involved in certain kinds of crimes. This is one of them. There was no murder involved in the Doane's Transfer job. No shots were fired. Nobody was even scratched. The fact that a fabulously large sum of money was stolen—$2,500,000—makes no difference. The size of the loot doesn't affect the nature of the crime. In the table of Standard Reporting Statistics, it's merely one additional statistic: just one armed robbery. The federal statute of limitations on that is three years.

"If the case were in my lap, I would have seven years to solve it. That's the state statute of limitations. Therefore, if the crime remains unsolved by the FBI after three years, it comes back into my lap for an additional four years. Now, this case was, and is, a grade-A stinker. The FBI worked on it for two years and nine months before they were ready to bring it before you. They did a thoroughgoing, excellent job—down to and including recorded wire-tap conversations among *all* the suspects, and recordings of several conferences in a lawyer's office. The office was, as they say, 'bugged'—meaning that microphones were hidden around the room."

The grand jurors had been listening intently. "How did you find that out, Mr. Concannon?" one of them asked.

Concannon grinned broadly. "We usually know what's going on in our own back yard."

"If everybody knows they're guilty, why don't we indict them?"

"Ah! There's the question! You can't indict them because you can't hear the evidence, and here's the reason. The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that the Federal Communications Act of 1934 forbids the use in federal courts of information obtained by wire taps. Therefore the wire-tap evidence in the Doane's Transfer case cannot be brought before you. In this dilemma, the assistant United States attorney and the FBI—with the statute of limitations deadline approaching fast—tried to drag the necessary evidence out of the suspects by bringing them before you.

"A few of them had private auditions in the assistant United States attorney's office before they came into this room. The wire-tap recordings were played back, and they heard themselves talking, discussing the Doane's Transfer job. That was supposed to break them down and make them talk before you jurors, but their lawyer was too smart for that. They refused to talk and went to jail for contempt. Why not? All they've got to do is to keep their mouths shut for three weeks now; then the federal government no longer will be able to touch them. The case will become my headache, and I'll still have four years to sweat confessions out of them."

The Man Who Wanted to Go Home

A juror in the front row looked up and said: "I think we ought to wind this thing up now, put it in your lap, close up shop and go home."

"You can't do that," Concannon said. "You'll stay in session until this grand jury expires, or until a federal judge disbands you. You'll hear the rest of the witnesses. You can't tell. Maybe O'Malley has something up his sleeve I haven't heard of—though I doubt it."

"Why did he bring Gallagher before us anyway?" another juror wanted to know.

"That's another good question," Concannon said. "It's natural, I suppose, that there should be rivalry between two forces of detectives operating in one area where they have concurrent jurisdiction. The original purpose, I assume, was to pick Gallagher's brains and bring out all that he knew about the Turchino gang. It might have worked if the approach had been different because Gallagher is normally a friendly, co-operative person. When he didn't give freely to a man he considered a rival detective in another bureau, he was threatened. He was told he would be brought before you to have his background exposed, to have his so-called protection of Tony Turchino played up. When that didn't work, he was browbeaten here.

"Anybody who knows Gallagher knows that none of these techniques would work on him. Then there was O'Malley's laughable attempt to try to intimidate me with that crack about the sinister alliance between gangdom and the police, or something like that."

"What do you think would be the most sensible way to handle the case now?" a juror asked.

"The key now," Concannon said, "is in the wire taps and tape recordings. If the FBI would hand them over to me, the chances are we could make use of them in court. A county grand jury could hear them and, if convinced, indict the accused men. Then a district attorney could bring them to trial. We could get away with it in a state court where you can't in a United States court. State, not federal, law would apply.

"If the defendants were found guilty and the convictions were sustained in the state Supreme Court, there is a strong chance that the United States Supreme Court would refuse to receive the case on the ground that the state courts had sufficient jurisdiction."

"Will you ask the FBI to turn over the recordings?" another juror inquired.

"Certainly, when the statute of limitations deprives them of jurisdiction and it becomes my responsibility."

"Then why didn't you do it before now?"

Deprived of Credit for a Victory

"It would be like asking the team that has the ball to hand it over to my side and forfeit the game. It just isn't done. The FBI is naturally disappointed. They've won the game, but they can't get public credit for it. That's not the FBI's fault. They don't write the court's decisions and they lose here by a decision in a game that was played by another team in another place."

"Isn't there some chance that you might be cited for contempt yourself, Superintendent, for talking to us so frankly and freely? You seem to be about the only guy who's come before us who knows what he's talking about."

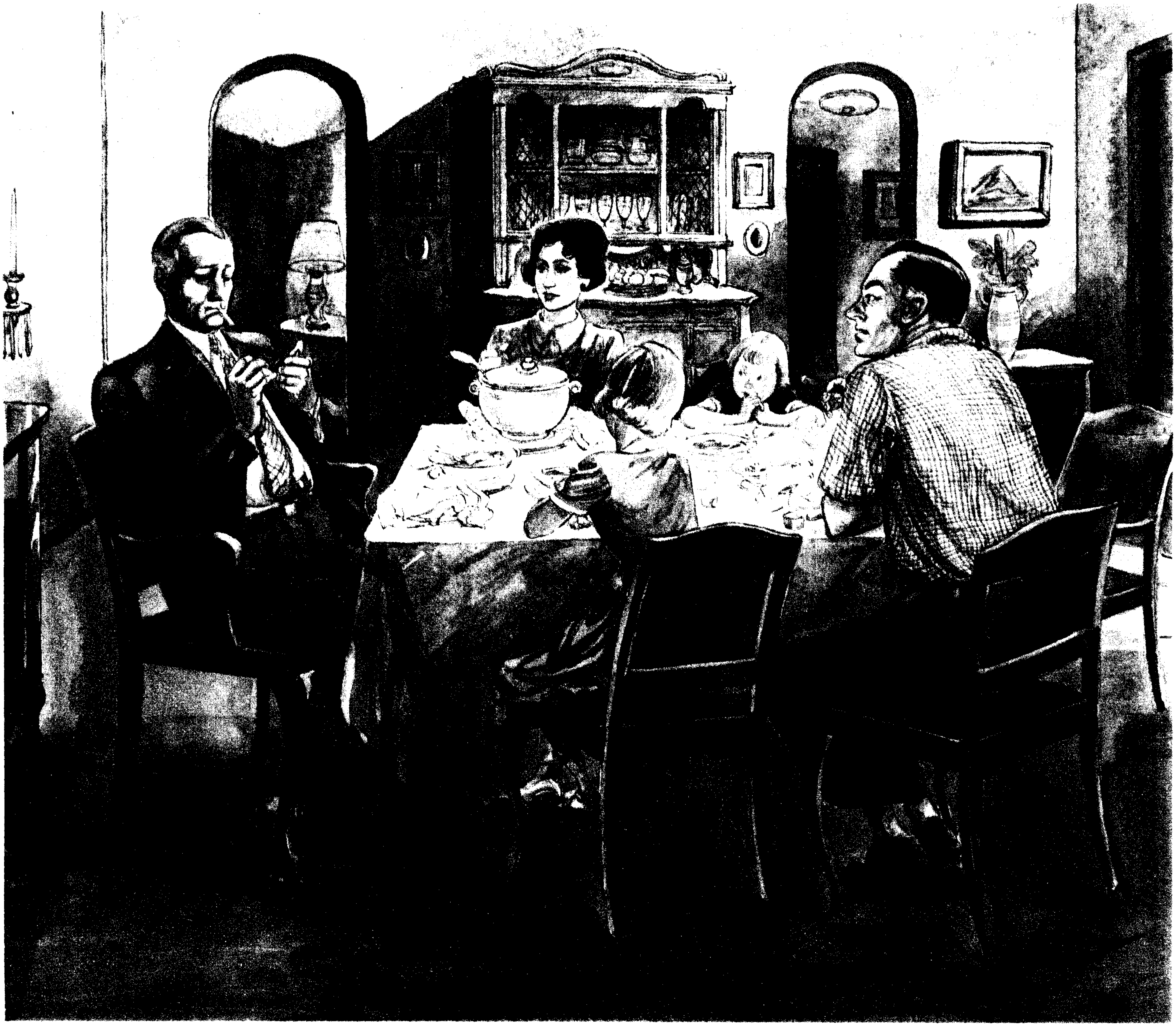
Concannon grinned. "I don't think there's a remote chance that any federal judge in this jurisdiction—and I know them all—would find any contempt in what I have had to tell you. Although O'Malley is not in the room at the moment, he will be able to read every word I have said here, and while the stenographer is still recording, I would like to make something else part of the record, merely as part payment for that snide oratorical allegation of a sinister compact between the police and gangsters. As I came into the Federal Building today I saw O'Malley's car, with U.S. attorney plates, parked in a restricted area in front of the First National Bank.

"There are no privileged citizens in this jurisdiction, including United States attorneys, and if that car is still parked there when I leave this building, I'll see to it that it's towed away. And let me add that it will cost you a ten-dollar towing charge, O'Malley. That, plus this public record of your flouting of our city's parking ordinances, may teach you to show a BCI man the same consideration you give to the agents of the FBI. Read it and weep, O'Malley. This is Concannon, signing off the record."

The grand jurors were either laughing or smiling. Some even applauded.

O'Malley was pacing the corridor outside the grand jury room when Concannon came out. He looked at the superintendent uneasily.

"O'Malley," Concannon said, "if that grand jury brings in a single indictment, I'll eat it. And let me



Gallagher was preoccupied as he dined with the Turchinos. He was sure the room was "bugged" with microphones and the telephone was tapped

give you a tip that may save you ten bucks. Ask the stenographer to read you my peroration. It's a honey—a masterpiece, even if I do say so." He walked to the elevator.

Concannon was right. The day before the federal statute of limitations was to expire, the grand jury returned a "no bill." Tony Turchino and his friends appealed the contempt findings and were released on bail.

But Concannon had scarcely been able to clear the decks for action to take over the investigation of the Doane's Transfer case when a reporter phoned to tell him that the FBI had changed the complaint to "conspiracy to commit an armed robbery." It gave the FBI a fresh bite into the case.

Concannon walked out into the big room and told his detectives. "You've got to hand it to them," he said. "They hang on like a dog to a root. They can't be shaken off. Signals over. Carry on as you were. The hell with it."

He walked back into his room.

An Underworld Character in Terror

Six months later, in early summer, Tony Turchino came to Gallagher's house. His sport shirt was dripping. Perspiration also stood out in beads upon his forehead.

Gallagher had never seen him in such a state. "What's cooking?" he asked.

"Eddie, I'm terrified," Tony said. "Honest, I've never been so scared in my life."

"How come?" Gallagher asked, as he led Tony to a chair.

"The immigration inspectors have got me," Tony said. "The FBI put them up to it. They got me under the McCarran-Walter Act. These immigration inspectors are tough. When you get before them, it ain't like being before a court. The inspector can put into the record almost anything he wants. Talk about Russia!" He wiped his forehead. "A guy ain't got no rights in front of those babies."

"What's it all about?"

Tony asked for a drink. Gallagher called to his wife to bring one out. "They got me on two cases of moral turpitude," Tony explained.

Gallagher sat up, unbelieving. "New cases?"

Tony shook his head. "Old cases from my probation record."

"Relax," Gallagher said. "They can't hit you with anything on your record. You got a full pardon, remember? The record was wiped out."

Tony winced. "Not quite."

"I don't get it," Gallagher said. "A pardon wipes out the whole record."

"This one didn't and it's my own fault. When I went up to that lawyer's office before getting the pardon, I told him everything I'd done from the first time I was arrested. I gave him names and dates and everything, but I put down only the things I really did. It's like that when you make a confession in religion, ain't it? You tell only what you did. You don't tell what you didn't do, so I forgot the case about that girl when I was a kid. I didn't do that, so I didn't think of it. And I forgot about that case of the golf balls. Remember? I didn't do that, either. Those are the two cases of moral turpitude. That's all they need to send me back to Italy."

Gallagher shook his head. "What a stupid thing for a guy to do. Why didn't you ever become naturalized?"

"Until I was twenty-one, I thought I had been born in this country. I didn't learn that I wasn't a citizen until I tried to register to vote. Then I put it off and didn't do it. Every election, it was something I was going to do next year. I would have been a citizen if it hadn't been for that dope uncle of mine, Enrico. When the notice for my father's second papers came in the mail, Enrico, a wise guy who knew everything, threw it in the fire. He said it was an ad."

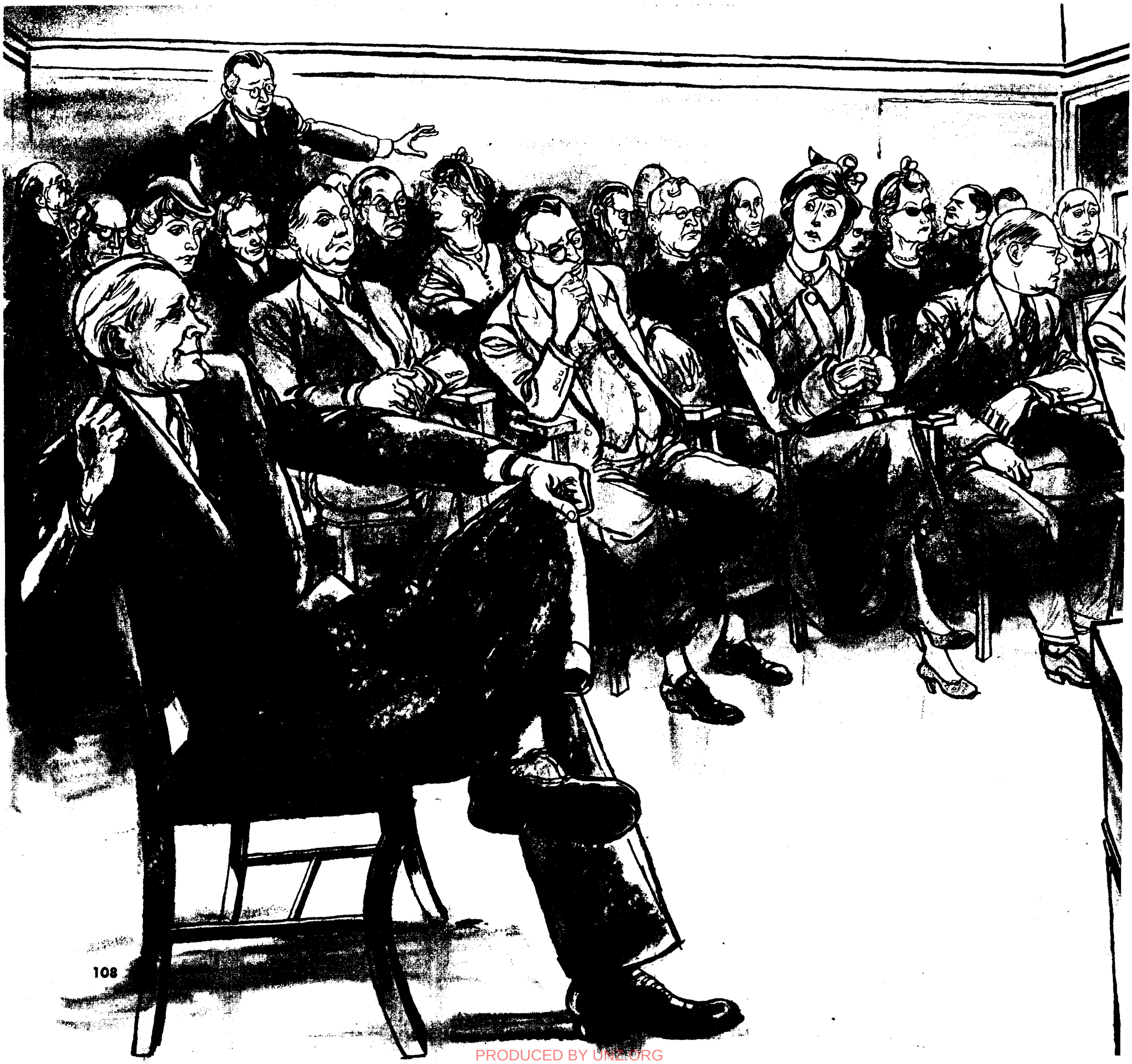
"You're really up against something now, Tony."

"Right," said Tony. "I wouldn't mind going to the can to do a stretch, Eddie, but this is worse than going up for life. I don't know anybody in Italy. I can't even speak the language. What am I going to do?"

"You can tell me the story of the Doane's Transfer job," Gallagher said. "You owe it to me more than to anybody."

"Suppose I did know something about it. Suppose I did tell it to you; what would it get me? Even if you sent me to the can or the FBI did, I'd

Superintendent Concannon suggested the grand jury throw the assistant U.S. attorney out of the room while he told his story. "Ta



be deported when I came out. Seems to me that it would be better to be deported now than after I got out. But I don't want to be deported—ever. This is my country!"

"Not quite," Gallagher said grimly.

"What am I going to do, Eddie? I'm being shipped away for two things I didn't do."

Silence Would Cause Deportation

"You're going to pick between Concannon and the FBI someday. You might as well make your choice now," Gallagher said. "You'll get a better break from Concannon. You can't clam up forever. If you keep your trap shut about the Doane's Transfer robbery," he added, "you can take the immigration rap and go back to Sicily."

Tony thought for a moment.

"I'd like to take my wife to Sicily. Suppose you were to promise Concannon that you'd open up to me in Sicily after you got there. Concannon is a smart cooky. He'd dig up an extradition treaty somewhere and maybe you could come back. If you've got any of the Doane's dough, you might be able to make a deal to stay in this country then—if you made restitution. It might cost you a million bucks or so, but I wouldn't change places with you now or ever for a million bucks, Tony."

Tony pondered for a few minutes. "And you really think a thing like that could be rigged, Eddie?" he asked.

"I'll find out from Concannon. He has all the answers."

Next day, Gallagher talked to Concannon. The superintendent shook his head, thoughtfully. "Did you ever think, Eddie, that a day would come when you'd be able to place a value of a million dollars on American citizenship? This is a honey of a switch. Here's a big powerful police agency, working through an immigration police agency, and using a threat of deportation as a third degree to sweat a confession out of Tony Turchino.

"Tony is a product of our city. We got him when he was six months old, and at forty-three he's a tough, hardened criminal. Are we responsible for that? Can anybody reasonably say the fact that he was born in Messina, Sicily, is to blame? Can we designate him now as an Italian national and demand that Italy accept responsibility for him? He became what he is in the United States. The Italian government isn't even aware of his existence—yet."

Gallagher could see that Concannon was convincing himself that there were valid reasons why Tony should be permitted to return to the United States if he were deported. "Italy," Concannon went on, "already has a number of our deportees, topped by Lucky Luciano. Are we to make Italy a penal colony for American-trained failures? If the McCarran Act is to be used as an instrument of the courts to dispose of those who can't be kept in jail, why shouldn't friendly nations tell us: 'No, thank you. You made them what they are. We don't want them and won't accept them.' Tony Turchino's sisters have become American citizens. His wife and adopted daughters are American citizens, too. It will break up a family." Concannon thought it over as Gallagher sat by silently.

Tremendous Loot Magnified the Crime

"Stripped down to its legal fundamentals," Concannon reasoned aloud, "the Doane's Transfer holdup is just another armed robbery. It's the size of the booty that distorts the crime and throws it all out of perspective. Two and a half million dollars is a lot of money, but fundamentally any holdup artist who pokes a gun into the ribs of a filling-station attendant and gets $18.75 is guilty of exactly the same crime. The amount involved doesn't change the nature of the offense.

"Let's pick that one apart, Gallagher," he went on, looking out the window. "Who lost the two and a half million? Doane's Transfer was fully insured. Lloyd's of London carried the risk. Every claimant was paid off, down to the last dollar. If Tony is shipped back to Italy, and Lloyd's of London sees a chance to get back a good part of its loss by making Tony Turchino a million-dollar American citizen, maybe Her Majesty's Foreign Office will suggest to our State Department that we let Tony come back to this country."

"So what do I do?" Gallagher asked.

"This is the first time you've got what amounts to an admission from Tony that he was in on the Doane's case," Concannon explained. "You have no witnesses. We can't prove it. It would still be your word against Tony's before the courts, and the chances are you'd never even be able to get what you've told me into the record over the objection of Tony's counsel.

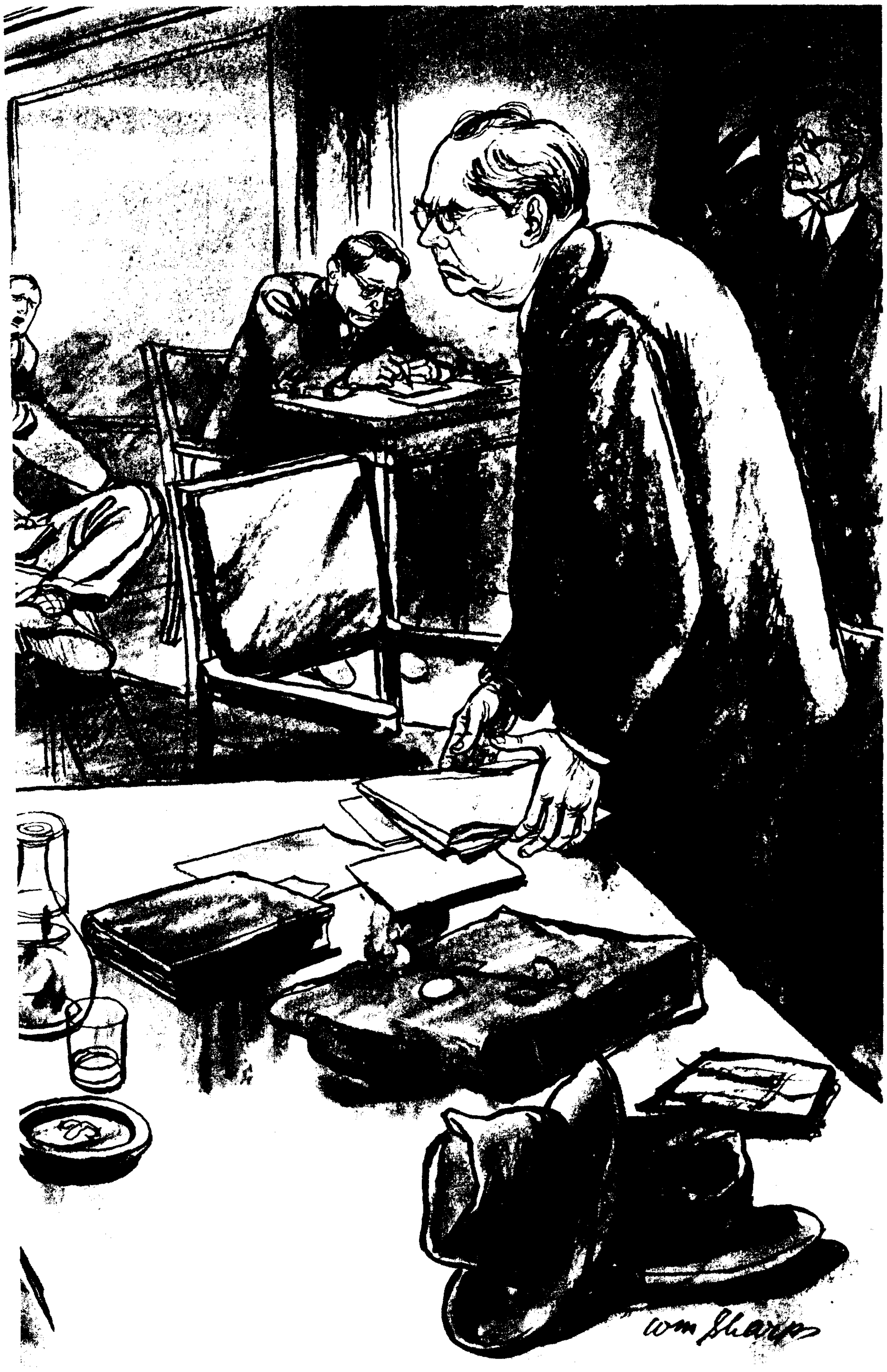
"I think I'll go out on a limb on this one, Eddie. He belongs to us and not to Italy. We never make a promise to one of these birds that we don't keep. I'm sure that in view of all the other circumstances our law department can find plenty of law to bring him back—and if it works out, he'll have plenty of pressure behind him, too. Tell Tony it's a deal."

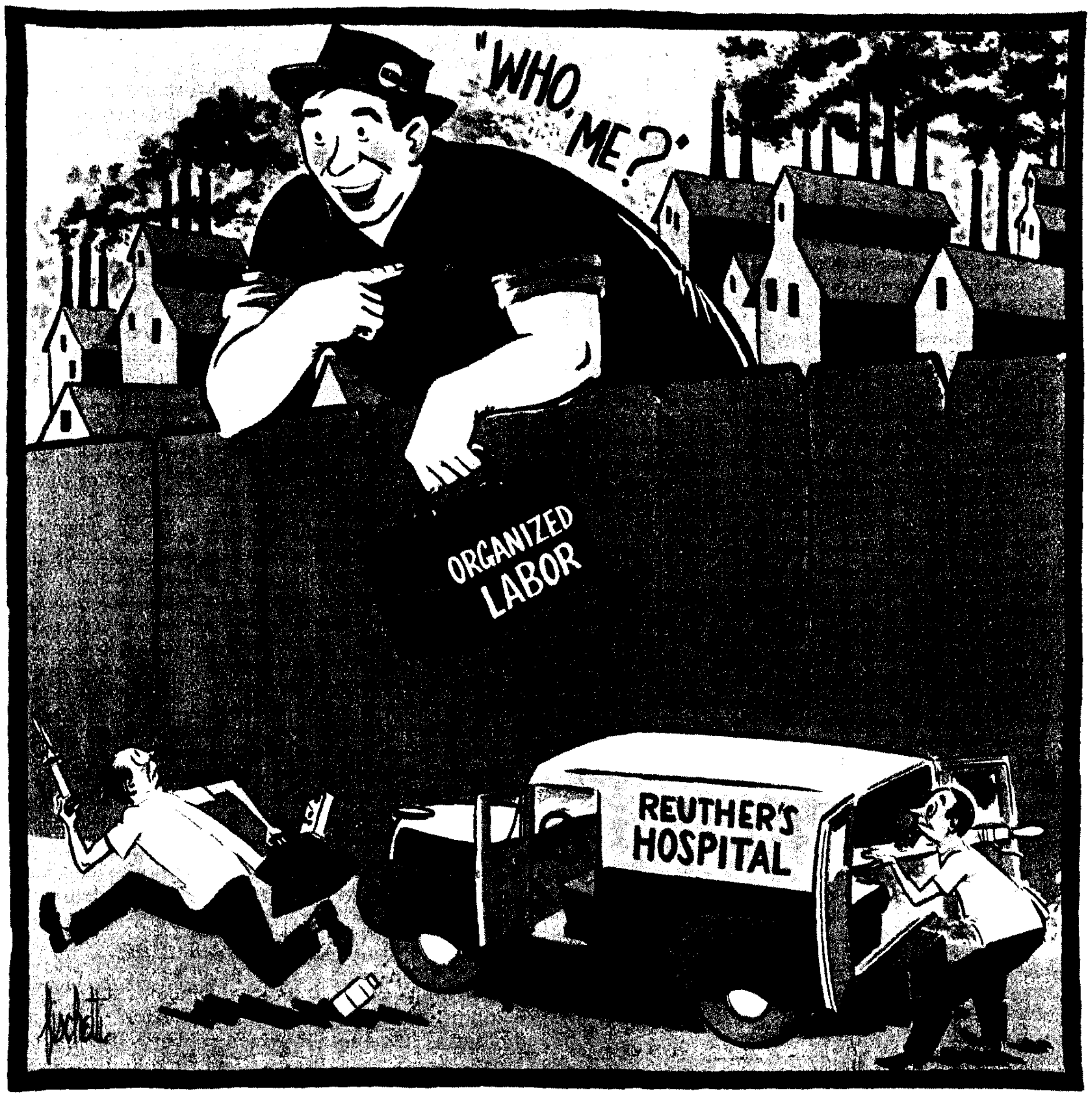
Gallagher told Tony. Tony was relieved; he knew he could trust Concannon.

"The immigration people have ordered me deported," he said. "But my lawyer has appealed the order to the federal courts. He's going to push it all the way up to the Supreme Court. I don't talk. You know that. Nobody in the gang talks. But if I ever talk, or if anybody in the gang ever talks for me, it'll be to you and Concannon."

Gallagher nodded and said, "I'll be waiting, Tony."

vder," juror in a back row yelled at the attorney





JOHN FISCHETTI

Pretty Healthy Patient

WE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING in vain for the mangled remains of organized labor ever since Walter Reuther addressed the CIO convention in Cleveland a few weeks back. You may recall that the CIO president charged that the Republicans had turned the federal government into a subordinate ally of big business. Members of the Cabinet and Congress, heads of agencies and top people on the White House staff, he said, "would have difficulty recognizing the 'middle of the road.' They are, instead, driving their Cadillacs down the right-hand sidewalk—and the poor pedestrians are forced to scatter for safety."

Well, maybe that's a clever figure of speech. But our subsequent quest has failed to reveal any exploited toilers fleeing in terror before the streamline juggernaut, much less being impaled upon its gleaming chrome bumpers.

Let's see how the country has fared since Mr. Reuther alleged the moguls of big business started speeding recklessly down the starboard sidewalk about a year ago. According to the U.S. Bureau of Census figures for October (the latest statistics available as this is written), there were 62,242,000 jobholders as against 61,862,000 under the liberal and enlightened Democratic administration on the same date a year before. Also, the unemployment figure for October, 1953, was 1,162,000, while there were 1,284,000 unemployed in October, 1952.

Mr. Reuther undoubtedly is acquainted with these figures. But we might remind him, since his professional concern is with those who work for hourly or weekly pay, that the number of payroll workers in October of this year was 49,580,000, which is almost a half million more than the 49,095,000 who were on the country's payrolls a year before.

The 1953 figures, though not the highest in the country's history, are tops for the time of year in which they were gathered. (Agricultural employment has pushed the level slightly above the October figure during three or four midsummer months in recent years.) So it can scarcely be said that the Republicans are depressing employment or, for that matter, wages.

These advances have been made under what is known, during election years, as the Taft-Hartley "slave labor" law. We don't say that the law cannot be improved. The late Senator Taft thought it could, and so does President Eisenhower. And we hope enough members of Congress agree with them so that amendments may be made in the coming session which will ensure an even more equitable relationship between management and labor. But in the meantime we can discover no facts to support the repeated assertions that wage earners are being genuinely oppressed under this statute.

Thus we are more than a little disappointed to see Mr. Reuther once more making a purely political issue of an essentially economic subject. We do not question his loyalty, but we do question his judgment. For his divisive line of talk is grist for the Communist propaganda mill, even though the Communists don't like him any better than they like Mr. Eisenhower.

We would like to commend to Mr. Reuther a couple of unassailably true sentences from a speech made not long ago by Benjamin F. Fairless, chairman of the board of United States Steel: "To live better we must produce more: but production is the result of teamwork, not of conflict. . . . We shall achieve our fullest measure of production only when we begin to understand that the interests of worker and owner are *not* antagonistic but identical—that under our American system of competitive enterprise it is impossible over a period of time for one to prosper while the other suffers."

If all those concerned with industrial relations will bear those truths in mind, the American people can hardly fail to go on to greater compatibility, achievement and prosperity.

Don't Spare the Horses

AS THE RESULT of an alleged "horsepower race" among certain automobile manufacturers, bills have been introduced in several state legislatures which would require these manufacturers to install speed governors on their high-horsepower vehicles. While we are naturally as concerned as anyone about highway safety and accident reduction, we do not think that these proposals represent an intelligent solution, for the following reasons:

Swift acceleration, which high horsepower gives, is often needed to get a car out of an emergency situation and prevent an accident.

High horsepower and high speed are not directly proportional. It takes at least an additional five horsepower to increase a car's speed by one mile an hour. The principal technical purposes of higher horsepower are not to increase the engine's speed but to improve its performance, increase economy of fuel consumption and decrease engine wear.

Speed, although an important factor in highway accidents, is by no means the only one. Weather, road conditions, time of day, and the driver's ability and alertness also enter into the picture. And according to the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, four out of five automobile accidents involve violations of traffic rules. Excessive speed, of course, is only one of these violations.

For these reasons it seems to us that laws compelling manufacturers to put governors on high-horsepower engines would not accomplish the purpose for which they are intended. It is as if cutlers were compelled to make dull knives, lest someone should cut himself on a sharp blade. The better solution, of course, is to teach the knife wielder or the car driver how to use the instrument in his hands with skill and wisdom.

There are obvious steps still to be taken toward greater highway safety—safer and better highway construction, safer vehicle construction, strict enforcement of speed laws and, above all, education of drivers toward a greater sense of responsibility. A motorist may have only one or two occasions in a driving lifetime to need a sudden burst of speed to avert accident and possible fatality. But when the occasion arises, the speed should be there. Otherwise, the use of that power should be limited by discretion, not by mandatory mechanical prohibition.

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